

# John Edge Booth

1847-1928



Elmer Dee Adams

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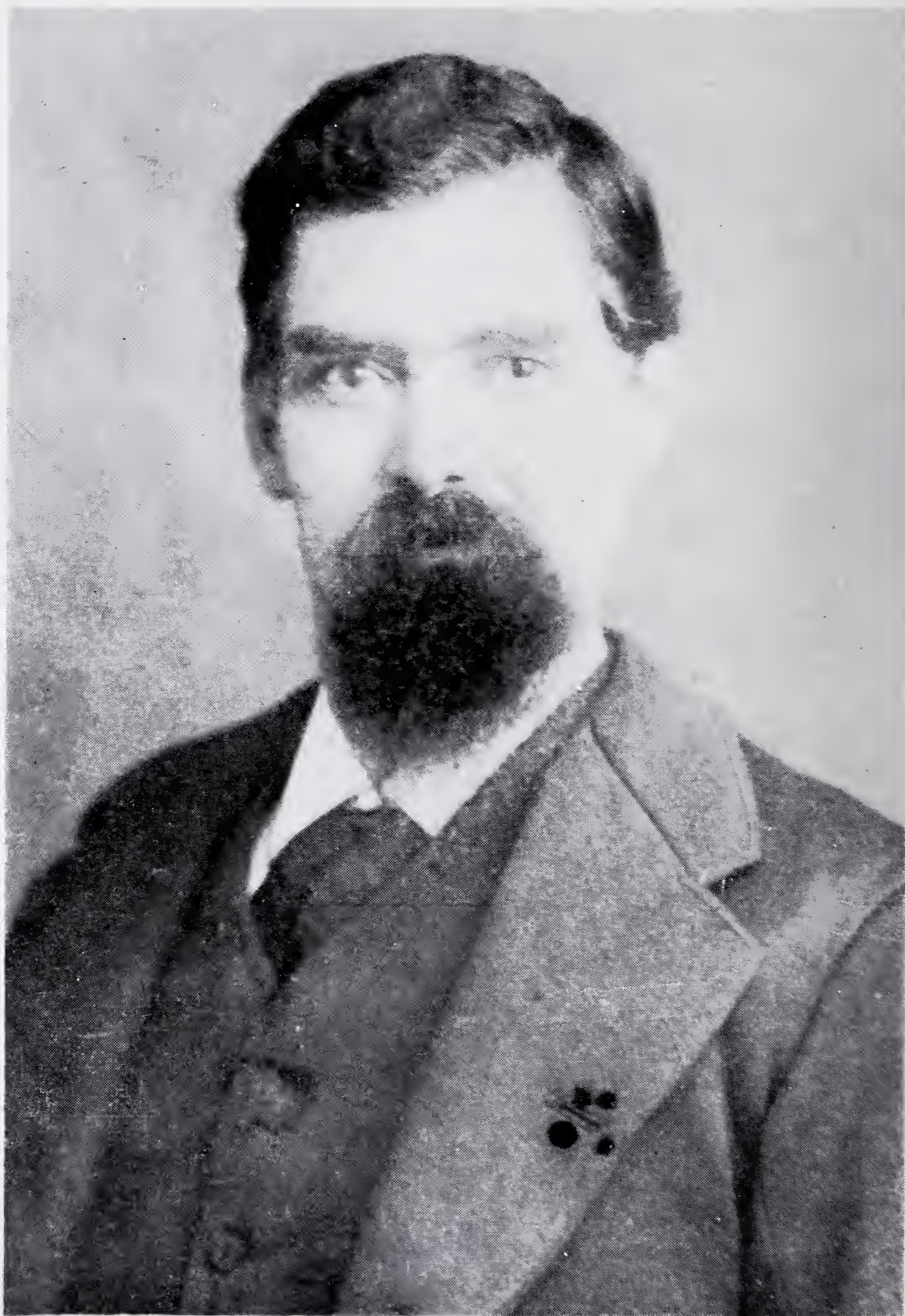












**JOHN EDGE BOOTH**



# JOHN EDGE BOOTH

1847-1920

Compiled by

ELSIE DELIA ADAMS

Art City Publishing Company

Springville, Utah

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*A people that takes no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by remote generations.*

—MACAULAY



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Provo, Utah

Summer, 1961





# TABLE OF CONTENTS

	page
Preface .....	XVII
Chapter I — Goodly Parents .....	1
Chapter II — Early Life .....	9
Chapter III — Biography of John Edge Booth .....	16
Chapter IV — Description of J. E. Booth and His Autobiography .....	20
Chapter V — Family and Home .....	38
Wives .....	39
Children .....	42
Posterity .....	44
Dedication of Family Home .....	51
Chapter VI — Further Events .....	63
Social Life .....	63
Student and Teacher .....	66
Civic and Business Leader .....	70
Religious Activities .....	71
Judiciary Accomplishments .....	82
Political Contributions .....	87
Chapter VII — Final Illness, Death and Funeral .....	91
Chapter VIII — Eulogy .....	106

## WIVES OF JOHN EDGE BOOTH

Chapter IX — Biography of Josephine Harvey Booth .....	111
Chapter X — Biography of Hannah Billings Booth .....	117

Chapter XI — Biography of Delia Ina Winters Booth .....	120
“Rebecca Winters, Aged Fifty Years” .....	120
Youthful Days .....	133
Teaching School .....	138
Southworth Hall .....	142
Delia’s Proposal .....	144
The Farm .....	147
The Bakery Building .....	151
Bakery Bread .....	152
The Silk Worm Industry .....	154
Boarders .....	156
The Beehive Laundry .....	157
Raising Chickens .....	158
Domestic Science Editor .....	159
Relief Society Executive .....	161
Rochdale Mercantile Company .....	161
Fruit Bottling Establishment .....	163
Delia’s Folly .....	165
Travel .....	171
Temple Work .....	172
Later Years and Death .....	174
Tribute to Delia I. Booth by Edith Y. Booth .....	176
Tribute to Delia Winters Booth by Orea B. Tanner .....	177
Chapter XII — Appendix: Posterity of John Edge Booth .....	182
References .....	197
Index .....	200

# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

John Edge Booth .....	Frontspiece
Home of Richard and Elsie Booth .....	2
Elsie Edge Booth .....	5
Richard Thornton Booth .....	5
Eight Children of Elsie and Richard Thornton Booth .....	6
Autobiography of J. E. Booth .....	21
John E. Booth as a Young Man .....	25
Release as President of Northern States Mission .....	36
Maria Josephine Harvey Booth .....	39
View of Booth Home .....	40
Delia Ina Winters Booth .....	41
John Edge Booth at Time of Marriage to Delia .....	41
Children of J. E. and Maria Josephine .....	42
Children of J. E. and Delia Ina .....	43
Posterity of J. E. Booth .....	44
Favorite Portrait of J. E. Booth .....	48
Family Home, 59 West 5th North, Provo, Utah .....	58
Family Birthday Party Honoring J. E. ....	60
Edgewood Farm .....	61
Graduation Class of Brigham Young Academy, 1904 .....	67
Early-day Bishopric .....	74
Informal Pose of J. E. Booth .....	78
Enroute to Vernal to Hold Court .....	85
Headstone of J. E. Booth .....	93

Judge Booth .....	95
Judge John E. Booth .....	97
John E. Booth .....	99
Minister of the Gospel .....	108
Headstones of the Wives of J. E. Booth .....	110
Maria Josephine Harvey Booth .....	116
Headstone of Rebecca Winters .....	126
Reminiscences .....	130
Parents of Delia Ina W. Booth .....	136
University of Utah Normal Graduates of 1877 .....	140
Early Teachers in Pleasant Grove, Utah .....	142
Letter to J. E. from Delia, 1884 .....	148
Six Children of J. E. Booth .....	149
Provo 4th Ward Relief Society Presidency .....	162
Delia I. Booth, Age 58 .....	164
Delia I. Booth, Age 82 .....	173
Delia I. Booth, Pioneer Leader, Dies .....	175



# P R E F A C E

In the summer of 1956 an assignment came to Delilah Booth Adams to prepare a biography of her father, John Edge Booth, for the Richard Thornton Booth reunion. As details of the life of "J. E." were assembled it seemed apparent that his story should be compiled so the material would be available for his posterity.

As a small boy, in 1857, he crossed the plains trudging most of the way barefoot by the side of a covered wagon. His family settled in Alpine, Utah, twenty-eight miles southeast of Salt Lake City.

This young boy herded sheep for small wages and saved his money for the time when he could go away to school. When he was a young man he learned that Dr. John R. Park was teaching school in Draper, Utah. Since he was hungry for knowledge, John walked from his home over the hills to Draper. He had money for his tuition and his school wardrobe, which was scanty. To save his shoes he carried them and put them on before entering the school room.

Undaunted by his obstacles he constantly climbed, and became one of the best educated men of Utah, as well as one of her clearest thinkers. Within these pages is offered a record of a pioneer, student, missionary, husband, father, teacher, mayor, bishop, statesman, soldier, humorist and judge.

For convenience and compactness, all footnote references have been combined on pages 197, 198 and 199.



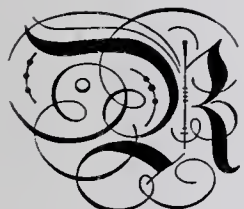


JOHN  
EDGE  
BOOTH



## CHAPTER ONE

# GOODLY PARENTS

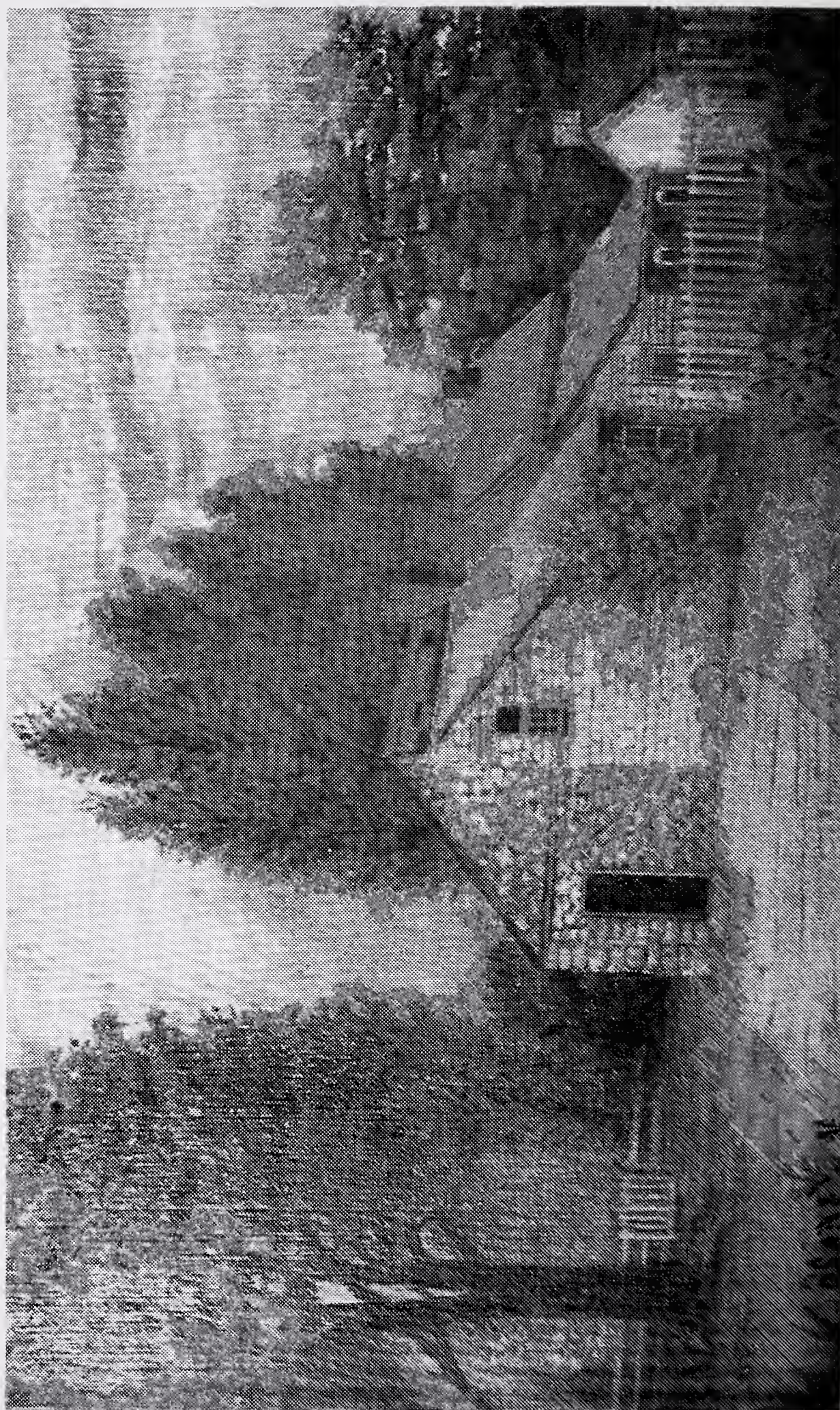
ICHARD THORNTON BOOTH, son of James Booth and Jane Pilkington and father of John Edge, was a respected citizen in the communities where he lived. He was dark, stern looking, and would have been tall but for an accident which befell him in his youth. He worked in a factory when he was young and because of the heavy things he had to carry, his knees were injured and became bent. His physical condition did not leave him weak in his character. He was a man of honor and was a prominent and influential citizen.

Richard was born 13 August 1821, in Turton, near Bolton, Lancashire, England. When he was twenty-five he married small, pretty, dark, soft-spoken Elsie Edge, 13 August 1846. She was born 21 December 1825 in Bedford-Leigh, Lancashire, England. Her parents were John Edge and Sarah Davis.<sup>1</sup>

Richard became a highly educated man for his day and taught in the schools of his country until he became a convert to the teachings of the Mormon religion.<sup>2</sup> Mormon missionaries came into the city of Bedford-Leigh where the Booths were residing in 1848. Lewis Davis, a cousin of Elsie Booth, joined the church. This was a shock and a grievance to his family. Richard, a staunch Methodist, and an itinerant preacher himself, set out to show Lewis what a great mistake he was making. Instead of proving that the Mormon religion was false, Richard became convinced beyond a doubt of the divinity of the latter-day doctrine.<sup>3</sup> He was baptized 19 December 1848 and his wife joined the Church seven months later, 2 July 1849.

When young Richard became a Mormon he lost his teaching position and through diligent effort became employed by a coal mining company to weigh coal and keep books. The Sam Jackson Company was a firm which also





**HOME OF RICHARD AND ELSIE BOOTH — Alpine, Utah.**  
(From a painting by Delia I. Booth)



sold salt and with these merchants Richard remained until 1857.

Eleven years after his marriage Richard left his work and prepared to migrate to Utah. Regret was expressed at his action, and he was assured employment should he return to England.

He crossed the Atlantic with his wife and four children in the sailing vessel "George Washington" departing from Liverpool, England, March, 1857.<sup>4</sup> The family had to leave many articles in their native land. Elsie was very fond of fine china and she tucked one luster pitcher in with a satchel of clothing. This china pitcher was her only tie with the past and incidents surrounding its preservation have given vivid picture stories to other generations. It is now housed in the home of a great granddaughter.

The family arrived at Boston Harbor on April 30. They continued by rail to Iowa City, where they purchased a wagon and two yoke of oxen. The Booths became affiliated with Captain Jesse Bigler Martin's company which was comprised of 817 men, women and children.<sup>5</sup> This group of pioneers arrived in Salt Lake Valley September 12, 1857, and in the spring of 1858 Richard took his family to Mountainville, Utah, which later became Alpine.

The first settlers of Alpine located along the creek and hills. In the spring of 1853 Brigham Young had counseled the citizens to build a fort for protection from expected trouble with the Indians. The women and children were moved into Salt Lake City and during June the fort was laid out. A log school house was built in the northwest corner of the fort, and upon his arrival Richard Thornton served as teacher.<sup>6</sup>

Mr. Booth served also as the fort doctor. For many years he was called upon to help the sick, being the only practical physician living in the north end of Utah County. He attended to broken bones, cured earaches, extracted teeth and ministered to other ailments of the human body. At one time Richard went to the big city of Salt Lake with a neighbor, Brother Strong, and while there he purchased a pair of the forceps with which the local dentists were pulling teeth. Homeward he went very proud of his new

dental equipment. After consulting with his wife he decided that twenty-five cents per tooth was a fair price for an extraction. That evening Brother Strong came in to secure aid for his wife who was at home ill with the tooth ache. After much deliberation Brother Strong and "Dr." Booth decided the tooth should come out. The two friends returned to the Strong residence and found Sister Strong in severe pain. When the operation was completed the patient paid the agreed price. Home went the "doctor" proud of his accomplishment. When his wife heard the details of the eventful undertaking she began to cry. Her husband asked, "What is the matter? Aren't you as thankful for the money as I am?" "Yes," she said, "But I didn't expect you to begin by charging our neighbors." Richard took the twenty-five cents back to Brother Strong and never charged another fee for either his dental or medical services.

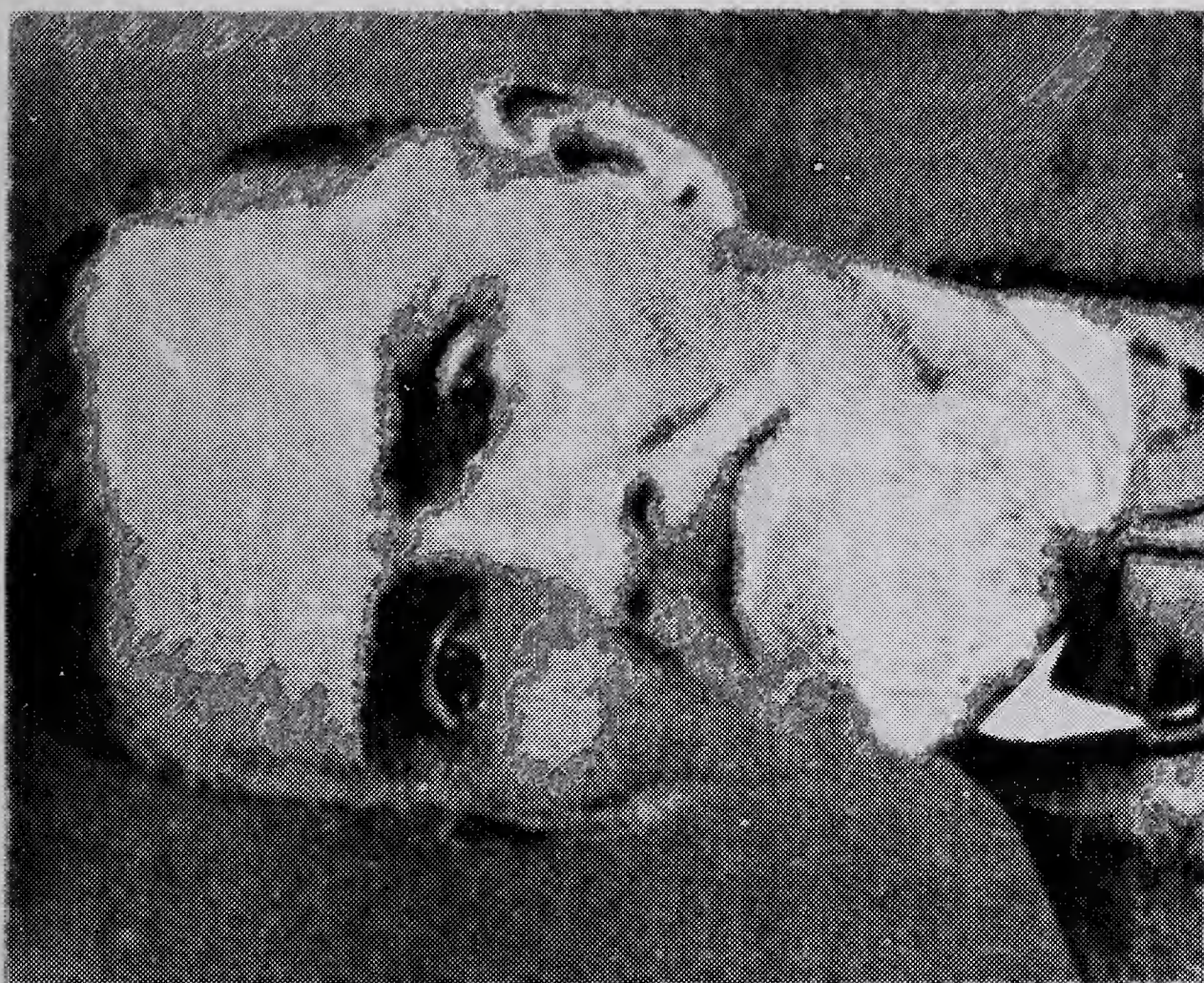
Richard and Elsie had four children born to them in England—John Edge, James Davis (he died unmarried at 27), Martha Hannah and Sarah Jane. Robert Ebenezer was born while they were crossing the plains and five children were born in Alpine—Margaret Elsie, Richard Thornton (he died at 25; was married), Alfred Lewis, Joseph Wilford and Merry May.<sup>7</sup>

The father tried to make a living on the farm, but he had no natural aptitude for agriculture so farming was difficult for him. The good earth did, however, give a meager existence and all of the family were thankful for the soil they had to plow.

In Alpine, Richard T. "was a teacher for eighteen years, a member of the City Council, Justice of the Peace and held the office of city recorder for twenty years."<sup>8</sup> He remained active in the church holding many positions of responsibility. As he grew older his lameness became more prominent. He passed away in Alpine the 28 May, 1888, at the age of sixty-six.

Elsie supported her husband in his accomplishments. She brought family devotion to him and her children. She seemed as a doll when surrounded by her six sons, all of whom were over six feet tall. There was a wooden bridge across the stream by the old stone and adobe house and one of John's fondest memories of his mother was that



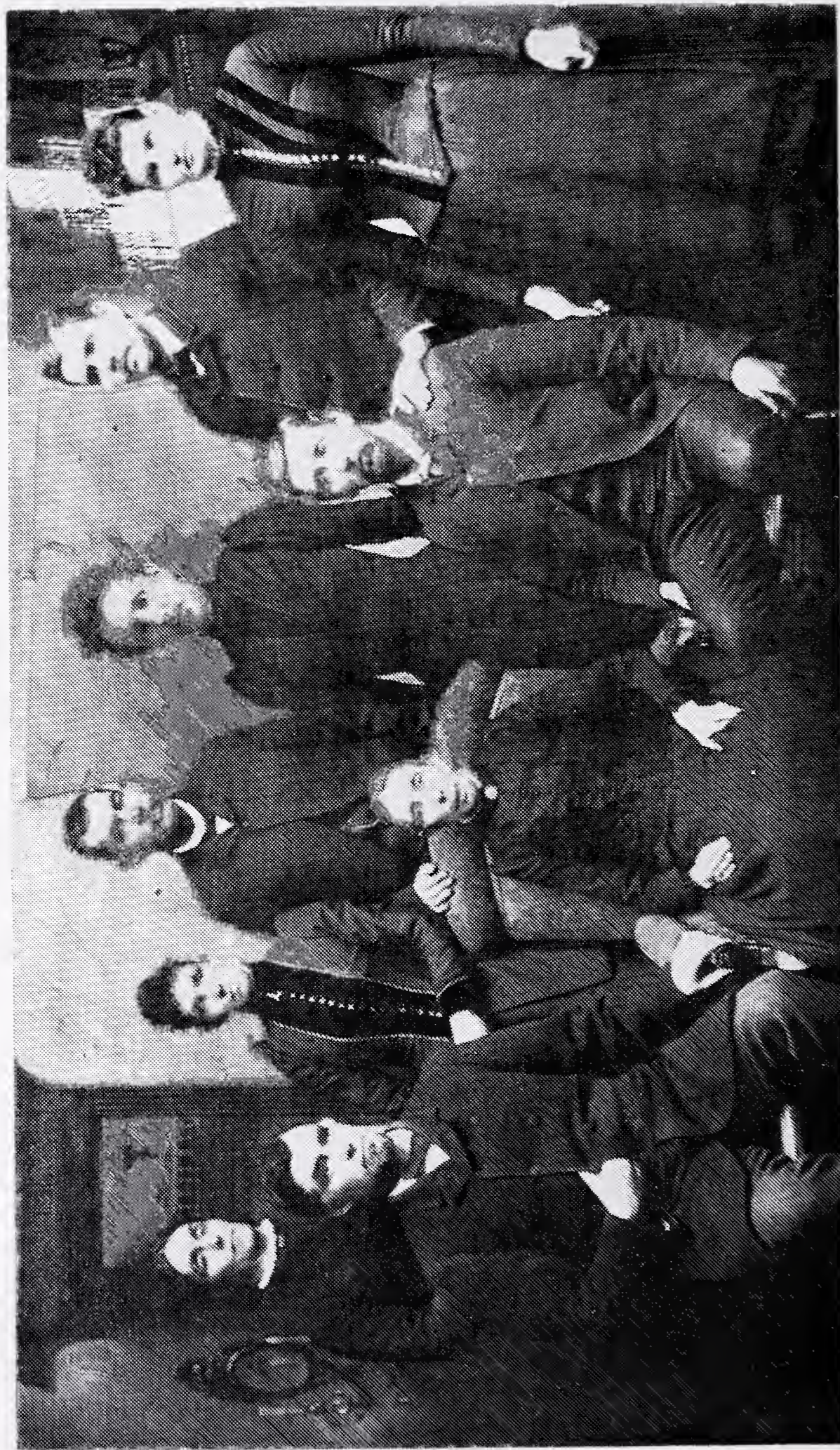


**RICHARD THORNTON BOOTH**



**ELSIE EDGE BOOTH**





**EIGHT CHILDREN OF ELSIE EDGE BOOTH AND RICHARD THORNTON BOOTH — Left to right, back row: Martha Hannah Hunter, Sarah Jane Lane, Alfred Lewis, Merry May Talmage, Joseph Wilford, Margaret Elsie Hackett. Left to right, front Row: John Edge, Elsie Edge Booth (mother), Robert Ebenezer.**



whenever he came home she would come to the bridge to meet him wearing her little clean white apron.

Elsie loved to teach young children. Often she took groups of young folks into her home and gave them geography lessons. She used the clean, bare floor and water to illustrate different areas of the world.<sup>9</sup> She was president of the ward Primary Association as long as she lived.

Her expression, both verbal and written, was poetic. Following are words which she composed on reading the prayer dedicating the Kirtland Temple. The poem was published.

#### A TEMPLE HYMN

Thou, God of Israel, we adore  
    With grateful hearts Thy holy name,  
That Thou dost manifest Thy power  
    In these as ancient days the same.  
Thy covenant to the sons of men  
    Thou hast renewed in latter days,  
And brought to light Thy truth again  
    Which beams on us with gladdening rays.  
Thou did'st command Thy servants, Lord,  
    To build a temple to Thy name,  
That they Thy mercies might record  
    Through generations, still the same.  
Thou did'st command us, Lord, to rear  
    A sacred temple to Thy praise,  
A holy house, a house of prayer,  
    Where we may learn Thy righteous ways.  
A house of learning it shall be  
    For those who in Thy paths have trod.  
Let all Thy sons and daughters see  
    It is a holy house of God.  
A house of fasting, and of faith,  
    A house of glory, order too,  
A house for which the Savior saith,  
    "Lo, I will come and dwell with you."  
O, Heavenly Father, now accept  
    This house we dedicate to Thee.  
May we, Thy people, ne'er forget,  
    This offering through eternity.  
We'll shout hosanna to our Lord  
    Who sent good will and peace to men.  
Let every Saint with one accord,  
    Hosanna shout—Amen! Amen!

Elsie Booth

In 1893 she wrote lyrics that were set to music and sung at the dedication of the temple in Salt Lake City, the sixth of April. The song of praise follows:

### THIRD HYMN

Hark! the song of jubilee  
Loud as mighty thunders roar,  
Or the fulness of the sea,  
When it breaks upon the shore:  
Hallelujah! for the Lord  
God Omnipotent shall reign;  
Hallelujah, let the word  
Echo round the earth and main.

Hallelujah! Hark! the sound,  
From the depths unto the skies,  
Wakes above, beneath, around,  
All creation's harmonies:  
See Jehovah's banner furl'd  
Sheath'd His sword; He speaks—'tis done:  
And the kingdoms of this world  
Art the kingdoms of His Son.

He shall reign from pole to pole,  
With unlimitable sway:  
He shall reign, when like a scroll  
Yonder heavens have pass'd away;  
Then the end; beneath His rod,  
Man's last enemy shall fall;  
Hallelujah! Christ in God.  
God in Christ, is all in all.

Elsie Edge Booth passed away in Alpine, Utah, 10 July 1893, at the age of sixty-seven, five years after her husband's death. The headstones of Elsie Edge Booth and Richard Thornton Booth are in a little cemetery located on a grassy hill in the center of the picturesque valley of Alpine. Here, overlooking their beloved home and adopted land, they are buried. They were laid to rest in the shadow of the mountains they loved so well. On the headstone under Elsie's name is inscribed, "Ever kind and true."

## CHAPTER TWO

# EARLY LIFE



ON 8 MAY 1955 MRS. DELILAH BOOTH ADAMS and Mrs. Elsie Booth Brockbank were asked to have a family night in sacrament meeting at the University Ward (Utah Stake). They decided to speak on the theme, "Our Heritage." The following are the remarks Mrs. Brockbank presented of the early life of her father.

"Father crossed the plains from Iowa to Salt Lake City with his parents in 1857. The Johnston's army was breathing on their heels and the talk of what the army was going to do to the people out west was the conversation of the camp fire gatherings.

"Father had one birthday at Winter Quarters which turned out to be a refreshing celebration. The travelers were hungry for something green and different from their daily fare. Someone at that small place had a garden and gave grandmother green peas to cook for the birthday supper. Along with the peas was a piece of mutton, not enough to satisfy the hunger of the family of six (R.E. was not born until Aug. 31), but so tasty that it was remembered by all of the family to be the best birthday dinner they had ever eaten. From that year on mother always had green peas and mutton for father's birthday dinner—the 29th of June.

"It used to make us children cry when we heard about grandmother Elsie Edge Booth going along in the old wagon, over dust and rocks, at the time she had her child, Robert E. But when we hear about the doctors now, getting young mothers out of the hospital in three days we think grandmother was just one hundred years before her time.

"On September 12, 1857, as the family arrived in Salt Lake City, the wagon train traveled up Main Street. The Booth wagon broke down and grandma, who was a



character and couldn't have cared less what people thought, had her family make camp by the wagon and they spent their first night on First South and Main Street.

"They remained in Salt Lake City until the general move south in 1858 when Grandfather Richard Thornton Booth's family, who had hardly seen a farm in their lives, went to Alpine (north of American Fork, Utah) to wrest a living from twenty acres of rocky soil. In fact, the granite boulders on their farm became such a part of them that father said when he died he wanted a piece of granite from the Booth farm in Alpine for his headstone. He wished only a place smoothed off for his name. It makes a nice monument too—rugged and strong as he was himself.

"As had been their experience since they landed on American soil, people took advantage of these poor Englishmen. The oxen and wagon they bought to cross the plains were inferior, the land they were given was poor and they themselves were poor in finances. They tried to make a living from their twenty acres of rocky ground with little or no equipment and they had a great struggle. They had never been farming nor agricultural people. Their lives had been spent in offices and factories.

"It took great effort for this family, and all other families to provide their food, clothing and shelter by hand. Father related one incident of how the homemade clothing scratched him. He said the sisters in the ward made about all of the clothing by hand and every improvement was a blessing. No finishing machines except the ladies' fingers were available. He had a distinct recollection of wearing some of the home-made cloth next to him and several days after putting it on, both his mind and his hands were active in endeavoring to change the relative position of his body to fit the sharp points in the cloth.<sup>10</sup> The Booths were living in an era of physical struggle yet they were not unhappy. They always had a feeling of deep gratitude that the Lord had blessed them so much.

"Any scholarly work that was done around Alpine was done by both grandpa and grandma. At one time father had been to school to Dr. Park and had been given

a mathematical problem to solve. Father tried to work it and not succeeding went to his mother. She found the solution to the problem.

“When father was a boy he and his brothers must have been quite a source of discomfort at various times. One evening May had a beau call on her at the family home. The night was very dark and Uncle Wilford slipped out of the house with father into the pitch dark night and turned the saddle backwards on the young man’s horse. You can imagine how much the boys enjoyed the confusion and consternation while the young man was trying to mount the horse with the saddle in that state.

“One summer the Booth’s neighbors had a few peaches on a few trees. Father and the other boys helped themselves to the peaches one evening and the neighbor told their father about the awful deed. The boys promised the neighbor and their parent they would not do such a thing again. The next evening some boy friends came and the Booth boys gathered some peach pits that had been discarded at the pig pen and threw them around the precious fruit trees. The neighbor found the stones, sure enough, just where they had been dropped the night before, and the boys were called on the carpet again. We were never told the results of the fun the boys had.

“At one time when he was a young boy, father missed church in the afternoon. When some of the young lads came out of the church house, a quarrel took place and father missed seeing the fight which ensued. He said he never missed church again in case there would be another fight.

“Our sister Josie related this story to her children many times. One day father was thirsty and coming to a spring, he was about to take a drink when he heard a loud buzzzzzz. He looked up and there on the branch over the spring was a large rattlesnake. The serpent’s neck was arched in an ‘S’ and its eyes were fixed on father. Father’s heart leaped for he knew the dangers of the plains and mountains. Yet somehow he felt a kinship for all living things.



“He looked at the snake and then at the cool bubbling water. Should he drive it away with sticks and stones or should he try an experiment? His decision was quick and he spoke to the snake, ‘If you won’t hurt me, I won’t hurt you,’ he said. Leaning down he took a long drink of water. The snake seemed to sense father’s fairness and its own security for it lay still on the branch while father drank. Father’s experiment convinced him that things respond to fair play.

“Another story Josie related to her children about father’s early life concerns two Indians. Father had the task of rounding up some cows to bring them home for milking. He had to see that the animals went through a gate into the corral. As father was herding the cows one evening he noticed two big Indian boys at the gate. They were much bigger than he and their expressions told him that they were up to mischief. He paid no attention to their taunts as he passed them. He rounded up the cows and drove them slowly toward the gate hoping the Indian youths would go away. As he neared the gate, the Indians whooped and waved their arms and the cows stampeded in all directions. This performance made the Indians laugh and dance and they mocked father. Father wanted to fight, to run at the boys, throw rocks at them and call them names. But his mind told him that the only way he could defeat their purpose was by using his head not his fists.

“Father rounded up his cows again, soothing them with soft words and gentle pats. Again as he neared the gate the Indians drove them away. Father didn’t say a word, but turning he rounded up his herd again. After the third time the sport began to lose its zest for the Indians. In great disgust one of them said, ‘Ugh, can’t tease ’um.’ They left father who then drove his cows into the corral. Father learned that patience and perseverance can accomplish more than belligerence and anger.

“Grandmother Elsie Edge Booth had six boys and four girls. Each son was six feet tall so grandmother said she had thirty-six feet of boys. At night when her tall sons were going to sleep Grandmother Booth would go

around and have each boy raise his head so she could shake up his pillow and wish him a pleasant good night. Her gesture became such a habit with the thirty-six feet of boys that when they heard the door squeak each son would automatically raise his head while the process of fluffing the pillows went on. It was such a comfortable feeling—to be in Zion, and well, and together, and drop off to sleep with soft feathers for a pillow.

“Every afternoon grandmother would spread a clean white cloth on the corner of the kitchen table and have what she called ‘a cup of tea and a bit of quiet.’ The tea was made of mint leaves or garden sage or ginger, but drinking it gave her a small memory of home and well being and courage to continue her rough pioneer life.

“At one time a peddler, as the traveling merchants were called, arrived at the Booth home in Alpine. He showed his wares and with pride showed a pair of shoes. These shoes were guaranteed to fit any feet from a growing boy’s to the feet of the man at the head of the house. Grandfather’s eyes caught sight of a book. It was an old Fifth Reader. The family was called together and asked which they would rather have—the shoes or the book. With a vote which was unanimous, the book was purchased. They said together that the shoes would wear out in one year and the book would last many years. The pages of the book were worn thin through use, but the information the family gained from the printed pages was always a part of their lives.

“Father held to some of his old English boyhood days. One custom was to grease his shoes every Saturday evening with Neat’s Foot Oil. The process used made the shoes look shiny and black and made them wear much longer.

“Another custom father had was to always carry a cane. When he was released from being bishop the members of the Fourth Ward (Utah Stake) presented him with a gold-headed cane. This he used on Sunday. He said that during his time in England, each Sunday an English gentleman carried a cane and wore a stove-pipe hat and a long-tailed coat.



“A second cane which father cherished was given to him after he had left Alpine. While a convict was serving his time in the state penitentiary he carved by hand a cane with a snake coiled around the stem. He presented it to father who was then judge. Father had been lenient in giving the convict his sentence. The Judge used this cane while going to and from court.

“The cane used most often by father was one that had been made from a branch of a tree grown on his farm in Alpine when he was a boy. While enjoying his many long walks he had this cane by his side.

“Another English custom the Booths enjoyed was shining the kitchen stove with black polish. Saturday night the polish was brought out and under the supervision of grandfather the stove received its weekly cleaning and polishing.

“Father said that he liked and admired the old English customs, but he made the remark that he didn't care much for some Englishmen until they had become Americanized.

“Our father saved every nickel he received from every source from the time he was a very young man until he died. We children thought it a great treat when father traded us his dimes for our nickles. He would smile and say the interest on the nickels would soon make up for the loss of the dime he gave us to please us. These coins accumulated to a fair amount of money. When a brother, Milton, was on a mission to Great Britain he became ill. Mother went to England to be with him and to bring him home when he became too ill to remain in the mission field. The expenses were all paid out of father's nickel savings. I suppose this was the forerunner of the savings accounts in the Bank of Provo and the saving companies he organized. He saw early in life how the small amounts of coinage accumulated.

“For relaxation father loved a game of chess. In fact it was one of father's favorite games. He and his brothers, Lewis and Wilford, sat up until early hours over their games. During the time Wilford was president of the Armenian mission he and father played chess games by mail.

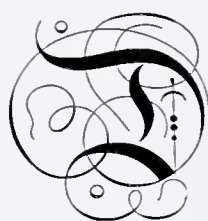
“Father was in Caleb W. Haw’s Cavalry company in the Black Hawk War<sup>11</sup> and volunteered his services when nineteen years of age. He saw seventy-five days of active service. When our paternal parent went into the army to fight the Indians, the only advice his father gave him was, ‘My son, don’t come home with a bullet in your back!’ ”



# CHAPTER THREE

## BIOGRAPHY OF

### JOHN EDGE BOOTH



URING THE TIME she attended Brigham Young University in the fall of 1928, a granddaughter of Maria and John E., Ruth Woodruff Andrews, composed the following history of her grandfather Booth for Professor Alfred Osmond's English class.

"We often feel that those near and dear to us are great, but in considering my grandfather, Judge John E. Booth, my love for, and my pride in him are reflected in the hearts of all who ever met him. He was a pioneer and in some ways resembled Abraham Lincoln in the bigness of his soul and in his determination to develop.

"As a small boy he crossed the plains, trudging by the side of a covered wagon, most of the way bare footed. Arriving in Utah his family settled in Alpine, twenty-eight miles south of Salt Lake. He was very studious, and at nineteen he entered the State University. He herded sheep the previous summer to obtain money for his tuition and the scanty wardrobe necessary. He walked twenty-eight miles from his home, over the mountains, and carried his shoes to save them. His mind, brilliant and keen, soon placed him at the head of his class.

"Undaunted by poverty or obstacles, he constantly climbed, and later was considered one of the best educated men of his state, as well as one of her clearest thinkers. For eighteen years he was judge of the Fourth Judicial District. During this time he had many cases appealed to both the state and national supreme courts, with only two reversals.

"He tempered justice with mercy, and his decisions were quoted far and wide for their wisdom and firmness. An old man was brought before him for some offense.

Grandpa knew that here mercy would be more effective than punishment and he said, 'I pronounce you not guilty, —but—don't do it again.' Another time a notorious criminal came to him for trial. He had been accused many times of various crimes, but had always evaded the law. As he was brought into the court room he looked up and saw the judge gazing at him with eyes so black and piercing that they could read his very soul. 'Is that the judge?' he asked. 'Yes,' replied the guard. 'Then I'm guilty.' Another time a celebrated case was before him and two of the best lawyers in the state so forgot themselves as to call each other a liar. The judge rapped, 'I agree with both of you gentlemen, but we must have order. You may proceed.'

"He dominated by his wonderful personality. He was over six feet tall, lithe and muscular, debonair and handsome. His hair was black and his eyes looked out from under shaggy brows—eyes which had a thousand lights in them, eyes which could cow with a glance or soften with gentle tenderness. But more often they twinkled with joyous humor. When he entered a room, or faced an audience, everybody felt someone was present.

"Senator Albert J. Beveridge was a guest at one of the most important Republican conventions ever held in Utah and Judge John E. Booth was the presiding officer. The meeting promised to be stormy, possibly fatal, to some of the best interests of the party. To the surprise of everyone it was very harmonious, and every delegate left feeling that the things he wanted most had been accomplished. After it was over Senator Beveridge said that in his wide experience as a senator and public official he had never seen a body of men handled as this one had been.

"While he was judge he married many couples. One day a particularly happy couple came to him. After the ceremony he said in his impressive manner, 'You are now at the end of your troubles.' Six months later they returned and told him of many unhappy things. The young husband was very depressed and said with tears in his eyes, 'And, Judge, you said that we were at the end of our troubles.' 'Why, so I did,' replied grandfather, with a half surprised look on his face, 'but I did not say which end.' "



“As an executive he presided at many meetings and his promptness was proverbial. At one time a religious service had been arranged for seven o’clock. At the appointed time he called the meeting to order, sang, prayed and dismissed. On the way home he met those who should have been present. They were very much surprised, and one of them spoke up, ‘Well, Judge, aren’t we going to have the meeting?’ He calmly replied, ‘We’ve had it.’ Needless to say the next time the members were early.

“An important case was being tried in his court and a recess had been taken. One of the attorneys said, ‘One minute of two and the Judge is not back.’ Another one replied, ‘I’ll bet you a thousand dollars he will be here in a minute.’ The minute passed and he was still absent. The second speaker then remarked, ‘I’ll bet you a thousand dollars he’s dead.’ As he spoke the judge walked in. The court house clock was one minute fast.

“As soon as he was able he bought a large tract of land in a river valley near a beautiful mountain. The surrounding land was soon put under cultivation, but he maintained his in its natural state, a wilderness in the midst of a garden. There were groves of great trees, underbrush and willows overhanging a rushing stream which wound through a green meadow. There was never a sign **PRIVATE PROPERTY—KEEP OUT**. It was free to anyone to wander through at will. Here he found his greatest joy for here his boys and girls and the children of his children grew strong and rugged and were taught the wonders of nature at first hand, by him. He built three houses on this land and every summer as soon as school was ended we came from far and near to grandpa on the farm. He played with us. He was an ogre, rushing out at us from some hidden nook, with flaming matches in his mouth. He was an Indian and pack horse. Usually as he came through the grove it was difficult to tell where the grandchildren ended and the grandpa began. In anxiety all the mothers watched their hopefuls ride wild horses, swim deep rivers, sleep in haystacks, eat green apples and tease the billygoat. At all their fears he laughed and said, ‘They are only little once.’

“He was intensely patriotic and when the war began he purchased baby bonds for all of his grandchildren, beginning with the smallest and going over the top with the eldest. This letter was sent to me when my turn came around.

Provo, Utah, October 6, 1918

My Dear Ruth,

You see I am getting nearer the ‘Top,’ but not yet ‘over the top.’ It is now your turn to get a baby bond and I am sending it to you. This does not mean that my love for you is limited to \$5.00, but you may accept it as a remembrance. I would be glad to have money enough to build a house big enough to have you all live with me, or me with you, so that I could see you every day. If all my grandchildren will be as satisfied with me as I am with them, as I believe they are, we will never be poor in love and good wishes, and I want them all to remember the ‘Booth Motto’—

‘Try to do a little more good to other people than others do to you.’

I believe ‘Bud’ is next.

Your affectionate grandfather,  
J. E. BOOTH

“His home was open to every wanderer and he always had five to eight boys and girls in the house going to school. He paid their tuition and they worked for their board. One day he came down into a scene of more than usual desolation. A late party, or many studies had diverted the efforts of the ‘workers’ to things other than dishes and cleaning. Looking around he said with a rueful smile, but tinged with his ever present humor, ‘I have discovered what it means to work for your “board.” Everyone works for all that is in her till she is full, and then walks out of the house, leaving me to scramble or starve.’

“And thus he was kindly, full of good deeds, and quaint philosophy. Indeed I may say, ‘His life glided on like rivers that water the woodlands, darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven.’ ”

Professor Osmond knew Judge Booth and confirmed the above description of Ruth’s grandfather in this note.

Miss Woodruff,

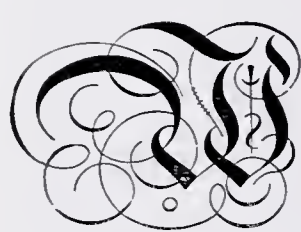
Your story is extremely interesting and reflects the outstanding characteristics of the man you portray very well. You seem to have embodied in your composition the outstanding qualities of the man, and this is the essential requisite of a good biography.

(Signed) ALFRED OSMOND



## CHAPTER FOUR

# DESCRIPTION OF J. E. BOOTH AND HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY



HENEVER JOHN E. BOOTH entered a room everyone present felt someone special was among them. He flattered the women and had the respect and admiration of the men.

When he was born he was wrapped in cotton because he was so small. His mother said, with a smile, that she could have put him in a quart cup he was so wee. He grew to be six feet three inches tall. He weighed around two hundred pounds most of his mature life and was lithe, muscular, debonaire and handsome. His hands and feet were small; his shoulders were broad. His stance was erect and his walk had a moderate stride. An abundance of black hair covered his head. Slight graying hair came as he grew older, yet he was never bald. Alert, dominant black eyes looked out from under prominent brows.

After his missionary labors in West Virginia in 1889-90, Brother Booth told a stirring experience of how his fiery eyes had helped to save some missionaries from being molested. A railing mob came upon a small group of Mormon elders and one member of the rabble demanded, "Who is the leader of this bunch?" Immediately other members of the jeering throng said, pointing to Elder Booth, "He is, he is!" Elder Booth stepped forward and began to fix his piercing gaze upon each member of the hostile gang. His eyes blazed with indignation and discernment. With a few verbal threats the canaille disbanded.

John E. did have faults, but for the most part they were faults that melted into his interesting, eccentric personality. He was never fastidious in his dress. He loved to



Prosser City, Wab. Co. Wab.  
September 27, 1897.

This is to my oldest heir or personal  
Representative for all my heirs.  
My Name is John Edge Booth. I am  
the oldest son of Richard Thornton  
Booth, and Elsie Edge Booth. My  
father was the son of James Booth  
and Jane Thornton <sup>Putnam</sup> Booth. and  
My Mother was the daughter of  
John Edge and Sarah Davis Edge.  
I was born at Bradshawgate,  
Leigh, Lancashire England on  
the 29<sup>th</sup> day of June 1847. I am the  
Eldest of two children the other James  
Davis, born March 27, 1850, Martha Hannah  
August 21, 1852, Sarah Jane, February 25, 1856,  
these were born in England near where I  
was. Robert E. Hughes born Aug 31, 1857 at  
Big Sandy River in now the State of Wyoming.  
We were on our way to Wab. with oxen and  
wagon. My Mother did not obey the train.  
Mourford Born at Alpena City Wab. Co

#### AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF J. E. BOOTH

wear old things. Once he had on odd shoes; one with a white shoe lace and the other shoe with a black one. He saw his grandmother, Ruth W. Andrews, looking at them with a curious face, and he said with a twinkle, "I've had these shoes seven years and I'll bet I have them seven more."<sup>12</sup>

Some of his good qualities were so pronounced that they could almost be classified as faults. His generosity



knew no bounds whatsoever. When he was a young man and struggling for his education, he recognized this trait as a bad one. When he went anywhere he would take just enough money to get him there and back as a protection against his love for humanity. This did little good as his return journey was usually consummated on foot.

John E. Booth was an insatiable reader and loved history. Because of his intense interest in reading about the past he chose to record many contemporary events for persons to read in the future. Within his original writings can be found a detailed history of the Provo Fourth Ward. While he was judge he made certain that the court records were kept up to date. He wrote a daily journal for years and sent letters of love, devotion, and counsel to many persons. Among some of his cherished writings can be found his autobiography written by hand sixty-nine years ago.

Provo City, Utah Co., Utah  
September 29, 1892

“This is to my oldest heir or personal representative of all my heirs.

“My name is John Edge Booth. I am the oldest son of Richard Thornton Booth and Elsie Edge Booth. My father was the son of James Booth and Jane Pilkington Booth and my mother was the daughter of John Edge and Sarah Davis Edge. I was born at Bradshaw Gate, Leigh, Lancashire, England, on the 29th of June, 1847. I am the eldest of ten children. The others, James Davis, born March 27, 1850; Martha Hannah, born August 21, 1852; Sarah Jane, born February 25, 1855. These were all born in England near the place where I was born. Robert Ebenezer, born August 31, 1857, at Big Sandy River in now the state of Wyoming. We were on our way to Utah with oxen and wagons. My mother did not delay the train. Margaret, born at Alpine, Utah Co., Utah, September 1, 1859; Richard Thornton, born January 21, 1862, at Alpine; Alfred Lewis, born June 17, 1864; Joseph Wilford, born August 14, 1866; Merry May, born September 29, 1868.

“I resided in Lancashire, near Bedford-Leigh until March, 1857. I had many advantages considering my age and circumstances and used them reasonably well at school

and about my father's office. He had a position as book-keeper and general agent for Sam Jackson and Co., who were largely engaged in salt and coal. I attended several schools, the last was near Jones Factory and William Lee was the teacher. I was farther advanced in mathematics than in other studies. I then understood compound proportion, all the rules of ordinary measurements and a general idea of fractions.

"My parents and four children sailed from Liverpool in the ship *George Washington* about the 26th day of March and made the trip to Boston in 22 days. I was not sea sick. On landing we at once took a train through Albany, New York; Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, Rock Island, and to Iowa City, Iowa. We camped out without shelter for about ten days or two weeks when we got wagons and cattle and started crossing the plains, next stopping at Florence, Nebraska. We then renewed our outfit and went on to Salt Lake. This letter is too brief to explain the details of that trip, and I expect to write more in my journal about it. We arrived in Salt Lake City about noon on Saturday the 12th day of September, 1857, having been nearly six months without ever having slept in a bed or house. On that day I ate a piece of watermelon and I liked it. I have not changed in that regard.

"We camped on the 16th Ward Square where the Union Pacific Depot is now located in Salt Lake City. In about three days we moved into a house furnished us by Samuel Broadhurst. It was in the 5th Bishops Ward near the corner of 7th South and 3rd West streets. On the first day of October, 1857, I was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and have been a member thereof since.

"In May, 1858, at the time known as 'The Move,' we moved to Alpine, Utah County, Utah, then called Mountainville. My father stayed in Salt Lake City for sometime and then went to Provo in the employ of Abraham Taylor, who was a merchant in a small way. Joseph Sharples was very kind to us. (I think he now lives about East Mill Creek.) He made us a dugout to live in on the east side of the hill and a little north of an old ditch running over the hills made for a fence ditch. I herded



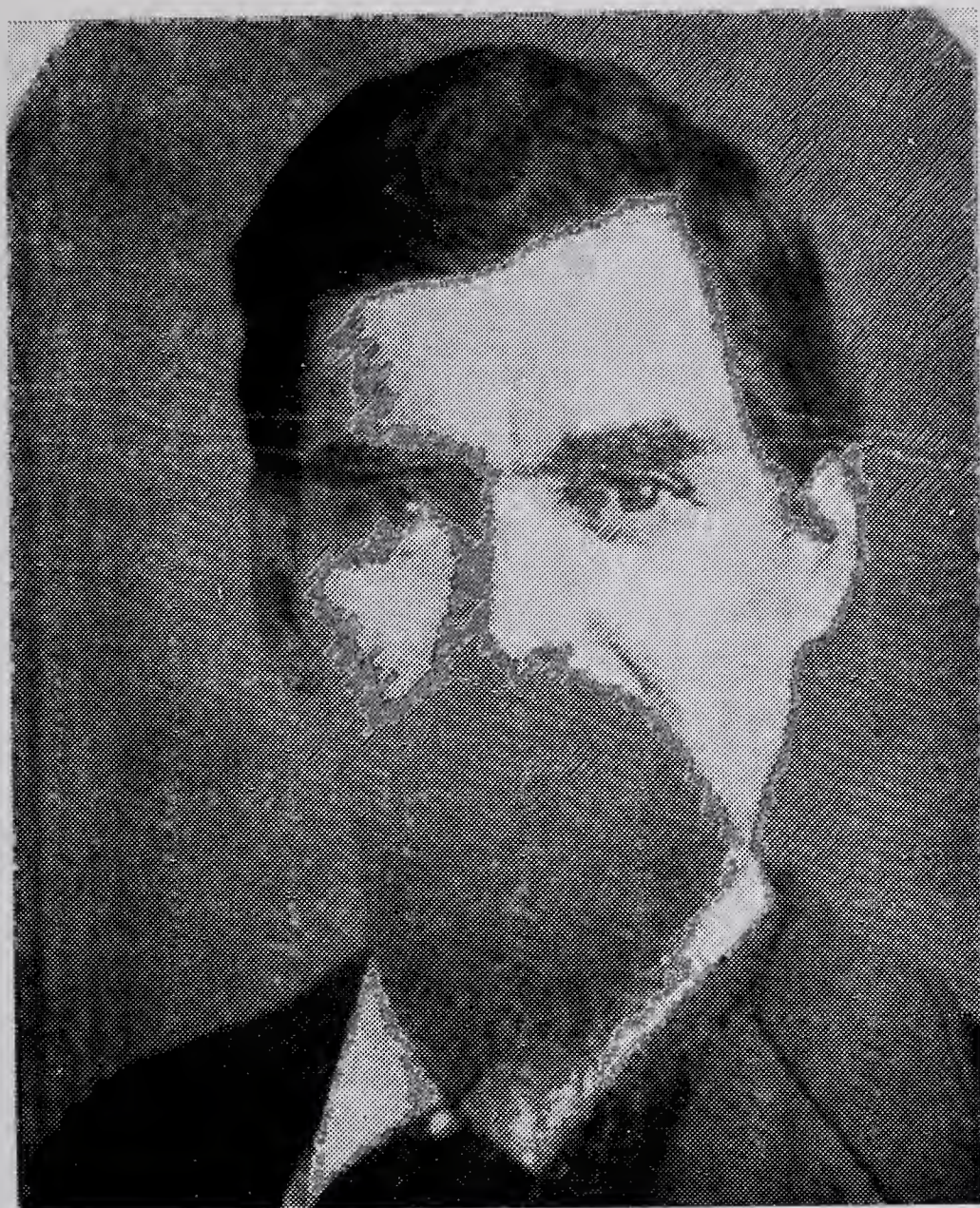
sheep that summer for Freeman Manning. We were then very poor, but my father was industrious and quite handy with tools. He was about 36 years of age, but unfortunately had been injured in his lower limbs by too severe work when a boy in the cotton factory of England. We managed to live and were thankful that we were well and very much appreciated the fact that we had 'gathered to Zion' and while our food was plain, it was seasoned with appetites that answered for other deficiencies.

"In 1859 we bought the right of George Pickup to some land across the hill west from where we lived. We had sold our wagon to Porter Rockwell for money and paid the money or most of it, I think \$60.00 for the land, and that summer I worked on the land. I remember distinctly digging some potatoes to send to Camp Floyd by Brother Watkins to get some sugar for mother when Maggie was born.

"That winter I went to school to William Vance and we moved into the fort at the time of said purchase as Pickup had a house in the fort that was included in the bargain. On February the 9th I went to Draper, Salt Lake County, and on the 10th commenced to herd sheep for Harvey Rawlins and continued until about December 13th, 1860, a little more than ten months, at \$8.00 per month and my board. One half of my pay was in wheat at \$2.00 per bushel, that went to father. Out of the other half I bought me some clothes, a pair of boots (my first pair) a fiddle and a lamb. The boots wore out, I sold the fiddle and the lamb died. One little thing happened that summer that I deem worth recording. I sometimes, as boys do, indulged in air castles and one was that when I would be a man I would go to Provo and be Bishop in the ward that William Fausett was then Bishop (of). I had never been to Provo; I had heard the name of Bishop Fausett. I went to school in the winter. I herded cows and worked on the farm in the spring and summer of 1861. In the fall I worked for John W. Vance and went to school in the winter.

"I became an expert in breaking wild animals, especially steers and people were glad to let me use them to break in the spring for plowing, etc.





**JOHN E. BOOTH AS A YOUNG MAN**

“In 1863 my father took a carding machine to run at the mouth of American Fork Canyon owned by Allen and Cutler and the management of the farm rested mostly on me. The land was not very good and tools were scarce, and while we had lived on the proceeds of the farm we did not get ahead much. Matters were more favorable when the carding machine started as wool rolls were in great demand. There was not much change until 1866. In August of that year I was called to go as a volunteer to aid the people in Sanpete and Sevier Counties in defending themselves against the Indians. S. W. Brown of Alpine was with me. We got home October 25th. We had no fighting to do and so we had little to do except guard, but that was successful as no raids were made in that vicinity while we were there. I was in the command of Col. L. John Nuttall,



subsequently Caleb W. Haws had command when we were disbanded at Provo October 24, 1866. I have never been paid for that service. I think the government properly owes it to me. I worked at home in 1867 until October when I engaged with Daniel R. Allen to learn the trade of miller and stayed with him until Feb. 14th, 1868. There was not sufficient work to employ me in the mill and a regular miller also; I did not understand it well enough to run the mill myself, so I drove a team. I knew how to do that and was anxious to learn something more.

“John R. Park was teaching the Academy at Draper, and I arranged to go to school. I found people who were very kind to me. Perry Fitzgerald and his family, Isaac M. Stewart and his family and George Bankhead and family I well remember with gratitude. I was very poor and they allowed me to work for my board, or a part of it and waited for me to earn the balance before I paid them; I feel that I have never and can never repay them for their kindness to me. I attended school from February until July or about August. I then worked at home for some time and started to school again in September. On September 28, I went to a dance and perhaps as near as I dared and could, I fell in love with Delilah E. Allen, daughter of Andrew J. Allen of Draper.

“In November I accepted a position as school teacher in Alpine and taught for those times a very successful school. I had about eighty pupils and a mixed school, so had plenty to do. I was through about the first of March, 1869, and accepted a position as teacher for one term at West Jordan. When that was out I went to the University of Deseret. I went for 14 weeks and made very rapid progress. I worked at home in the fields during September and started to school again about November. Later I accepted a position as teacher in the Mill Creek Ward, the south part of it, the school house being a little east of the State Road. I ‘boarded around’ and made many warm friendships that have lasted until the present. In April, 1870, my school having closed, I again attended the University during the spring and summer and again in the fall. I also attended Morgans Commercial College and acquired a very fair knowledge of book-keeping. I excelled the average in

sciences and mathematics, but was not so well up in language. I read *Ceasar's Commentaries* in Latin. Writing and drawing I was deficient in, and have not caught up yet.

“In November, 1870, I accepted a position as teacher of Bountiful High School at Bountiful, Davis County, Utah. I had a very pleasant time and a good school. In March that was out, and I was solicited to take a position as teacher of mathematics in the Timpanogos Branch of the Deseret University at Provo. On the first day of May, 1871, I commenced my labors there. In March, 1871, at Alpine I met Miss Maria J. Harvey of Pleasant Grove. I taught successfully and satisfactorily that spring and summer.

“The Provo Woolen Factory was being erected, and I labored some on that in the morning and evening and advanced some in my mathematical studies. I became identified with the Sabbath School Interests and worked there. I commenced again in the fall, and in November I met Miss Hannah Billings of Manti. I continued my teaching and studies in the school year. Usually putting in a portion of the spring and fall on the farm at home, in Alpine. The year 1872 passed much the same except my vacation was spent out west with a surveying party for the government, getting back about the first of August. When I came in, I stopped drinking tea and coffee and have not drunk a cup of either since.

“I commenced with the school again in the fall of the year. W. H. Dusenberry was associated with me all the school time and W. N. Dusenberry a portion of it. In 1873 I attended a summer school for teachers in Salt Lake City and assisted some in teaching. I commenced studying law this year. I had devoted some time to the study of medicine, but I concluded that I did not like it and took up the law.

“October 1, 1873, I was married in the Endowment House of Salt Lake City to Maria J. Harvey. I had previously bought me two lots and a home on the corner of 12th and I Streets, Provo City, for \$1200 in Factory stock. I taught in the school that winter and also a night school, and kept the books of the Factory Mills and earned more



than my expenses. I was one of the presidents of the 52nd quorum of Seventies.

“July 20, 1874, we had a son born, but he lived less than one day. I remember the kindness of H. H. Cluff, James A. Bean and wife, and W. H. Dusenberry on that occasion. I continued that fall in school and studying law. In March 1875, I was appointed City Attorney for Provo City. In November of the same year I was appointed City Counselor and continued to serve either as counselor or alderman and justice of the peace until the fall of 1883.

“In September, 1875, I was admitted to practice in the District Court of Provo. This year Professor Maesar came to Provo and the Brigham Young Academy was opened. I went there as teacher that fall in some classes, but my public duties and private practice prevented my regular teaching all the time. I continued in that line until the close of the year of 1880-1881. P. H. Emerson was the judge of the district court, and he kindly favored me when he could without interfering too much with regular court work to let me have the time for class work at the Academy. In August, 1875, I took a trip through Juab, Sanpete, and Sevier Counties on horseback. In the spring of 1876 our daughter Josephine Diantha was born March 16; and on the 10th day of April, 1876, I married in the Endowment House Hannah Billings, under the revelation given to the Prophet Joseph Smith on the subject of celestial marriage, my wife Maria being alive and consenting to the same. We lived very happily together and without contention, and so far as I was ever able to learn with utmost good feeling and friendship and love between the two women.

“My public labors had increased as also my private practice and I was saving some property. In the fall of 1875 I formed a law partnership with George M. Brown and it lasted for several years and is remembered by both of us with much pleasure. We never had a difference, we were quite prosperous in business and accumulated considerable property.

“In February 1875 I was called to act as bishop's counselor to H. H. Cluff in the 4th Ward, Provo City, and was ordained a High Priest under the hands of Edson

Whipple. He was ordained by Hyrum Smith and Hyrum Smith was ordained by Joseph Smith.

“In April 1877 my brother, James Davis, died at Alpine, 27 years old and unmarried. In the winter and early spring of 1877, with W. B. Pace, I did nearly all the work of revising the ordinances of Provo City and supervising their publication, W. H. Dusenberry rendering valuable and efficient aid therein. My school work, city work, and private practice kept me busy. I was also county attorney for Utah County about this time.

“April 13, 1878, our daughter Vienna Hortense was born. In June I was ordained a bishop in the Church and set apart to preside over the 4th Ward of Provo. I chose for my counselors Andrew Watson and George Meldrum; as president of the teachers, W. O. Sperry and his assistant John G. Jones, all of whom have been faithful in their callings. During these years John W. Turner was sheriff of Utah County and city marshall of Provo City. He and I worked very closely together and we formed very intimate and confident associations that now appear likely to last through our lives. The years 1878 and 1879 passed away peacefully and prosperously.

“In 1880 I was appointed by the Utah Legislature a court commissioner for auditing the accounts of jurors and witnesses, in the First Judicial District Court which included the courts held in Provo and Ogden. My work took in a part of the years 1878 and 1879 and all of '80 and '81. I saved the Territory many thousands of dollars. My report will be found in the House Journal of the Legislature of 1882. I spent considerable time and money on this labor. In 1881, April 23, my wife Hannah took sick developing into pneumonia, and on May 18, she died. She had no children. She was a noble woman and deserves at some time a glowing tribute written to her memory for her many virtues.

“That fall I was appointed by P. T. Vanzile assistant district prosecuting attorney for the First Judicial District and worked in that office. George M. Brown, my partner, had been elected assessor and collector for Utah County, so our labors increased.



“At the general election in August 1881 I was elected to the House of Representatives as the Legislative Assembly of Utah and served in that position, I think not without credit, at least not without work. On motion of P. T. Vanzile in January 1882 I was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of Utah and was not required to pass any examinations. During that winter I assisted in organizing and became a director of the First National Bank of Provo. I had stopped my labors regularly in the academy, but during the spring and summer I assisted in their civil government in evening classes.

“April 14, 1882, our daughter Hannah Rowena was born in H. H. Cluff’s brick house on the corner of 9th and K Streets. In April of that year I assisted in forming a state constitution for the proposed state of Deseret and in March of that year the Edmunds Law was passed by Congress. This law disfranchised all the men and women who were living in polygamous relations. I regretted many times that it did not affect me.

“In May 1883 I went with Apostle F. M. Lyman to attend conference at Heber City, Wasatch County. My wife went with us. In July of that year the waters of Provo River were low and Roger Farrer and I as members of the city council explored the river from the mouth to the upper part of Woodland precinct, Wasatch County, measured the waters and found where they were used. Our report is on file at length and furnished much of the information on which a future distribution of waters of Provo River was based.

“On the 7th day of October 1883 I was called on a mission to the Northwestern States Mission and on the 15th day of October I left my home to fill said mission and was set apart by F. M. Lyman, an apostle, assistant president of said mission, Wm. M. Palmer being president. I went to Covington, Fountain County, Indiana, and established headquarters at the home of Oliver Shelby. I could here write several chapters on the goodness of Oliver Shelby and his wife Hannah, not only to me but to all the Elders in that conference. I took active charge of the work and in December went to Monticello, Wright County, Minn., a part of the mission and there held conference. I met



President Palmer just out from Salt Lake. We went from there to Sumner, Warren Co., Indiana, three miles from the state line on the Wabash R.R. at the premises of George W. Johnson and there held conference. The good people thereabouts showed the Elders great kindness. Palmer returned to Utah and I remained in charge. I did a great deal of traveling in different parts of the mission. On the 7th of May 1884 I received word that I had a son, Richard Harvey, born on May 6th. I labored in different parts of the mission during the summer for particulars of which see my journal. In October at Monticello, Minn., I received word that my wife was dead, but I was unable to go home. I stayed and held conference at Rockford. President Palmer just came out, then went to Indiana and held conference, and on the 23rd of October (I) started for home. (I) arrived home on the 29 released from further labors at present and fully released the next spring. My sister May and my wife's sister Rose Harvey kept my home for me and cared for the children and they did exceedingly well therein. I still much appreciate their labors and services."

Following are two letters written in 1884 while Elder Booth was on his mission. The first greeting is to his parents while laboring in Council Bluffs, Iowa. The other is addressed to his sister, May, written from La Crosse, Wisconsin.

Council Bluffs, Iowa

May 25, 1884

Dear Father and Mother:

It is some time since I received your letter and I don't think I wrote to you since unless it was by postal card and the letter to May.

The variety of places from which my letters are dated indicate that I am not still long at a time and I enjoy the travel very much, of course it is much more expensive than it is to travel and preach but I have passes over the "Wabash, St. Louis and Pacific" and the Chicago and Northwestern Railroads and half fare over the Chicago Milwaukee and St. Paul, so the expense is comparatively light I could not manage it to pay full fare on all the roads I travel over. I think I have traveled over 8000 miles since I left home. I came here to get a company of saints off for Utah, who started last evening. I expected to have gone back to the Eastern part of Iowa last night but the train I expected to go on failed to run on Saturday

so I have to wait until this afternoon. I am well in body and spirit. I have been very much blessed in my labors and am meeting with some success. I hope I am earning some of these favors. If I am not I shall find myself a great deal behind at the settlement, as I am certainly receiving very many of them.

Council Bluffs is different now from what it was 27 years ago when we passed through here, but there is not the improvement here that I find in many places. I would very much like to be here a day with some of the old Mormons who were here in early days, there must be many places of interest that could be pointed out by someone who is familiar with them.

I believe I would be more at home in Florence than here if I recollect right as we did not stop here long.

The weather here now is very nice but it has been rather a cold wet backward spring, crops I think are not up to the average.

Wickedness here is very prevalent in almost all shapes and forms. I would not leave my home in Utah and sacrifice the associations of the saints, and raise my children in the society they have here for anyplace I have seen in this country. I had a general idea of things before I came here but they have grown special in many instances.

I am very thankful for the knowledge I have gained. I hope to profit both myself and others with it.

Enclosed I send Aunt Alice's letter back. I wish you could have been there at the meeting therein described. You would have enjoyed it very much. You have never answered anything about Ward's trunk.

As ever, your affectionate son,

(Signed) J. E. Booth

La Crosse, Wisconsin

July 6, 1884

Dear Sister:

It is quite awhile since I wrote you or heard anything from you directly, and I thought I would take a few moments today in writing to you. I have heard from home concerning you, among other things that Mr. and Mrs. Booth of Alpine have a very fine grandson at American Fork, (Utah). A new one I mean. I have a report of something of the same kind at Provo. I have not learned the name of either yet if you know them you may send me word when you write. I hope they are both well.\*

I am having quite a good time traveling round the country seeing persons and places, and if I had plenty of money I could enjoy myself, but I did not leave home for fun and so I don't look after what is most pleasant always and yet, I believe I am entitled to some enjoyment when I can just as well have it as not, at least there is no harm in making the best of everything.



I am up here now looking after emigration matters and will probably be back to Covington in about a week and will probably be in St. Louis and Omaha some time during this month. I have traveled some over 11,000 miles since I left home and seen many of the large places east of Chicago but have found no other place like Utah for a home and pleasant society. There are many things here that are nice but there is so much wickedness that it destroys the effect of much of the good.

I have got along very well generally for something to eat and a place to sleep, and have met no mobbing so I feel quite fortunate as some of the boys have been differently treated. I have been alone mostly since our conference in April, and that is a little inconvenient sometimes but there is an odd number in the Indiana conference and I think I can get along alone perhaps as well or better than many others. Of course there are things occurring from time to time that are not always pleasant but we must not expect everything to be made to our order so we have to take part of it as it comes. I have not got homesick yet and still I would like to see the folks very much. It is nearly nine months since I left home. I have no idea when I will return but when I do I hope it will be because I have filled my mission honorably.

Hope you are all well. I get word from father quite frequently; he has been very kind in writing so often and so well. He writes to me oftener than I do to him, but I have so much writing to do I want to hear from you again.

Your Loving Brother  
J. E. Booth

Although I send this to you, you must not get proud and think it is all yours as the others at your house are entitled to my kind remembrance. Direct as on the outside of this letter.

J.E.B.

\*The grandson to whom J. E. referred was Alma Booth Hunter, son of Martha Hannah Booth Hunter and Ebenezer Hunter. Alma was born 19 January, 1884. John E. had a son, Richard Harvey Booth, born 6 May, 1884.

Continuing his autobiography Mr. Booth says, "I lost a good deal of private business while I was away, and I did not find matters so prosperous when I returned, however, it soon got better and matters went on without excitement.

"In 1886 I was again elected to the City Council and precinct justice of peace and soon work increased, but money was very scarce and I found the firm involved and



it took a large sacrifice of private property to settle up. In 1885 I assisted in starting the Blue Cliffs Canal Co. It was not looked on favorably by some of the leading men and it was hard work to get along with it. It is not complete yet, but is likely to be soon. I also invested quite heavily in the Provo Foundry and Machine Co., but I was not a mechanic and the business did not pay and I lost my investment.

“June 22, 1887, at the Temple in Logan I was married to Delia Ina Winters. My brother Richard Thornton went on a mission about this time. On the 23rd of November, 1887, he died at Kansas City, Mo. He was brought home and his body was in good condition and buried at Alpine.

“In the latter part of June I assisted in forming a State Constitution for the proposed State of Utah; May 21, 1888, our son James Milton was born. On May 27, 1888, my father died at Alpine. In August 1888 I was taken sick with malaria fever, and it came near being fatal. This is the first time I remember of having to stay in bed all day. I credit the faith and prayers of the Saints and the administrations of the Elders with the blessings of the Lord with my recovery. I had John Riggs for a Dr., who not only administered to me as a physician, but as an Elder by anointing with oil and laying on hands. My mother and wife were very faithful nurses in 1889.

“I was again called on a mission and started in July. I went to Marion Co., West Virginia, holding meetings going out and coming back held three different conferences: one at Metz, one at Robinson, Green Co., and one at St. John, Stafford Co., Kansas. In August after I left I was elected a member of the Legislative Council and served there in 1890.”

From Metz, West Virginia, in 1889 J. E. Booth wrote the following letter to his sister, May Booth Talmage.

Metz, West Va.  
September 10, 1889

Dear Sister May:

Having a few spare moments this morning I thought they might be used with pleasure to me in writing to you. I am thank-

ful to say I am well and enjoying myself as well, I think, as a missionary among strangers can be expected to do.

I have been here now two weeks and have met with very much kindness and good treatment by the saints and friends about and very little of the opposite from those who are neither.

I am the only Elder here at present but the others in this conference will probably all be in now in a few days as our conference commences here next Saturday. After about a week I will be on my way next holding conferences in Indiana and Kansas as I go and I think I will get to Salt Lake about conference time.

I want to stop off and see Maggie if I can as I go. I hear she has paid the folks a visit and that you have been to Provo. I hope you had a pleasant time with your boy. I was informed of Milton being very sick but the last word he was much better and I hope now he is well.

**1891681**

How much does Sterling weigh? Do you need anything larger than a baby carriage for him yet?

I got a nice letter from Jennie since I left home. I would be glad if she were well settled nearer the rest of us. I hear Ebby is building and I suppose he has some object in it. I don't think I have heard about Wilford directly since I left home. Is the Martha Snow who is engaged to teach in the 18th ward the proposed Martha Booth?

Give my very kind regards to the Dr. and although as you know I don't kiss boys you may kiss a very fine boy for me and I can recompense you for it when I call about the 6th of October.

I hope you are well.

I am as ever your Brother,

J. E. Booth

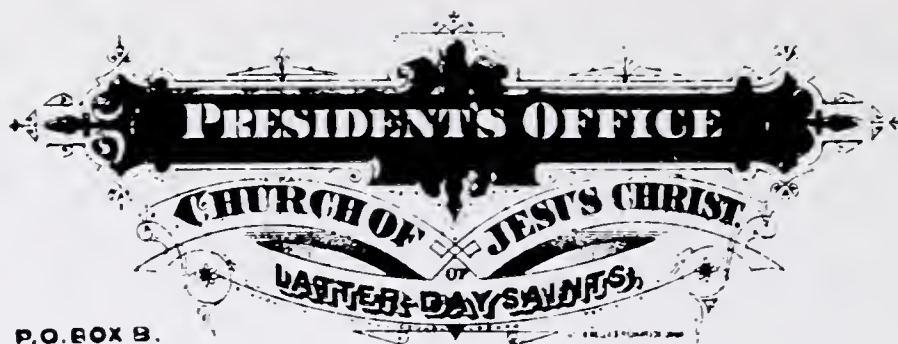
You may direct mail to St. John, Kansas.

Mr. Booth was home from his mission from October 1889 until February of 1890 before he was fully released.

Explaining his activities from the time of the birth of Delilah he says,

“January 7, 1890, our daughter Delilah Maria was born. In February I was elected Mayor of Provo City and was honorably released from further labors in the mission, the First Presidency telling me before I would accept a nomination that they desired my election to that office. I served there for two years, for details see Council Journal. I served as president of the school board during that time with very much pleasure. In 1890 I was appointed for





*Salt Lake City, U.T.* April 9, 1890.

Elder John E. Booth,

Provo.

Dear Brother:

Elder C. W. Stayner of this city has been called and appointed to succeed you in the presidency of the Northern States Mission of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Please communicate at as early a date as you conveniently can and give him the necessary information with regard to the various fields of labor, time of holding Conferences, addresses of the Elders, and such items as may be desirable for him to know to enable him to understandingly take hold of the labors of his new calling.

Fraying the Lord to bless you in all your duties, and with kindest regards,

We remain,

Your Brethren,

*Willford Woodruff*  
*Jos. Cannon*  
*Jos. F. Smith*

two years a member of the Territorial Board of Equalization of taxes, and in 1892 was reappointed for four years more, the salary being fixed by law at \$5.00 per day and 10 cents a mile for traveling one way only.

“It is now nearly time to close up the box. I feel that I have been very brief in many matters, particularly in the characters and good qualities of both my wives Maria and Delia. My mother is alive at Alpine. My brother R. E. is



mayor of Alpine. Alfred is county surveyor and in Provo. Jos. W. is here attending school, Martha H. is at Provo, Sarah J. is in Montana, Maggie is in Alpine, and May is in Salt Lake City. My six children are all at home.

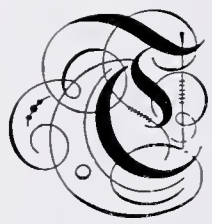
(Signed) J. E. Booth”

The box to which J. E. referred was a container which held letters written by some members of the Provo Fourth Ward to their posterity. The box was closed in 1892, to be opened fifty years hence. The receptacle was placed in a safe place in the ward house and in 1942 was opened and the letters distributed to the heirs.

Two children were born after Mr. Booth finished his history—Elsie Vernessa was born the 12 April 1894 and Edwin Winters born 11 June 1896.

## CHAPTER FIVE

# FAMILY AND HOME



THE FIRST WIFE of J. E. Booth, Maria Josephine Harvey, was escorted into her home at 12th and J Streets (southeast corner of Third North and University Ave.) in Provo at the age of twenty-three. Her husband was twenty-six. Their abode was a four room adobe domicile. Here Maria mothered her children Josephine Diantha, Vienna Hortense, Hannah Rowena and Richard Harvey.

Hannah Billings was welcomed into this home as a second wife two and one-half years later, on April 10, 1876 (age twenty-four) after the birth of Maria's first child. Hannah died 18 May 1881, childless, and three years later, at the age of thirty-four, Maria passed away.

J. E. chose thirty-three year old Delia Ina Winters to be his wife on June 22, 1887. She lived at the above mentioned residence for less than a year when the family moved to a house on the southeast corner of First West and Fifth North Streets. Mr. Booth bought this four-room adobe dwelling which also had a "lean-to" called "the granary" adjoining the southeast portion of the house. "The granary" made sleeping quarters for men, boys and overflow. In this home Delia's children, James Milton, Delilah Maria, Elsie Vernessa and Edwin Winters spent the early days of their youth.

The Booths lived in the days before motels and their doors were always open to family members and friends. Their home was always a welcome haven for free lodging and a convenient hostel for free delicious, home-cooked meals.

At a time when the older girls were in their middle teens A. L. Booth, a younger brother of J. E., recalled this incident, which shows the hospitality of the Booths.





**MARIA JOSEPHINE  
HARVEY BOOTH**

**Born: 31 January 1850**

**Died: 1 October 1884**

A. L. resided in Provo at the home of his brother for several years. One day the younger brother was going downtown in Provo and met an old friend, Dr. Emil B. Isgreen, who had just come from Salt Lake City. The doctor said, "Hello, and can your brother put me up while I'm here? I was coming to stay overnight with you after I visit friends."

A. L. replied, "I am on my way to a meeting and it will be late before I come home. Just go up to the house and take the bed you had last time. The Judge and Mrs. Booth have gone to a party of the Sunshine Club so go right in and make yourself comfortable."

While tending the children that night Vienna decided to have her friend Belle Watson stay with her. The girls put the young folk to bed then prepared a bed for themselves. They said their prayers, blew out the lamp and went to sleep. The next morning the teenagers discov-





**VIEW OF AN EARLY BOOTH HOME —  
5th North and 1st West, Provo, Utah.**



**SIDE VIEW OF THE BOOTH HOME — with the granary in the  
foreground. (from a painting by B. F. Larsen).**





**DELIA INA WINTERS BOOTH AND JOHN EDGE BOOTH**  
at the time of their marriage, 22 June 1887.

ered the stranger and crept out of the room to investigate the mystery.

Later in the morning the doctor arose and met A. L. in the kitchen. A. L. looked surprised and said, "I missed you last night. " "I occupied the bed you suggested and slept well," said his friend. "I am happy to inform you," said A. L., "that you occupied it with two young ladies."

In the summer of 1900 Judge Booth built a large two-story brick house with electric lights, running water and modern plumbing east of the above mentioned home. This residence had four large rooms downstairs with inside walls going twelve feet to the ceiling. There was an entrance hall, a pantry and bath. Fireplaces were the source of heat. Upstairs there were five bedrooms, a wide hall and several closets. Into this fancy house the family moved and soon it was filled with boarders, relatives and friends—most of whom were residing and eating free.

With her husband, seven children (Vienna had married) and some free lodgers, Aunt Delia, as she was often called, performed her duties as mother, wife, civic worker



**CHILDREN OF JOHN EDGE BOOTH AND MARIA JOSEPHINE HARVEY.** (A son named John Edge Booth Jr. was born 20 July 1874. He lived less than a day.)



**JOSEPHINE DIANTHA  
BOOTH WOODRUFF**  
Born: 16 March 1876; died:  
12 May 1951; married James  
Lloyd Woodruff 1 September  
1903.



**VIENNA HORTENSE  
BOOTH KIMBALL**  
Born: 14 April 1878; died: 22  
November 1951; married Er-  
nest Kimball 25 October 1899.



**HANNAH ROWENA  
BOOTH COWAN**  
Born: 13 April 1882; died: 3  
March 1954; married Ray-  
mond Ray March 1906; mar-  
ried Hugh Albin Cowan 5  
April 1918.



**RICHARD HARVEY  
BOOTH**  
Born: 6 May 1884; died: 10  
June 1941; married Cordelia  
Olsen Dorius 23 June 1909.



**CHILDREN OF JOHN EDGE BOOTH AND  
DELIA INA WINTERS BOOTH**



**JAMES MILTON  
BOOTH**

Born: 21 May 1888; died: 6  
January 1939; married Cora  
Lewis 19 October 1911.



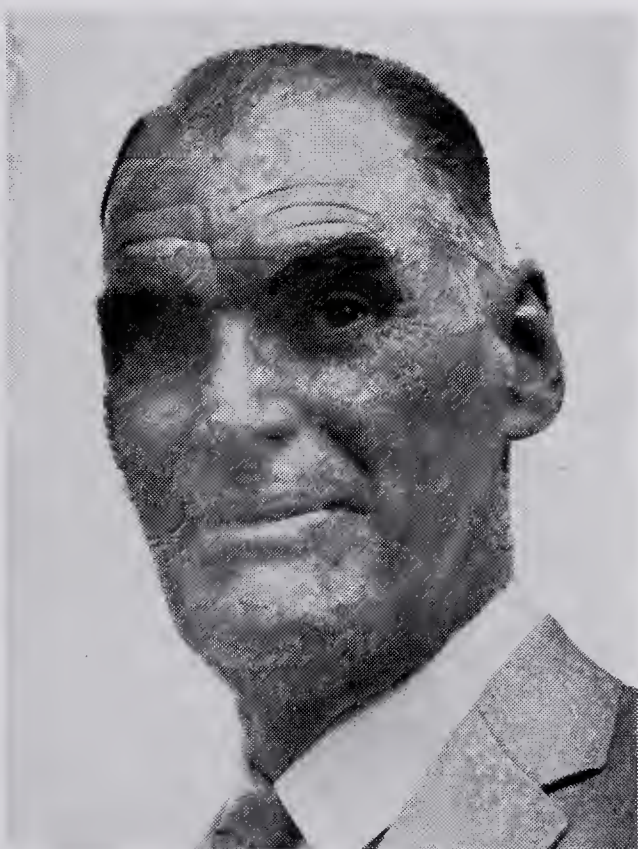
**DELILAH MARIA  
BOOTH ADAMS**

Born: 7 January 1890; mar-  
ried Samuel Conrad Adams  
10 January 1917.



**ELSIE VERNESSA  
BOOTH BROCKBANK**

Born: 12 April 1894; married  
Isaac Elmer Brockbank 1  
September 1916.



**EDWIN WINTERS  
BOOTH**

Born 11 June 1896; married  
Matilda Ellis 8 August 1918.



SOME OF THE POSTERITY OF JOHN EDGE BOOTH

Maria Josephine Harvey				Hannah Billings		Delia Ina Winters			
John E. Infant son died.	Josephine Diantha married James Lloyd Woodruff	Vienna Hortense married Ernest Kimball	Hannah Rowena married Raymond Ray, Hugh Albin Cowan, George Marks	Richard Harvey married Cordelia, Olsen Dorius	No..Children	James Milton married Cora Lewis	Delilah Maria married Samuel Conrad Adams	Elsie Vernessa married Isaac Elmer Brockbank	Edwin Winters married Matilda Ellis
	Children: Josephine (Connie)  Ruth  Jackson Booth  Lloyd Booth  Elizabeth (Betty)	Children: Harold Booth Clareen Ernest Harvey (Bud) Vienna Elsie Precinda Orson Edge LeGrande Norma Jane	Children: None	Children: Nila Pauline Josephine	Children: John Weston (Jack)  James Malcolm  Milton Lewis  Sterling Harvey	Children: Elsie Delia  Connie Marilyn  Florence  Mary June  Ruth	Children: Helen Shirley Ann Elinor Leah Patricia Mary Carol Nancy Dawn Elsie Joyce Barbara, Kay	Children: John Edge Grace Helen Edwin Winters Jr. Ronald Wilford Zenda Marlene	

(Continued in the appendix)



and church leader with steadiness and sobriety. She was five feet five inches tall, had brown hair and hazel colored eyes. She was a lady. She was modest in her dress, quiet in her speech, an excellent cook and supported her husband in everything he undertook to do. She respected him so much that she spoke of him as Mr. Booth or Brother Booth. She never called him by his first name. She passed away in Provo, Utah, 1 June 1940, at the age of eighty-six.

The following stories, centered around family and home describe the personality and experiences of J. E. Booth. The events have been related by his daughters, Delilah Adams and Elsie Brockbank and confirmed by Edith Young Booth, a sister-in-law to John E.

“Father was generous with his means. Boys and girls in school, folks on missions and people losing their homes all received their share of financial help. When his estate was settled there were thousands of dollars in notes he had signed with little or no hopes of ever receiving the interest or the principal.

“At his funeral Sam King, a most prominent attorney said that Judge Booth knew everything about law except how to make a legal charge for his services as an attorney.

“Father was not a person to move from place to place. We remembered him leaving the state twice only. Once in '97 he went to California to visit some of his mother's people, the Davis family. Some years later he went to Washington, D.C. This was at the time Reed Smoot was a senator from Utah. Later, when father returned, he said no one could have been treated with more honor or respect than he. He was invited many places and met men of importance. Father was introduced as one of the leading men of Utah.

“It was during this visit in the East that father saw Edwin Booth in ‘Hamlet.’ Father met the great actor after the performance in a private interview. Among other items of conversation they discussed were their genealogical lines.

“We never knew where father got his idea that a cold bath was good for him. Every morning at 7:00 a.m. the temperature of the water was regulated by the tem-

perature of the weather. Sometimes ice would be frozen around the water taps, but no matter, the cold water was in the tub, the Judge was in the tub and the temperature of the room remained the same.

“Once a year on New Year’s Eve, father would run around the block bare footed. He said as long as he would do that stunt he was sure he was in good health. We remember the last New Year’s Eve of his life he didn’t go out and it seemed to be an ill omen.

“As father was riding on the train from Salt Lake to Provo upon one occasion he heard the conductor talking to a man who had his family with him. It seemed the man had run out of money and the conductor was telling him he would have to take his family and get off the train at Provo. The poor man was surely confused and as father passed him, he handed the poor passenger ten dollars to continue the ride. Many years after, as Aunt Edith Booth was riding home from Salt Lake City she was in conversation with a man and he told her of the above incident. He told her that all the information he had about the identity of the person was a piece of paper with “Booth” written on it. When Aunt Edith told us about it we immediately supposed it was father from whom he had received the money because such an act was very typical of him.

“Our father was a man to walk. In the summers when mother and the family were up to the farm, Edgewood, he would walk up those three miles from Provo every evening and down to town every morning in time to be at the office by ten a.m. One day Roy Murdock passed him in his new Ford car. Brother Murdock stopped his car and asked, ‘Judge, would you like to ride a ways?’ Father replied, ‘No thanks, I am in a hurry.’ In a few minutes the Judge passed the car which had a flat and he reached the farm on schedule.

“Our horses were never equal to the name of a race horse because they were never able to race nor go on a fast trot. They were never over weight nor over fed. Many times old Toby would stop and eat grass that was along the roadside and as long as he was eating there was no



hurry to go on. When the horse would see some grass that was green and handy many times he would walk right out of the shafts and go eat the grass while the occupants of the buggy visited. The harness was never secure enough to hold the horse to the buggy. After the horse had eaten his fill the driver would guide the horse to a cool running stream and then the horse, well fed and watered, would go on his journey—always reaching his destination two or three hours after the appointed time.

“A happy saying of father’s which he often repeated to us was this lively jingle:

*First of all I love my horse  
Next to the horse I love the girls  
Next to the girls I love red roses  
With each of these I love myself!*

“At the time of his death his casket was profusely covered with red roses. Two other mottos he repeated often were: ‘Right is might and the love of God is within every person’s reach.’ ‘Three requisites of a good speech are: stand up, speak up, shut up.’ ”

From a clipping in the Spanish Fork (Utah) paper of 1898 the following will help to define the Judge’s character and disposition:

#### SPANISH FORK LECTURE COURSE

Editor Enquirer:—A series of public meetings have been held here during the winter season at the Central schoolhouse, under the auspices of the district school teachers, the people generally taking a very lively interest therein. Last night was the closing one of the season. It was highly interesting. The theme was “Infidelity and Fallacies” and the speaker was Hon. John E. Booth of Provo.

The gentleman handled his subject with the masterful care, precision and brilliancy so characteristic of him. The same fire, the same vigor, the same deep but clear reasoning peculiar to him in his halcyon days are his today in an equal if not in a more abundant degree. The audience listened to his remarks with intense interest and if anyone entered an infidel he must have left with a feeling that his past views on the authenticity of scripture were narrow, distorted, illogical and therefore fallacious.

J.A.R.<sup>13</sup>





**This was a favorite portrait and signature of J. E. Booth**

Spanish Fork, (Utah) March 19, 1898.

“In a humorous vein the story is told of the trick father played to help his courting daughters say goodnight at a respectable hour. When the older girls in the family had their boy friends come and the boys would remain



until after honorable hours father would put the clock by the parlor door and strike it twelve times. This continued until the boys caught on to the fact that the strikes were against them.

“Father was a great saver of time. He practiced writing his name many different ways. He chose the one in which he never raised his pen from the paper. He figured mathematically what part of a second he saved with each signature. Multiplying this by the average number of times he signed his name each day, he multiplied this total by 365 days. Then he utilized the time he saved for reading.

“Father’s discipline was swift, shocking, unorthodox and effective. When his daughter, Josephine, was about sixteen and was attending the B.Y.U. Academy, she was sensitive, romantic and irresponsible. One day in devotional a note was passed from one professor to another. These instructors were sitting on the stand and the first one read it and smiled and passed it on to the next one. When each professor had read it Josie was quietly given the note. She was sitting in the audience near the professor who had read the inscription last. When Josie opened the folded sheet of paper she read, ‘Please let Josie come home and hang up her nightgown.’ Josie never had to be told again.

“Josie had a habit of staying and playing with friends at the home of the Theusen’s until after dark even though she had been told to be home at a certain time. One night she came home and there was a bundle of clothes hanging on the gate—her clothes!

“We children used to leave toys where they didn’t belong when we finished playing with them. One time we left a wagon on the back steps and when father returned home after dark he fell over it. Telling us to put it away seemed to do no good so one night he came in and said, ‘I will give the first one to the gate a nickel.’ We all rushed out the back door and piled up over the wagon.”

In the year 1881, while John E. Booth was bishop, the members of his Provo Fourth Ward were asked to write a letter to their families—fifty years hence. The following is a copy of Bishop Booth’s letter.

Provo City, Utah Territory

April 2, A.D. 1881

“To Josephine Diantha Booth, Vienna Booth or the next of kin of John Edge Booth, Maria Josephine Harvey Booth or Hannah Billings Booth.

“As many of the people are interested in arranging a ‘Jubilee Box’ to be opened in fifty years from now, we thought to also contribute thereto for your benefit. As we cannot be lengthy we will proceed at once to give you a brief sketch of our lives thus far, commencing with that of John Edge Booth (who) was born at Bradshaw Gate, Bedford-Leigh, Lancashire, England, on the 29 of June 1847, the oldest son of Richard Thornton Booth and Elsie Edge. During the ten succeeding years there were born to the same parents James Davis, Martha Hannah, and Sarah Jane. In 1857 John E. came with the family to Utah, stopped in Salt Lake City that winter. (In) 1858 he moved to Alpine, Utah Co. (On the Plains Robert Ebenezer was born in 1857.) 1858 was the “Move” when all the people north of Utah County moved south. 1859 Margaret Elsie was born. 1860 John E. herded sheep for Harvey Rawlins at Draper. 1861-2-3-4-5-6 he worked on a farm at Alpine. A portion of each year lived with John W. Vance during which time Alfred Lewis and Joseph Wilford were born (brothers). 1866, August 16 started south to assist in guarding the people of Sanpete and Sevier Counties from Indians. Got back home Oct. 25, 1866. Oct., 1867 went to learn to be a miller with Daniel R. Allen. Feb. 14, 1868, left on account of slack business; started to school at Draper to Dr. J. R. Park. Went to school during 1868, summer; winter taught school at Alpine. March, 1869 taught school at West Jordan, Salt Lake Co. June 1869 started to the Deseret University, Salt Lake City, Dr. Park having become president thereof. Winter of 68-70 taught school in Big Cottonwood, Millcreek Ward, Salt Lake Co. April 1870 started again to the University with J. G. Stewart and J. L. Rawlings. November left and taught school at Bountiful, Davis County. May first 1871, commenced teaching in the Timpanogos Branch of the Deseret University at Provo, Utah Co. (Sept. 29, 1869 my sister



(Merry) May was born making ten children my parents had). 1872 commenced saving means and buying property at Provo. Continued teaching with Warren N. and Wilson H. Dusenberry. 1873 Oct. 1st married Maria Josephine Harvey. July 21, 1874, had a son born; he died the same day. 1875 was admitted to practice as an attorney in the District Court of the First Judicial District of Utah Territory. February 1876 was chosen 2nd counselor to Bishop Harvey H. Cluff, 4th Ward. He was then the Junior President of the 52nd Quorum of Seventies in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

“(I) was baptized in said Church 1857, ordained Deacon 1861, afterwards (a) teacher about 1864. Ordained an Elder Feb. 15, 1868 by George Reynolds; received my endowments same day. March 16, 1876 Josephine Diantha was born. April 10, married Hannah Billings of Manti. Both times married at the Endowment House, Salt Lake City by Daniel H. Wells. 1877 April 27, Bro. James Davis Booth died at Alpine, aged 27 years and 1 month. June 4, 1877, was ordained Bishop of the 4th Ward, Provo. 1878 April 14 Vienna Booth born. (In) 1878 Sept. went into partnership legal business with George M. Brown. Feb. 1880 was again elected a member of Provo City Council, having served since 1875. Feb. 1880 was elected by the Utah Legislature Commission on Court expenses, jury and witness fees for the First Judicial District. April 1881, Josephine and Vienna had the diphtheria; are now just getting well for which we all thank God, and I here close by leaving my testimony to the truth of the principles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and hope when this paper is read 50 years from now that it will find all my kin of the same faith and testimony and hope the Lord in his mercy will take all or any of them from this earth rather than they shall deny them.

(Signed) John Edge Booth”

It was a custom among some of the leaders of the church around the turn of the century, to have a formal dedication of their homes. Following are the minutes of the dedication of the Booth home at 59 West 5th North, Provo, Utah.

Minutes of services held at Provo City, Utah County, Utah, January 1, 1903, on the occasion of the dedication of the home of John E. and Delia I. Booth, at 4 o'clock p.m.

The meeting was called to order by John E. Booth.

Singing from page 48 of L.D.S. Hymn Book, "Come, Come, Ye Saints," etc.

Opening Prayer was offered by Elder Harvey H. Cluff.

Singing from L.D.S. Hymn Book, page 46: "Our God We Raise to Thee" etc.

J. E. Booth extended a New Year's greeting to all present, and said he and his family had had in contemplation this gathering for some time. They had asked Apostle Abraham O. Woodruff to dedicate the house which he then did. A synopsis of his prayer follows:

"Our Heavenly Father, we a few of thy servants and hand maidens have met together in response to the invitation of Brother and Sister Booth to come to the dedication of this new house. We dedicate it unto Thee, and desire that it shall be a blessed place, and that good influences may be here in all the rooms. We realize that good spirits carry with them good influences, and it is because we desire that good influences shall be in this house that we dedicate it to Thee; and we do dedicate all of this house unto Thee: the foundation that it may stand firm and may not corrode or crumble, but that it may become more firm as time shall pass away; the walls, the rock and the brick and the woodwork; the rafters, the beams and the shingles; the iron, the nails, the bolts and the screws; the glass and all the materials which have entered into the construction of this building. Bless the spot of ground upon which the house stands, that it may be preserved from earthquakes and cyclones and lightning and all other destroying elements. Bless all the rooms and grant that all who go herefrom may go as valiant spirits to bear the testimony of Jesus Christ. May this house never be desecrated by impure spirits or influences. May it be a place of rest for all who become weary from the days labors or from their travels. May all who leave here go away carrying sweet recollections of their sojourn in this building, whether as



children raised herein, or as guests situated as we are this afternoon. May the house stand firm until the coming of the Son of Man. Bless the inmates that they may be able to bear the burdens of life which shall be laid upon them. We dedicate this house unto Thee to be disposed of if necessary for the defense of Zion. We pray Thee to accept of this house and the offering thereof from thy servant and handmaiden, for we dedicate it and do it all in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen."

Singing from page 166: "We Thank Thee, O God for a Prophet."

J. E. Booth announced that while these services are sacred and to be considered so, yet they are not to be too strictly formal, and it is not intended that they shall be exactly like a Sunday service.

Andrew Watson said he was thankful that we are living on this the first day of the New Year. How thankful we all ought to be to live in the day and age when the Gospel is restored and also for the homes and comfortable circumstances around us, where we can raise our children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, with none to make us afraid. May we live to honor His name, that our names may be perpetuated, and that after generations may rise up and call us blessed.

In response to the toast "Our Absent Brother and Sister Heber J. and Augusta W. Grant," Bro. Reed Smoot said, "I feel that the subject is one that requires a greater person than I to handle it. All who know Heber J. Grant, know him as a man who loves mankind. Many have heard Brother Grant speak on this subject from the stand—that is on the first and greatest commandment 'Love the Lord thy God with all thy might, mind and strength and thy neighbor as thyself.' Brother Grant is no doubt thinking today of home; it is not altogether the house, or the walls, or the ceiling or the roof that makes home, it is the spirit abiding therein. If Brother Grant were here he would no doubt express the sentiment, 'God bless Brother and Sister Booth and all that pertains to them.' " (Augusta W. Grant was a sister to Delia Ina Winters Booth. Apostle and Sister Grant were in Japan on a mission at the time of the dedication.)

Singing from page 28: "God Moves in a Mysterious Way," etc.

M. L. Pratt said he had known Bro. and Sister Booth for a long time—Sister Booth all her life, her mother being his sister. Her parents, Brother and Sister Winters, had raised a family that was a credit to civilization, and he was glad to be here to witness what had taken place in the house of one of that family. He could say with John Howard Payne, "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home"; and he would add to this also and say "Be it ever so lovely, there's no place like home."

Nora Young recited the piece called: "The Charity Grinder and the Postmaster General."

President Joseph B. Keeler spoke: "I was just thinking when listening to the dedicatory prayer, what a peculiar people in many respects the Latter-day Saints are. This house was dedicated, if necessary to be disposed of for the defense of Zion and Brother and Sister Booth said, 'Amen' to that prayer. If there are none present who in the past have given up their homes for the sake of Zion, there are children of such people, and their homes were as dear to them as the homes are to us today. Many, however would be willing to do as their parents have done—forsake their homes if called upon to do it."

Sister Mary Ann Winters said she knew the spirit of the Lord had been here in this house before today. "When the family was stricken with disease about a year ago, Brother Reed Smoot came and brought with him not only the Spirit of God but the Spirit of healing as well. I have witnessed this Spirit on many occasions in my life time, and in various places when a child, once being in the Temple at Kirtland—but never have more than on the occasion of Brother Smoot's visit. He administered to the sick people and I knew beyond question that they would all recover."

J. E. Booth said, "I want to bear testimony to what Sister Winters has said. It looked very gloomy that evening, especially for the little girl, Lila. I was unable to assist in the administration, and perhaps it was well for us that I did not see Lila and she did not see me. Sister Winters next morning, told us that she had a message that all of us would get well. It is settled that no matter how bad or



how low any of you may become all of you will recover; and from that time all of us had no other idea than this. It is a great privilege that we have today. We have two apostles present at the dedication of a house. This could not have been done for 1800 years until this generation.”

Reed Smoot said, “I distinctly remember the time Sister Winters mentioned. I had been here several times before. That night I was restless and went out of the house feeling impressed to go and visit the sick. I thought of calling Brother David John to go with me, but did not do this. After walking up the street I came across Roger Farrer and invited him to go with me. We went to the house where the Tanner boy was sick, and administered to him, then came here. The little girl was just as low as anyone could possibly be and live, but when we left here I said to Bro. Farrer, ‘She will live and all in this house and Brother Tanner will get well. I am just as sure of it as that God lives’.”

Bishop Heber Bennion said, “I am glad to see Brother and Sister Booth and family so comfortably located, as I believe they appreciate their new home. My heart and soul are in these dedication services. Many of the world would not have faith in such exercises but we believe they are proper and right. It is necessary to have homes where character can be formed as that is the place where character is influenced more than in any other. Churches, schools, academies, and seminaries may be built, but unless there is love in the home, these others cannot accomplish what they ought to.”

Bishop E. Partridge said, “I feel honored in being asked to talk at a place where so many of the Authorities are present. Perhaps a few words in relation to dedicatory services would not be amiss. When I was called to take charge of the Academy Branch in Beaver, I had a convincing experience which I will relate. We held school in the barracks where the soldiers several years previously had been stationed; their instructions and duties were to see that the Mormons did not do anything which they should not. In one room there was a place where a bullet had pierced after it had killed a man; in another room a man had committed suicide. I am not peculiar about such things

but both my wife and I felt an influence while we lived there which was not cheerful but depressing. Before school started the buildings were dedicated by Apostle F. M. Lyman, and immediately there was a change in the feeling and influence about all the premises. Now the Spirit of the Lord is there, and instead of soldiers to fight the Mormons there are many young people being trained to preach Mormonism.”

Apostle A. O. Woodruff said: “I have been delighted in listening to the testimonies this afternoon. I visited Nauvoo where 20,000 Latter-day Saints lived at one time, and where now about 1500 other people now live. In going through the homes of our people in Nauvoo, I looked into the houses of Parley P. Pratt, where now a Catholic Priest is living. He treated us very kindly. Also I saw the former homes of A. O. Smoot, Orson Pratt, Heber C. Kimball, George A. Smith, Joseph Smith, and others. Sister Winters left a better home in Nauvoo than any of P. P. Pratt’s family have had since that time, as so many of the Latter-day Saints have done. Having to do this is no mark of disfavor, as the Lord has blessed them in many other ways. Brother and Sister Winters have been blessed in their children, who have been reared in the faith. In listening to the brethren and sisters I have been deeply impressed with the power of the Gospel. I have felt that the experience which the Saints receive in making sacrifices is of much more benefit to them than could have been obtained by remaining in their comfortable homes in the various parts of the world. Their faith has been increased and they have been developed in all directions for good. We, their children, will be just as severely tried as our parents though perhaps not in the same direction. If we set our hearts upon anything in this world, the time will likely come when we will have to give it up if it comes between us and our faith, or we will lose our faith. President Young, on the death of one of his younger and perhaps favorite sons, said he had never set his heart on anything but what the Lord had taken it away from him. By placing the Gospel first we can have all other things given to us, but if we put anything ahead of it we will lose both.”



Sarah E. Cluff said she could not refrain from referring to the two wives of J. E. Booth, Maria and Hannah, who were dead. She had heard him tell them he hoped some day to have dedicated just such a house as this one.

Sister Winters said she believed the spirits of Maria, Hannah, President Woodruff, the parents of Brother Booth, and others had been present at least a portion of the time during these services.

Testimonies were given by Lars P. Nelson, John G. Jones, and Emily G. Cluff.

Delia I. Booth said she was thankful to all who had spent the afternoon with them, and also to those who had shown their kindness to the family in their sickness. All have been benefited by their tribulations, though at times it seemed hard to pass through them.

A. O. Woodruff remarked that he thought every wife of a Latter-day Saint ought to have given to her a home in her own name, so that it could not be mortgaged or lost through the business reverses of her husband.

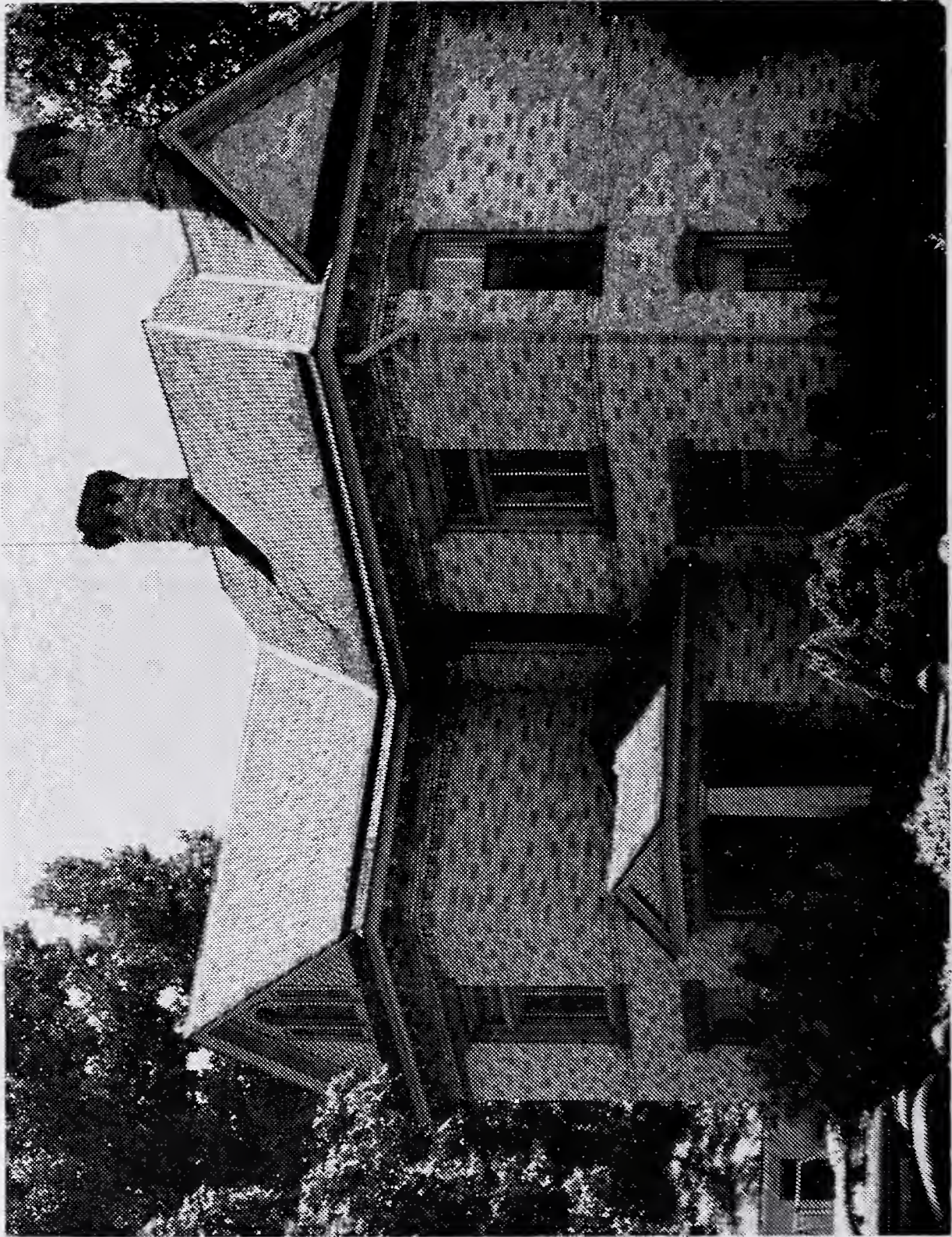
J. E. Booth said this building had been deeded to his wife some years ago, and he had felt that it was very fortunate such was the case.

Singing, page 149: "Glory to God on High," etc.

Benediction by Elder William O. Sperry.

Among those present were: J. E. Booth, wife and family; A. O. Woodruff, wife and children; Reed Smoot and wife; Heber Bennion and wife and child; J. B. Keeler and wife; Mrs. Hannah Hunter; Mrs. R. E. Booth; C. C. Hackett and wife; Mrs. Mary E. Ashworth; Mrs. Emma Ashworth; Andrew Watson and wife; James A. Bean and wife; John Olsen and wife and child; Ray Winters and wife and children; James W. Bean and wives; A. L. Booth and wife; George A. Storrs and wife; Mrs. Minnie Freeman and family; Oscar Winters and wife; H. H. Cluff and wife; W. O. Sperry, wife and daughter; Sarah E. Cluff; Jesse Knight and wife; E. D. Partridge, wife and child; E. H. Smart and wife; M. L. Pratt and Emma; J. H. Bennett; John G. Jones; Nora Young; C. A. Gla-





**FAMILY HOME — 59 West Fifth North, Provo, Utah**



zier and wife; C. H. Clayton; Donna M. Mecham; Clara Henrie; H. M. Warner and wife came later.<sup>14</sup>

In an effort to foster good feelings and congenial family unity, John E. had a pledge made stating the importance of having harmony among family members. The following is a copy of the letter accompanying the pledge.

Provo, Jan'y 2, 1919

Dear Josie, Vienna & Rowena,

Partly due to the thoughtful and kind remembrances of you and yours, I believe we had the most elaborate Christmas we ever have had and I want to thank you and each of you for it.

It occurred to me when we were rejoicing in our blessings largely among them is the love, respect and admiration we have as a family and relatives for each other, that it would be appropriate if something could be done to make it permanent. I proposed the enclosed which was signed. I will be glad to have your three, Ernest, Lloyd and Hugh sign it also, then return it to me. After that copies can be made and sent to you.

Lovingly yours

(Signed) J. E. Booth

Sign your full names.

Judge Booth was always happy to have his family and friends assemble for social gatherings. The following newspaper article describe a family reunion of the Booths.

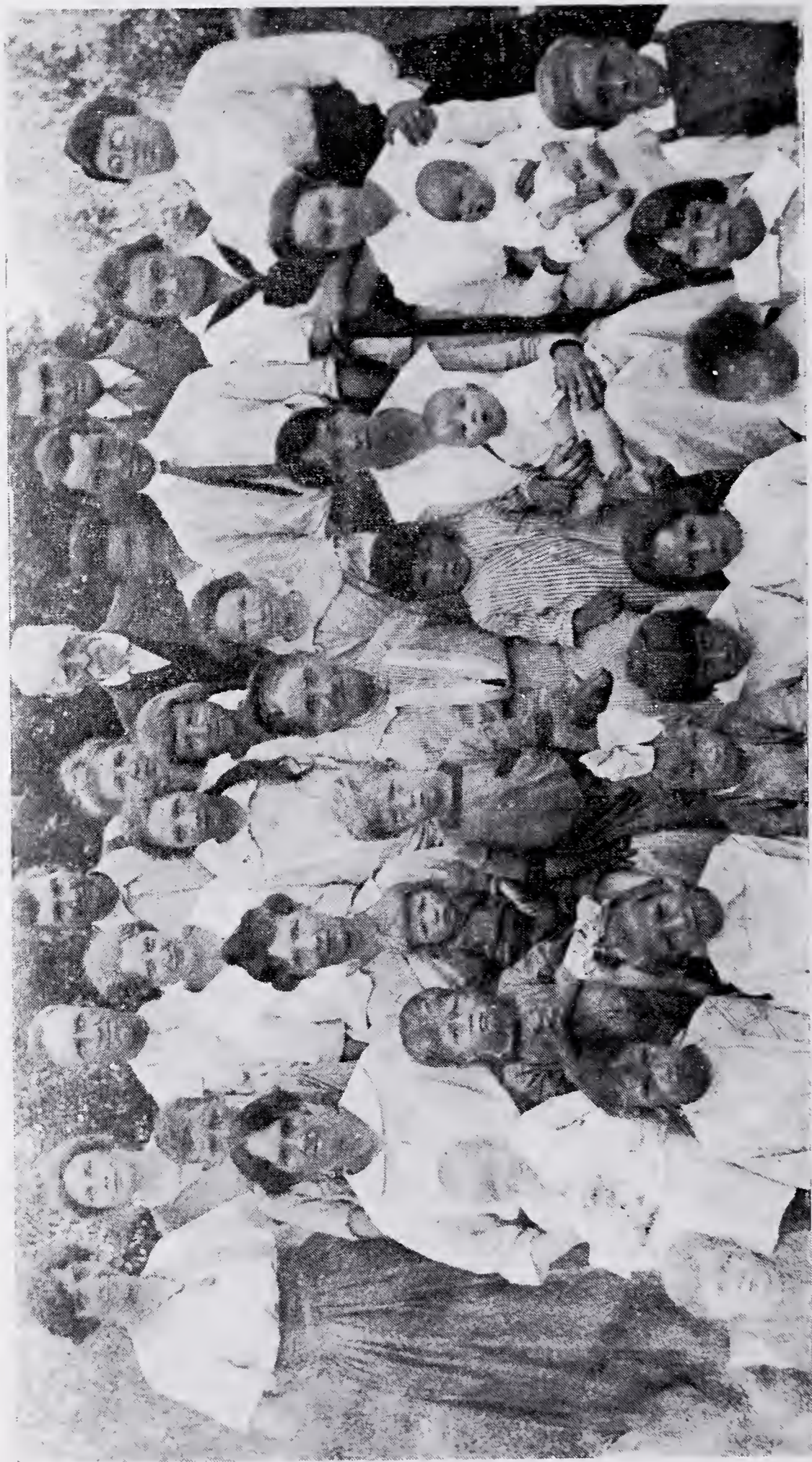
#### BOOTH FAMILY HOLDS REUNION AT EDGEWOOD FARM;

##### MANY ATTEND

Saturday marked the seventy-first anniversary of Judge John E. Booth and the occasion was also made the annual outing of the Booth Family association, which took place in the beautiful grove at Edgewood farm. The entire affair was a big success and many members of the association came from out of town points to join in the festivities.

The association has a membership of about 150, descendants and members by marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Thornton Booth, who came from England in 1857 and settled in Alpine, Utah County, which was their home until they died and where other children were born to them. Members of the Sunshine club, a local social organization of thirty years ago, also met with the association. An





**FAMILY BIRTHDAY PARTY HONORING JUDGE J. E. BOOTH, 29 JUNE 1917** — Reading from left to right, first row: Orson Edge Kimball, Vienna Kimball Little, Ruth Woodruff Andrews, Elsie Precinda Kimball Seligman, Ila Brockbank Peterson, Ethel Hunter Thurston, Royal Hunter, Jessie Ina Hunter, Jarvis, Ralph Harvard Olsen. 2nd row: LeGrande Kimball, Lloyd Booth Woodruff, Elizabeth (Betty) Woodruff Benson, Jackson Booth Woodruff, John (Jack) Weston Booth, James Malcolm Booth, LaRue Hunter Hodson. Third row: Vienna Hortense Booth Kimball, Josephine Diantha Booth Woodruff, Delia Ina Winters Booth, Cora Lewis Booth, Ethel Dora Riley Hunter. Fourth row: Ernest Harvey (Bud) Kimball, Elsie Booth Brockbank, Josephine (Connie) Woodruff Fehlberg, Ida Naylor, Mary Naylor, James Milton Booth, Gertrude Olsen Keeler, Jessie Hunter Olsen. Fifth row: Rowena Booth Cowan Marks, Delilah Booth Adams, Isaac Elmer Brockbank, Richard Harvey Booth, Cordelia Olsen Dorius Booth, John Edge Booth, Clarence Kimball Litzen, Edwin Winters Booth.





**ONE ENTRANCE TO EDGEWOOD FARM**  
Original photo by Biddulph Studio, Provo, Utah




interesting program of speeches, songs, music, sports and picnic was enjoyed.

Judge Booth has recently adopted an original plan for starting his grandchildren on the way he would have them go. He has presented a \$100 war saving book, with an initial payment of \$5 to each of them, with the expectation that they or their parents will complete the payments. Accompanying the gift is a letter which closes: "I trust that when you are old enough you may realize the importance of your loyalty to the government, your loyalty to God and his work, your pride in your ancestors and the importance of thrift."<sup>15</sup>



## CHAPTER SIX

# FURTHER EVENTS

 OHN E. BOOTH and his wife Delia were active members of the Sunshine Club.

“ . . . in 1892 . . . one of the earliest social clubs in the town was formed in Provo by a group of men and women who called their organization the Sunshine Club.

“The Sunshine Club . . . listed most of its members from the faculty of Brigham Young University, Provo doctors, lawyers and businessmen and their wives. Mrs. Edith Y. Booth who unearthed the history of the Sunshine Club discovered that the membership was as follows: Prof. and Mrs. George H. Brimhall, Judge and Mrs. E. A. Wilson, Pres. and Mrs. Benjamin Cluff, Dr. and Mrs. Milton Hardy, Prof. and Mrs. Henry E. Giles, Judge and Mrs. John E. Booth, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar B. Young, Prof. and Mrs. N. L. Nelson, Prof. and Mrs. Joseph B. Keeler, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bean and Mr. and Mrs. Will Roberts.

“The group met every two weeks at the homes of members. Their meetings consisted of parlor games, Mrs. Booth states, such as ‘charades, spin-the-plate, crossing-the-plains, and guessing games.’

“Dinner was served at each session and the menu . . . would make a contemporary banquet resemble the nibblings of a woman determined to diet herself into non-existence. The repast consisted of . . . food on a long dining table (which) fairly groaned with platters of fried chicken or turkey, mashed potatoes, chicken gravy, hot biscuits, dumplings, corn on the cob, green peas, beans, beets or whatever the season produced.

“Special fetes took place two or three times during the year. In summer the club members gathered for a festive hay ride to one of the local spots of outdoor beauty, and in winter they made the same excursion in bobsleds. Oscar B. Young provided the sleigh, which had once belonged to

his pioneer father, Brigham Young of Mormon fame. (William Bean owned the hayrack.)

“High jinks were held frequently. A character party took place one evening at the Dr. Hardy home on First East between First and Second North. The women came dressed to represent their counterparts in different countries.

“Although social experiences were the main purpose of the Sunshine Club, the group spent many evenings discussing serious topics of the time. A Mrs. Sorenson came to Utah from the Middle West and gave talks to the club on proper diet for families and especially for mothers. She is best remembered for her advocacy of loose clothing for young girls to replace the fashionable corsets of the time. Mrs. Sorenson held that too much lacing during the adolescence period could be harmful to growing bodies even to the extent of preventing the girls from having children later in life.

“For the most part the male section of the Sunshine Club sniffed and elevated their noses at such outlandish talk, and especially at the doctrine of ‘very little meat, which should be eaten only once or twice a week.’ They referred to Mrs. Sorenson’s theory as the ‘Sorensonian folly’.

“Though all of the Sunshine Club members have died long since, many of their children live on in Provo to carry their names and their memories. With the group went a local remnant of the old fashioned point of view, leaving a brief nostalgia for nineteenth century ways of life and nineteenth century ways of thinking that can never be recaptured.”<sup>16</sup>

Judge Booth would perform for club members upon special occasions and one of his “acts” consisted of singing in anthem style a short verse he made up. He stated that when he heard this type of music the words were not always discernable and very often the lyrics sounded like this:

Jimmy Shay, Lend me thy saw—  
Jimmy Shay, Lend me thy saw—  
Lend me thy  
Lend me thy  
Saw, saw, saw, saw.



Creating a rich melody as he went along he sang a rendition which captivated his audience.

Another act which the Judge enjoyed performing was to take one of the youngsters of the house and show his audience how to put a baby to sleep. He would sing, shake, love and rock the child. He would whisper to the "infant" little things to do to help with the act. Aunt Edith Booth was a very cooperative baby and helped to draw laughter from the audience. Upon one occasion Thethe Hardy, daughter of the Dr. Milton Hardy's was the baby. The performance amused her so much she began to laugh instead of play her part and broke up the act to the merriment of all persons present.

On January 18, 1876, the Provo Amateur Dramatic Company was organized by John E. Booth, Joseph B. Watson, and Henry Maiben, who also was director. The group provided lively dramatic entertainment for years. The halls in which the company performed were Cluff's Hall, Fuller's Hall and Lewis Hall. The company under Mr. Maiben produced: "Warlock of the Glen," "Wenlock of Wenlock," "The Wept of the Wish," "Torn Wish," "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," "Man and God for Nothing," "The Orphan of Geneva," "Bold Dragon," "Rough Diamond," "The Dumb Bell," "My Young Wife," "Mistletoe Bough," "My Turn Next," "Spector Bridegroom," "My Old Umbrella," "The Secret Hole in the Wall," "Lucky Horse Shoe" and many others.

The following newspaper clipping was found in a scrap book belonging to Rowena B. Cowan. The date and name of the newspaper is lacking.

"To honor the birth anniversary of Judge J. E. Booth and the wedding anniversary of Professor H. T. Giles of Salt Lake City, the president of the one-time leading social club—the Sunshine Society—also the birthday of Mrs. Martha F. Keeler, a joyous Booth family reunion was held at the Booth farm at Edgewood last Saturday, attended by about two hundred representatives and the members of the old society, including Mr. and Mrs. Keeler, Mrs. Lydia Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. Symons, Mrs. Annie M. Young, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Roberts, Mrs. Irvin Wilson

of Salt Lake City, Mrs. Belle Nelson Berry. A sumptuous dinner was served after which a splendid meeting and programs were held. Prof. Giles and W. D. Roberts delighted the party with their music and chatter. A day of hilarity and exquisite fun was had, at the close of which luncheon was served. This was the first time in a good many years that the Sunshine society has had a favorable opportunity of meeting."

## AS STUDENT AND TEACHER

"Father's life," said Delilah, "was full of education. There was hardly a moment in his waking hours when he was not actively engaged in solving a mathematical equation, probing into English analysis or a science and law problem. He found great satisfaction studying under Dr. Park and John Morgan at the University of Deseret.

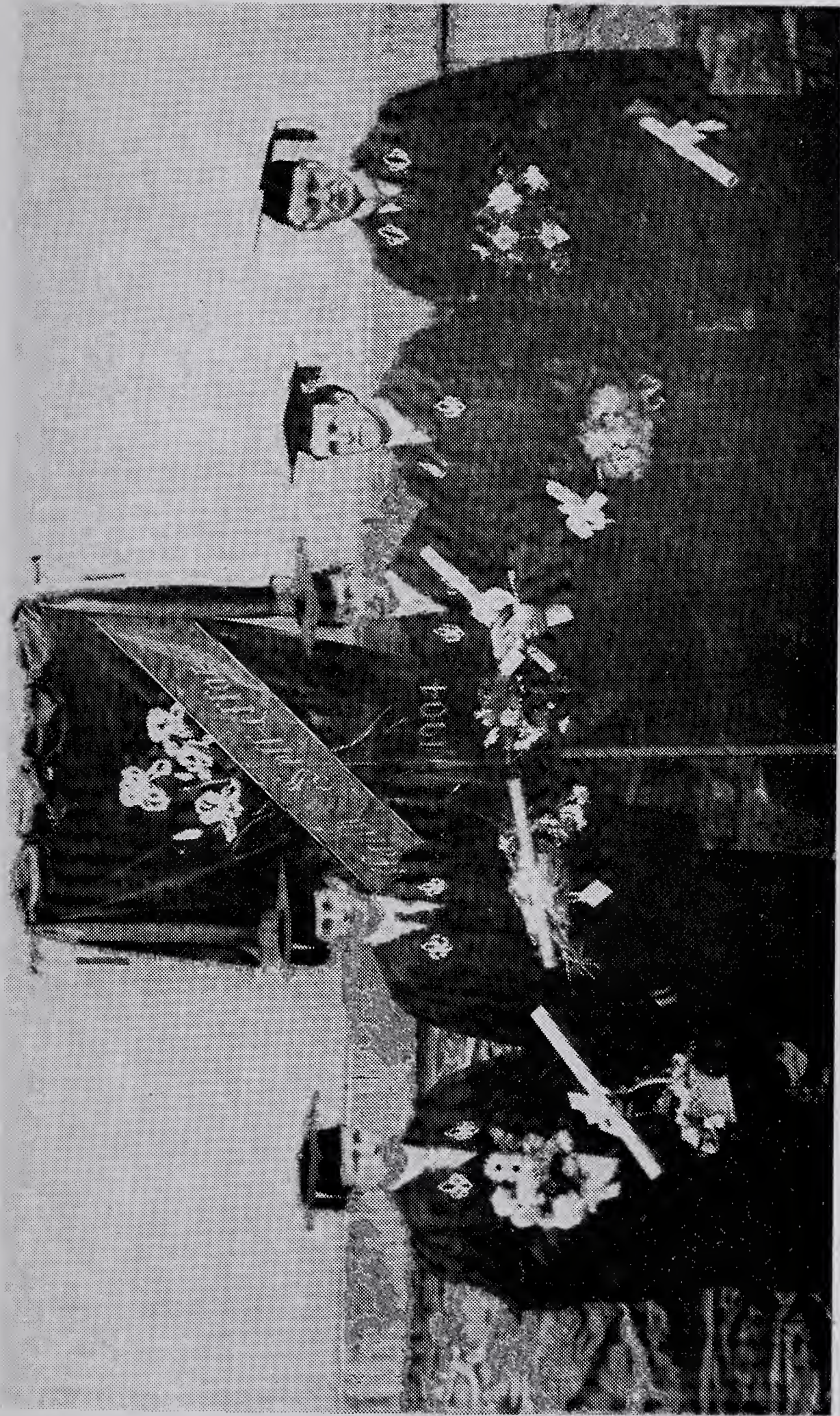
"Father loved to tell us of the circumstances under which he came to B.Y.U. his first year. He left Alpine with twenty-five cents and the itch. He spent the money for medicine to cure the itch and then he didn't have either one.

"Later, in September 1875, father pursued his duties as a teacher at Brigham Young Academy, in a scholastic manner. He was given the chair of mathematics for several years when Dr. Karl G. Maeser was in charge of the institution. Father was an instructor of law and civil government and gave his services gratuitously."

Of his teachers Brother Maeser said, "Their purposes lay far beneath the surface of showy parade; it was the life, the germ, the foundation of all work rather than the ornamental, that concerned them and employed all their thought."<sup>17</sup>

The second year the school employed a larger corps of instructors and as Brother Maeser facetiously remarked, "They are of my own raising. With the exception of the regular work of Doctor Hardy and the occasional help of Bishop John E. Booth, (his teaching service continued after Bro. Maeser left B.Y.U.—twenty years in all) all the teaching was done by those who had been trained in the Academy."<sup>18</sup>





**GRADUATION CLASS OF BRIGHAM YOUNG ACADEMY—1904 — Left to right: A. Theodore Johnson, Byron A. Colton, George C. Laney, Clarence S. Jarvis, and John E. Booth.**



In his farewell address Karl G. Maeser said, "There will be written with imperishable letters of gratitude in the hearts of their pupils the names of Bishop John E. Booth, Professor Milton H. Hardy, James E. Talmage, Sisters Zina Y. Card, Susa Y. Gates and Tennie Smoot Taylor among others which galaxy of bright stars I hope to gain a humble place from today."<sup>19</sup>

"Father was bishop of the Fourth Ward, Utah Stake, when the B.Y. Academy was having a struggle to exist. Brother Maeser recognized and praised the bishop for his religious loyalty, financial support and his judicial advice.

"One year the school was low in finances and each teacher was asked to fill his house with students either to work for their board or pay for their board in cash. The teacher was to give the board money received from the students to the school in order that the academy could carry on to the end of the term. Father did this without one word of criticism or complaint. As long as I can remember we were never without from one to eight or more students, several of them working for their board.

"Senator Arthur V. Watkins was a young student of law when father was instructing at B.Y.U. He offered the following letter describing father as teacher and judge."

March 29, 1958

Mrs. Delilah Booth Adams  
445 North University Avenue  
Provo, Utah

Dear Mrs. Adams:

It gives me great pleasure to comply with your request for a few lines regarding the ability of your father as a teacher.

I was a lad about 17 years of age when I first entered the law class at Brigham Young University which your father taught. I never will forget his striking personality. His piercing dark eyes and sense of humor arrested my attention at once.

He was very informal. Sometimes he would sit on the corner of the desk and just visit with us, but always he had a lesson objective in mind. When the class was finished we would realize that we had absorbed a great deal more legal information than we were first aware of. He certainly stimulated in me a desire to take up law as a profession, a desire I have never regretted.



Later, I practiced law before him at Vernal, Utah. I remember my first case. I had just opened my law office when Judge Booth began a term of Court in Vernal. The first day of Court the Sheriff called me by phone stating that Judge Booth wanted to see me at the Court house. I hurried to the Court room where Court was already in session. Judge Booth called me up and said, "Mr. Watkins, there is a defendant here who is now facing trial for a criminal offense. His lawyer is unable to be here because of illness, and someone should defend this man. I am hereby appointing you as Counsel. Are you willing to accept the appointment?"

You can imagine my surprise at this announcement. A prospective jury was already in the jury box, the place was crowded with spectators and the Court was waiting for somebody to take up this man's defense, as his case was the first one on the docket.

In a rather stumbling manner, I tried to make it clear that this would be my first case and I, of course, had not had time to inform myself of the facts in the case, in fact, I knew nothing about it. I didn't even know what he was accused of.

To this the judge responded, "Well at least Mr. Watkins, you won't come into the case with any bias." The Court room resounded with laughter, but somehow this keen sense of humor gave me the courage to smile and to say I accepted the appointment but I thought that under the circumstances I should be given some one to assist me, and that I would appreciate it very much if the Court would appoint Attorney Wallace Calder to assist me.

The Judge turned to Mr. Calder who also was just beginning practice, and said, "Would you accept the appointment to work with Mr. Watkins?"

Mr. Calder accepted and we began to work. We didn't have any information to begin with so we started from scratch. However, we were able to uncover some facts which had not been presented in the first trial of the case which resulted in a hung jury. This evidence helped us get a "not guilty" verdict.

Well, this is just a sample of the way your father conducted his court work, and of his keen thinking and his humor that helped take care of many rather difficult situations. He deserved every bit of the popularity he enjoyed.

This statement is rather long, but perhaps you can take a part of it that will serve your purpose.

May I also thank you for the very kind remarks you made with regard to my work in Congress. I appreciate the support you have given me and that which you promise in the future.

With all good wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,

Arthur V. Watkins  
U. S. Senator

It has been said that there have always been a few teachers so endowed with the power to teach that they have been recognized as masters in their art. They have had the ability to unfold subject matter to pupils in that peculiar way that has turned every lesson into an exciting experience with something real and important.<sup>20</sup>

“Father had this talent for teaching and throughout all of his school days he attended them without a fountain pen, eversharp pencil, ball point pen, an alarm clock, typewriter, telephone, radio, television or automobile.”

## CIVIC AND BUSINESS LEADER

Mr. Booth was one of several men who helped to develop civic pride, security and business enterprises in Provo. “The East Co-op was incorporated 1 April 1871 and John E. Booth was in charge of the drug store and stationery department.”<sup>21</sup> “In 1878 a company was incorporated as Provo Lumber Manufacturing and Building Company and John E. Booth was one of its directors.”<sup>22</sup>

“In January 1885, the Provo Foundry and Machine Company was incorporated and one of the incorporators was John E. Booth.”<sup>23</sup>

John E. Booth was mayor of Provo City when a system of waterworks was installed. “The first suggestion to secure a waterworks came in July 1882. A committee was appointed and reported adversely and nothing further was done. By February 1890 sentiment brought the issue to the fore again and by September 1, 1891, a Denver company was contracted to make the system and they finished their work January 1, 1892, at a cost of \$118,854.68. The water came from springs in Provo Canyon.”<sup>24</sup>

“In 1890 the problem arose of establishing a fire department for the city. The issue had been brought up before and during Mr. Booth’s term of office action was taken and a LaFrance fire engine and other fire fighting equipment were purchased at a cost of nearly \$4,000.00.”<sup>25</sup>

Under the direction of Joseph B. Keeler, business executive of Brigham Young University, a magazine was created designated as *The Business Journal*. The first issue appeared October 26, 1891, and the publication came off



the press bi-weekly. In volume one, number one of the periodical, contributors were listed—one of whom was Honorable John Edge Booth.

John E. Booth and W. H. Ray became associated with J. A. Jones in 1911 and a gas company was promoted. The gas was obtained from the Columbia Steel Company. With the establishment of the above and subsequent industries, Provo made rapid growth and it was during this decade that the city was established nationally as an industrial center.<sup>26</sup>

On 27 January 1904, Mr. Booth helped to organize a loan company known as the Provo Building and Loan Society. Fifty-four persons became the original stock holders donating their money for shares to the amount of \$25,700.00. In the by-laws can be found the following:

#### ARTICLE X

The object of the Society shall be to aid its members individually to obtain, retain and improve homes, and also to afford a safe investment for its shareholders. Funds for the purpose first named in this section shall be created by monthly subscriptions of share holders and by the accumulating interest and other profits arising from the general business of the society.

From a small beginning the Society has had constant growth and is almost a two million dollar corporation today.<sup>27</sup>

#### RELIGIOUS ACTIVITIES

Mr. Booth was deeply religious and it must have been heartbreaking to him that this unwavering belief and deep loyalty cost him one of the few honors the State of Utah failed to confer upon him. It was the day of the Republican convention. Utah was Republican and John E., leader of the party, was the unquestioned candidate for the senatorship. As he sat upon the stand waiting to make his acceptance speech, after the nomination, he received a note from President Lorenzo Snow. The message said the Church Authorities felt it would be highly advantageous to have one of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles in the Senate. Mr. Booth never hesitated; he rose and asked the chairman for permission to speak. He then made the nomination speech which sent Reed Smoot to the Senate.<sup>28</sup>

Bishop Booth's religion was very practical. He paid an honest tithing because he knew the Church could not be self-supporting unless the members made it so. He often told his children that no one ever owed tithing until they had it in their possession—and that was the time to pay it.

In looking over the older records of the Provo Fourth Ward it is noticeable how many times Bishop Booth blessed babies, confirmed members into the Church, spoke at funerals and married couples civilly or as bishop. Hundreds of times he was called to give counsel and advice to those in need of his wisdom. And more than anyone else at that time he was called into the house of faith to administer to the sick.

During the last years of his life he was president of the stake high priests quorum and planned a course of study for them that was highly praised by the members as well as the officials of the stake.

He was a gifted speaker and many of his funeral sermons were very inspirational and gave great comfort to the bereaved families. He seemed to know just what to say and how to express his thoughts to bring solace and relieve the grief of the family.

He was fond of singing all of the LDS hymns. At family prayers in his own home a hymn was always included. His favorite hymn was "I'll Serve My Maker While I've Breath."

His influences and efforts for Christian living were extended to every organization of the Church from the little people in the Primary to services rendered in his missions. Included in his public addresses is a newspaper account of a talk he gave during a trip to California.

## A BISHOP FROM UTAH

### He Lectures at the Pythian Castle on Mormonism

John E. Booth, a Mormon Bishop and a member of the first Legislature of Utah, delivered an address in Friendship Hall, Pythian Castle, last night to the California Mormon Mission and a large audience.

He replied to a denunciation by the Utah Presbytery of the Mormon faith and the refusal of the Presbytery to extend the hand of fellowship to the Mormons.



I'LL PRAISE MY MAKER WHILE  
I'VE BREATH

*I'll praise my Maker while I've breath;  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past  
While life and thought and being last,  
Or immortality endures.*

*Happy the man whose hopes rely  
On Israel's God; He made the sky,  
And earth, and sea, with all their train.  
His truth forever stands secure,  
He saves the oppressed, He feeds the poor,  
And none shall find His promise vain.*

*The Lord pours eyesight on the blind;  
The Lord supports the fainting mind;  
He sends the laboring conscience peace,  
He helps the stranger in distress,  
The widow and the fatherless,  
And grants the prisoner sweet release.*

*I'll praise Him while He lends me breath,  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life and thought and being last,  
Or immortality endures.*

—WATTS

Favorite hymn of John E. Booth





**"AN EARLY-DAY BISHOPRIC—**One of the earliest bishoprics who presided in the Provo 4th Ward during the early part of the century include, left to right: Bishop John E. Booth, center, and counselors, Andrew Watson, left and George Meldrum. Fashions in shoes, suits and hirsute adornments date this three-some." — Church Section, Wednesday, August 20, 1952. This caption in the Deseret News was part of an article describing the centennial celebration of historic Provo Fourth Ward.



The bishop proved to the satisfaction of the mission members that there had been an apostasy from the primitive church; that none of the so-called denominations that denounced the Mormon church were following strictly Christ's teachings and showed that the Mormon people were following the teachings of Christ. He then asked why the hand of other Christian people should be withdrawn from his church.

He also spoke of the divinity of the sacred Book of Mormon, demonstrating that it is the history of the ancient inhabitants of this continent, of which the American Indians are now a remnant.

The question of the hereafter was taken up and treated from a scientific standpoint.<sup>29</sup>

Bishop Booth would rotate reading the standard works of the Church and the works of Shakespeare. This reading cycle was kept up for years. He was an avid reader of other good books and read in the evening for at least one hour before retiring. When a book had been read he inscribed on the last page, "I finished reading this book (date)" and signed his name. His libraries—personal and professional—contained about one thousand volumes each. With the reading he did an excellent vocabulary was increased and an exquisite command of the King's English was developed. He taught his children that it was unimaginative, unresourceful and unintelligent to have to resort to profane or vulgar words to express themselves.

Criticizing the authorities of the Church was the first step to apostasy, Bishop Booth said. He attempted to support the brethren throughout his lifetime. He stated that the office should always seek the man and never should the man seek the office—in politics or religion.

Elsie Brockbank recalled one time when she wondered why in the world the Church authorities had called a certain man to be an apostle. She voiced her opinion to her father and he smiled and said, "Well, in a case like this, I figure that if the Lord can put up with him, I ought to be able to."

Brother Booth received a medal for thirty-five years of service as a Sunday School teacher.<sup>30</sup>

Delilah Adams remembered that the family would have prayers together at 10:00 p.m. and everyone in the house at that time was to be in the dining room. She said, "Before prayer we would sing a song from father's old

L.D.S. hymn book which was published in Manchester, England, in 1840. There was no music in the hymnal and father could make any rhythm or meter of poetry fit either one or the other of his two musical themes. He would try the long meter first; if it fit we went on with the song, but if the words of the verse were short the other tune was used. Somehow the words and music came out exactly together.

“The following words are from the song chosen to be sung the last night we met together for our family prayer. That evening father had no thought of being ill.”

Hymn 311 (P.M.)

- 1 My Father in heaven, and dear kindred there,  
How long shall my spirit exist  
In these regions of sorrow, this world of despair,  
Where men in rebellion persist?
- 2 Yet let me not murmur, nor scorn the design  
Of Thy purpose intended in me;  
Thou hast sent me, a spirit eternally Thine,  
To inhabit a body for Thee.
- 3 And when through Thy help I have finished the course  
Thy love has appointed for me,  
That spirit again will return to its source,  
And with Gods through eternity be.
- 4 Thou author of life! Thou art truth, Thou art love,  
Thou art first, Thou art last, unto me;  
O Thou who art worshiped by angels above,  
Send the Spirit of truth unto me.”

Brother Booth rendered service to the Church in one way or another all of his life. He fulfilled his duties spiritually and socially with balanced impact. The following newspaper articles offer in detail church outings he sponsored.

#### FOURTH WARD TO HAVE A BIG OUTING

##### Edgewood Farm Scene of Trip

The Fourth Ward Residents Will Leave Provo Saturday  
and Return Early Next Week

The residents of the Fourth Ward are planning for a real pioneer day outing to take place at Edgewood farm and all of the residents of the ward who can possibly go will leave Provo next Saturday evening and travel on foot and in wagons to Judge Booth's beautiful grove three miles north of the city. The party will leave the B.Y.U. corner at 3:30 p.m. and expect to arrive about 5 o'clock. Supper will be served at 7:00 p.m. and at 8:15 that evening. The following program will be carried out:



Song, "Come Come Ye Saints," congregation

Prayer, Captain

Five minute talk, E. H. Smart

Recitation, Miss Edith Young

Song, Judge J. E. Booth

Dancing commencing with grand march led by Judge and Mrs. Booth. Dance will be under the supervision of William Boyden and will close at 11:45 p.m.

Sunday, Aug. 25, Arise at 6 a.m.

Assemble for prayer at 7 a.m.

Breakfast immediately after prayer

Sunday school at 10 a.m. under direction of Sunday school superintendency

Dinner at 12:30 p.m.

Assemble at 2:30 p.m. for religious services presided over by Bishop A. L. Booth

Singing by congregation, conducted by H. S. Pyne

Speakers, A. N. Merrill and W. H. Chamberlain

Supper at 6 p.m.

Reassemble at 7 p.m. for evening services presided over by Bishop A. L. Booth

Speakers, Home missionaries

Retire at 10 p.m.

The committees in charge of the affair are as follows: David Blake, John Harris, Edwin and Harvey Booth; clearing the ground, chairman Messrs. Garret, Oliver, Banks, Maeser and Deacons quorum.

All participating will be dressed in pioneer style and the meals will be served in pioneer style. No refreshments will be served on the grounds. The general committee in charge of the affair consists of William Ashworth, William Boyden, Daisy F. Chamberlain, Hepsey S. Lewis, Jessie H. Olsen.

The public is invited to participate.<sup>31</sup>

#### FOURTH WARD FOLKS AT EDGEWOOD FARM

Pioneer Picnics Will Be Repeated by Those Attending Outing

Late this afternoon a large number of Fourth Ward residents and their friends journeyed to the beautiful Edgewood Grove, located on Judge John E. Booth's farm, three miles north of Provo. The party will spend all day tomorrow in camp in the grove, where a real pioneer program will be carried out. All cooking must be done in pioneer fashion and while there the people who attend the outing will live in tents and wagons similar to those used in picnic parties forty years ago. Judge John E. Booth is host for the party and has planned a unique program for tonight, tomorrow and Monday morning. Many of those who were unable to secure teams and wagons walked to the grove, where shelter was provided by all.<sup>32</sup>





**INFORMAL POSE OF J. E. BOOTH**  
at Edgewood Farm — Age 60 years.



## FOURTH WARDERS ENJOY OUTING

The Pioneer Trip to Edgewood Farm Proved Very Successful

Last Saturday afternoon many members of the Fourth Ward and their friends journeyed to the Edgewood Grove for the annual pioneer celebration given by Judge John E. Booth at that place. As soon as the guests had arrived supper was served, and following a short program was given. When Smith Brothers, pioneer musicians of this district, arrived on the scene an old time dancing party took place.

Sunday morning the Sunday school exercises were given in the style of the Sunday school classes held in early days, and were conducted under the direction of Judge Booth. The services in the afternoon took place at 2 o'clock and President A. N. Merrill, Professor W. H. Chamberlain and Patriarch Andrew Watson were the speakers. Most of the members of the party returned to Provo Sunday evening.<sup>33</sup>

## EMIGRANT DAY TO BE AN OBJECT LESSON

Judge Booth Originates Splendid Idea For Perpetuating Pioneer History, and Providing Splendid Feature Entertainment

### UNIQUE AND APPROPRIATE

Among all conceived ideas for a popular celebration, the one to be carried out by the members of the Fourth Ward and their friends, on the 29th of this month, at Judge J. E. Booth's place at Edgewood, is entitled to the palm among Utahns. Its name is Emigrant day, and the plan of celebrating it is the most unique and appropriate that could well be imagined.

#### The Day of the Bull Train

The descendants of those hardy, sturdy sons and daughters who braved the dangers and privations of overland travel across the plains, in the days when the panting bull team and grinding handcart offered the only means of travel, will never realize what their forebearers endured and suffered in that time, simply because no words can ever be written which will convey the idea adequately.

The proposed plan of the Emigrant day celebration, is nothing more nor less than the re-enactment of one day's life on the plains as nearly as a duplicate of what it was, as it will be possible to make it.

#### An Object Lesson

This will give the younger generations an object lesson which must go further to carry a true idea of the then conditions, than could any spoken or written word, and it is well to start this form of celebration while there yet remains some of the original pioneers to see to its fidelity of enactment.



The idea of this unique celebration originated with Judge Booth, the author of the following program:

Emigrant Day Celebration  
(Proposed by the parents' class)

Object—Experience rather than pleasure. Give the children for one night what our parents had for months.

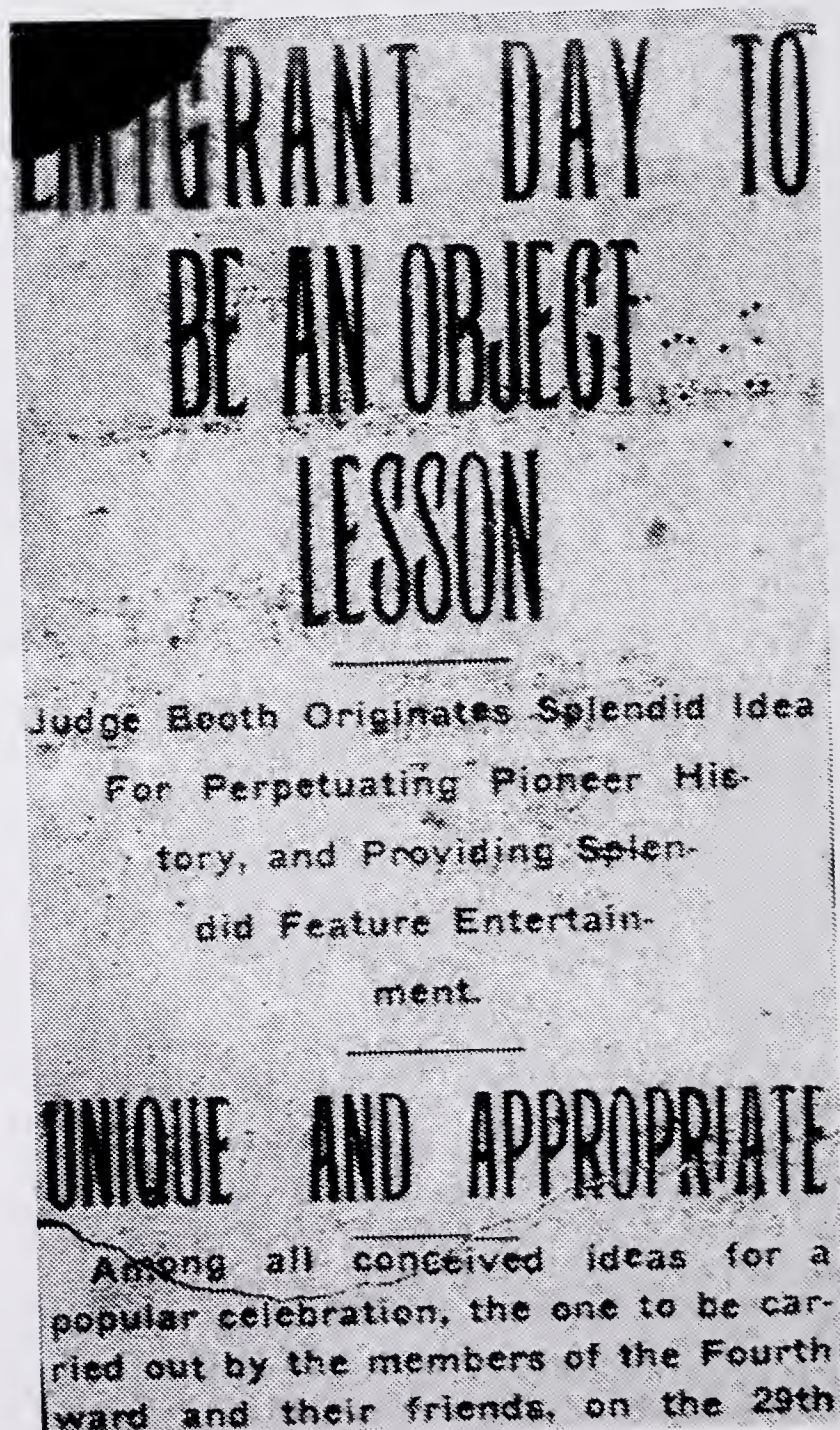
Time—June 29, 1910

Place—Edgewood, Provo City, Utah

Assemble at residence of J. E. Booth, p.m. in Provo City.

3:45—Select captain, former captain if one is present; if not a son of such if present; if not, anybody.<sup>34</sup>

(article not complete)



(Source Unknown)



## NEWSPAPER ARTICLES

Judge John E. Booth, teacher of the Parents' class of the Fourth ward Sunday school, entertained about two hundred people at his country home near Edgewood station in an old time pioneer camping June 29 and 30. Every one furnished his own conveyance as near as possible, the same as his forefathers used crossing the plains. They were all to prepare their food the same as the pioneers did and not take anything cooked.

The company met at Judge Booth's residence on Fifth North, Provo, at about 3 p.m. the 29. At 3:30 they were organized with Edwin H. Smart as captain of the company. His orders were to be obeyed without question by every member of the company. There were one hundred and one who took up the march. They were divided into seven divisions with a captain over each division, in order as follows: No. 1, A. L. Booth, drawing a hand cart; No. 2, James Boyden; No. 3, W. F. Russell; No. 4, James L. Brown; No. 5, Roy Passey; No. 6, H. B. Smart; No. 7, David J. Blake.

The company arrived at Edgewood at 5:10 p.m. The wagons were driven into a circle in the woods, the same as the emigrants arranged their camps on the plains. The people were dressed as near the same as the pioneers were as possible, and, according to the old timers present, it looked almost a real pioneer camp. There were three cows led behind the wagons to supply milk for the company. Company No. 3 was the only one who prepared everything they ate on the campfire. The baking of the bread was one of the attractive features, as there were a great many who had never seen bread baked on a camp fire.

After supper Captain Smart called the company out to gather wood for a big fire preparatory to holding meeting, at 8:30 o'clock, at which time order was called for by the captain. "Come Come Ye Saints" was sung by the company who made a circle around the fire. Prayer was offered by President Keeler. Singing, "Oh, My Father." A roll was then called to ascertain the number of original emigrants present, given as follows and the years they came over: Dianah Eldridge Smoot, 1847; Susan Holman Johnson, 1849; Samuel Cluff and Lucinda Harvey, 1850; Martin M. Mills, 1851; and John M. Ashton, (with an old flintlock rifle that was taken from his father by a mob in Nauvoo, but was returned to him later. He also had an old pepper box pistol, with cylinder and barrel the same length); B. B. Richmond, 1852; Francis Cluff, 1853; Andrew Watson, 1856; Judge Booth, 1857; John James, 1856; Mary Shepherd Ashworth, 1858; Margaret Watson, 1863; Hemena P. Thueson, 1863; Daniel P. Thueson, 1864; Emma Boyce, 1863; H. B. Smart, 1868; William Blake, 1868.

The oldest person present was Lucinda Harvey, 86 years of age; the youngest person was Elsie P. Kimball, a direct descendant of the oldest, being 5 weeks old. She was also a direct descendant

of Heber C. Kimball and Orson Pratt, as follows: The son of Kimball, the daughter of Pratt; a son of these two and his daughter. An old time speech was given by Joseph Kimball, who had come from Salt Lake City to be present. The oldest person present born in Utah was Joseph Kimball, born in Salt Lake City.

It being Judge Booth's sixty-third birthday, he was presented with "sturd" cake. It was made the same as they made cake in old times when they had no sugar, but used molasses for sweetening. The cake was made and presented by Mary Ashworth. The judge divided the cake among the children. The company then enjoyed an old time dance by old time music. D. P. Thueson played an accordion and Mark E. Kartchner played the fiddle. The evening program concluded with prayer by Berdel Davis. Sister Lizzie Peterson said she had come from Sanpete to be present, and William Blake and wife had driven in pioneer style from Salem. The company then retired until 6 a.m., as many as fourteen in one bed.

During the night the horses strayed away and the herders were until noon finding them. At 6 o'clock Judge Booth awakened the company, and at 7 o'clock Captain Smart called the company together for morning devotion. Prayer was offered by James Boyden; singing, "Oh, Say, What Is Truth?" The company was then dismissed to return home as they wished. Some of the company left as soon as breakfast was over, while others prepared to stay for three or four days.

No accident occurred during the encampment and every one had an enjoyable time. It is hoped that the camping may become universal in the church, and that the memory of the pioneers may ever remain among their descendants and the people of Utah.<sup>35</sup>

## JUDICIARY ACTIVITIES

John E. Booth's first experience as judge was an appointment for a two-year period to the judgeship in the Fourth Judicial Court at Provo, Utah, in 1899. He took the unexpired term of Judge W. H. Dusenberry. The next three terms John E. Booth won the legal position by popular election, acquiring fourteen years of service in administering justice.

In May 1899 John E. wrote the following letter to his sister, May B. Talmage, acknowledging her expression for best wishes to him and his new legal appointment.



UTAH COUNTY  
State of Utah  
Provo City, Utah  
May 12, 1899

My Dear Sister May:

Your kindness of the 10th is just at hand, and while not unexpected it is none the less welcome. I am receiving many warm expressions of goodwill and friendship and wishes for my success. I feel that my responsibilities are very great and that it is "hard to be a judge." I have prayed very earnestly that I may have the divine blessings with me in my labors. If I succeed it will be honorable to all of us and if I fail I cannot bear the disgrace alone, so there are great incentives to do well and I can not do that without God's assistance. I was pleased that you thought of our parents for I was thinking the same thing only a short time before I got your letter.

Matters seem to start very auspiciously for me and while I am about the only one of my political faith here the officers assure me of their warm support and I have much faith and confidence that I will be successful.

Your loving Brother  
Edge

When he took the judgeship, Mr. Booth had one desire and prayer that he would never have to send a man to the gallows. It happened that two cases came before him with no alternative. In all fairness to the community, to the criminals and to himself the decision was the death penalty. Before the execution one man died and the other received a parole discharge.

Judge Booth helped to draft the Utah State Constitution and he received a letter from President Grover Cleveland of the United States stating that the draft was the most concise, the most accurate and the most fair to both state and government of any they had received.

John E. was recommended by Utah's Senator Reed Smoot to be admitted to the United States Bar. At this time this position meant that the Judge could practice law in any state of the union without taking a state bar examination. This unusual honor was greatly appreciated by J. E. and his friends.

When the government issued pensions to the veterans of the Black Hawk War, Judge Booth helped the majority of veterans in Utah County to clear their papers so they

could legally claim pensions. He spent many hours aiding these soldiers without remuneration.

There is a text book at the University of California at Berkeley which contains an opinion handed down from Judge Booth on irrigation which is still being used. Mr. J. Edward Johnson, an outstanding attorney in San Francisco, wrote to Mrs. Elsie Brockbank describing the details of the problem.

San Francisco, California  
8/20/56

Dear Elsie:

In the Supreme  
Court of Utah

Nash Vs Clark — 1904  
27 Utah 158  
101 Am. St. Rep. 953  
75 Pac. 371

In the Supreme  
Court of the U. S.

198 U. S. 361  
49. L. Ed. 1085

You can get these books in any lawyer's office.

When I studied law in the Law School this case came up in at least three of my courses. Maybe more; like Constitutional Law, Property, etc. I don't doubt if it was a half dozen. It was a very hard fought case, all the way along, so far as legal principles were concerned. It started over in little Alpine (Utah) . . . It shows how law grows and adapts itself to conditions. Your father as the trial judge helped the good cause along.

J. Ed. (Signed)

The trial concerned a waterway. Mr. Clark needed to trespass Mr. Nash's property to irrigate his own land. Judge Booth maintained that anything as important as a throughfare for water when used for general good of many persons ceased to be personal. The law said that the good of the group was to be considered and Mr. Nash should permit his neighbor to go through his field.

Mr. Nash didn't uphold the verdict and the case went to the state court and Supreme Court. Judge Booth's opinion was supported and the case made legal history as one of the outstanding examples of the Right of Eminent Domain.

During the last half of the nineteenth century water was a prize to possess in Utah. Irrigation was still a new method in agricultural development and during this crit-





**ENROUTE TO VERNAL TO HOLD COURT, 1911 — Harvey Cluff, district attorney; Judge John E. Booth, unknown, Delilah Booth, unknown, unknown.**



**ENROUTE TO VERNAL — Judge John E. Booth, Delilah Booth, Harvey Cluff, district attorney; Lester Searle, teamster and Mrs. B. H. Walters, court stenographer.**



ical time Mr. Booth learned how to measure running water. He went to the head of Provo and Weber Rivers, measured the water and made the distribution to the two counties. The basic division has never been changed.

The problem of using culinary and irrigation water in Pleasant Grove brought controversies among the citizens. Lewis Harvey, George S. Clark, Henson Walker, William H. Adams and Samuel S. White were in court in Provo in 1892 to fix, legally, their share of irrigation water. Judge Booth affixed the fair amount to each man.

In his journal of 29 August 1894 Judge Booth said, "Mayor L. Holbrook appointed J. E. a delegate to the irrigation Congress at Denver, Colorado."

During his judgeship John E., the district attorney, and the court stenographer went to Vernal and Heber City, Utah, once a quarter to hold court. When the men arrived, court was held for one or two weeks in each of these districts. Judge Booth never missed a court calendar nor a court session.

The group traveled by team and wagon. In the winter the temperatures often reached twenty below zero. Recalling the trips Delilah Adams said, "Father wore a big heavy black bear skin coat on these winter trips. Many times he chopped ice from the creeks to give them the water supply for the day. During the summer treks the heat was very uncomfortable as the wagon moved slowly over the sagebrush hills. The water supply for this time of the year was placed into a huge barrel which was tied to the side of the wagon. Often it seemed that the temperature of the drinking water was equal to the rays of the sun."

Delilah accompanied her father on some of his trips. She wishes to mention some of the families who were good to them. These folks would open their homes to the travelers, prepare tasty meals for them and offer them comfortable sleeping accommodations. In Heber City Judge and Mrs. Abram Hatch were kind to the Provo citizens. At Vernal Mr. and Mrs. LeGrande Young, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Carter, Mr. and Mrs. Don B. Colton, and Bishop and Sister John Davis welcomed the Provonians.



## POLITICAL CONTRIBUTIONS

“Father,” said Delilah Adams, “had a keen mind for politics when he was merely a boy, and his interest in civic affairs increased as his years advanced. He presided at many district and state Republican conventions.

“At one time Senator Albert J. Beveridge was a guest at one of the most important Republican conventions ever held in Utah. Honorable Judge John E. Booth was the presiding officer. As the leader of the Republican Party it was his duty to preside at all important meetings. This was to be one of the most vital conventions in the history of the party; grave issues were to be discussed and decided, widely divergent interests were contending and there were fears that the party might be disrupted. The meeting promised to be riotous and could have proven fatal to some of the leading interests of the party.

“At a vital point one of the supporters of the issues favored by Judge Booth made a very foolish motion; if it carried it would defeat the best interests of the party. The opposition immediately seconded the motion knowing the disadvantage it gave to Judge Booth. The judge called for a vote. It was near and he gave the opposing vote the decision. A standing vote was called for. Realizing a count might reverse the decision he walked to the edge of the platform and bringing the full power of his piercing black eyes to bear on the man who had made the blunder, he said, ‘If the gentleman who voted for this measure will stand up I will count him.’ There was a moment’s pause and then a gale of laughter and applause shook the building. Not a soul arose. The meeting followed harmoniously and each delegate left feeling that the things he wanted most had been accomplished. Senator Beveridge said that in all his years and experiences as a senator and public official he had never seen a convention handled with the skill and power with which this one was.”

In the journal of Judge Booth dated 11 September 1894, we read: “On the eleventh was the Territorial Republican convention for the purpose of nominating a delegate to Congress. J. E. was temporary chairman and came out with a great many compliments. The Herald (news-

paper) acknowledges him to be among the best parliamentarians in Utah . . . Frank J. Cannon was nominated for Congress . . .”

An entry on 25 September states, “J. E. started on a tour with Frank J. Cannon and held meetings as follows: 25, Gunnison; 26, Salina and Richfield; 27, Marysvale and Circleville; 28, Panguitch; 29, Glendale; Oct. 1, St. George; 2, Toquerville and Cedar City; 3, Parowan; 4, Beaver; 5, Kanosh, Meadow and 6, Fillmore. Home via Deseret on train.”

With a humorous and sincere tone Mrs. Adams recalls that “Father always said that a person showed the best judgment when he chose to be a Mormon and a Republican.”

Mrs. Elsie Brockbank offers this story to show how her father could handle a political situation. “At one time while father was speaking at a rally in the old Provo Opera House, one of the men in the audience kept annoying father with unkind remarks personally, politically and otherwise. After some time had elapsed a voice shouted, ‘Mr. Booth, why don’t you answer him like he deserves?’ Father replied, ‘If a bed bug bites you would you bite it back?’ The meeting went on without further disturbance.”

During one political rally Mr. Booth had been introduced and was waiting for the audience to become quiet so he could begin making his speech. Just before he began his remarks an ugly voice thundered from the group asking, “How many wives do you have?” “One,” answered Mr. Booth, “How many have you?”

One spring J. E. planted a watermelon patch. When the fruit was ripe an old Indian came by. He had never seen a watermelon and was delighted when John E. gave him one. The Indian carried it home to his squaw. She cut it up and boiled it in a pot. When J. E. saw the Indian again he asked him how he liked the melon. The Indian shook his head and said, “Damn big lot of nothing.” Mr. Booth used this story in one of his campaign speeches and then added, “My opponent’s promises are like that watermelon . . . big . . . but if you boil them down they are a damn lot of nothing.”



One more story has been offered to show the political acting ability of Mr. Booth. Again the rally was being held in the old Provo Opera House. One prominent candidate had just finished speaking. As he was leaving the platform the audience clapped and shouted loudly. Just then Judge Booth appeared on the platform and as a comic gesture began to recognize the applause. Without saying a word he bowed to the men, smiled to the babies and threw kisses to the ladies. The house was in an uproar. After the shouting had ceased Judge Booth gave his campaign speech. He won the election.

The following newspaper clippings describe the respect citizens had for Mr. Booth and his political activities.

### JUDGE BOOTH NOMINATED

Nominations for Judge were next in order and Ira W. Kenward placed in nomination John E. Booth. The nomination was ably seconded by Judge Hatch for the reason that after several trials, the district had found a competent Judge, a good lawyer and an honorable, upright man.

### JUDGE BOOTH ACCEPTS

When they arrived with the Judge and introduced him, he commenced his speech by saying: "I suppose that means the Judge now in, and the Judge who is going to stay in." He appreciated the nomination as an honor to himself and a vindication of the appointment of Gov. Wells and the Republican party. He looked upon the present time as a good one for the Republican party, which differed greatly from the Democratic party—a party that never failed to promise and never failed to fulfill. He promised honesty, sobriety and industry if elected and "as to the ability you will have to take chances on that yourselves." Judge Booth's talk was made in a conversational and humorous style and was well received.

. . . In May, 1899, he was appointed to fill the unexpired term of Judge Dusenberry as Judge of the Fourth Judicial District. While on the bench Judge Booth has fully realized the high expectations of his friends and has gained the esteem of political opponents by his conscientious and able performance of duty.

This is true to the extent that, although the district is Democratic, his election is almost a certainty . . . Judge Booth has always taken a prominent part in politics. He was recognized as one of the leaders in the old People's party, and when the division on national party lines took place he identified himself with the Republican party. Judge Booth had studied national politics thoroughly and inclined to the Jeffersonian school of Democracy, which naturally and

from necessity made the Republican party of today the party of his choice. Since then he has been actively engaged in advancing the interests of the party throughout the State, sparing neither time nor effort in this direction. He has held numerous civil offices; was a member of the Constitutional convention of 1882 and that of 1887, and for about ten years was a member of the Territorial and State Boards of Equalization for the creation of which he introduced the first bill presented in the Legislature.


### JUDGE J. E. BOOTH

It will be generally conceded that there is probably no man in public life in the state of Utah who is better fitted for the duties of the high office which he holds than the Hon. J. E. Booth, judge of the Fourth judicial district. Judge Booth who is a native of England, came to the United States with his parents when he was ten years old and graduated from the Deseret University (now the University of Utah). After studying law for some time he was admitted to the bar and in 1875 he was appointed city attorney of Provo, which office he held for some time, looking after the city's legal interests. He has filled a number of important offices, having been president of the board of education, a member of the board of equalization and a member of both houses of the territorial legislature. Twelve years ago he was appointed to fill an unexpired term as judge of the district court, and has been elected three consecutive terms since. It is scarcely necessary to state here that the office Judge Booth holds is one of the most important offices within the life of the people of the country. The proper conduct of it is a matter of the utmost importance to the citizen. That Judge Booth has and is filling it ably and well and that he has won the confidence of the public, has been attested by the popularity of his second and third elections. Judge Booth is a large property owner and has a beautiful farm close to Utah Lake, about three miles from Provo, known as Edgewood. Judge Booth stands high in the professional, financial and business circles of Provo and has also many friends in Salt Lake City.<sup>36</sup>



## CHAPTER SEVEN

# FINAL ILLNESS, DEATH AND FUNERAL

T WAS DURING the flu epidemic of World War I that J. E. Booth became ill. Having extreme determination he arose one morning in February of 1920 resolved to speak at a funeral in which he had been asked to participate. His daughters, Delilah and Elsie, insisted that he return to bed where he lay with a high fever for two weeks. At the end of this time he did arise, read and rode to the office to do a little legal work for a few ensuing weeks. A newspaper clipping from The Salt Lake Tribune of March 1, 1920, stated: "Judge J. E. Booth who has been ill from influenza is recovering and is able to be out again."

Delia Booth had gone to California prior to the epidemic. During the worst part of the seige her husband wrote to her telling her to remain on the coast until the panic was over. In a letter dated Provo, Jan'y 30, 1920, he said:

Dear Wife:

The news this morning is not very cheering. Milton, Cora, Jack, Cordelia and little Elsie are down with what seems to be the "Flu." Milton took it first and is the worst. Cora has gone to Mrs. Ogden's as Mrs. Ogden could not come to us as she has a number of sick people in her house. Cordelia's sister is with her. We wanted Aunt Maggie to come over but Edna's folks are down with it. Ida has been staying with Milt and Cora. Cora went down last night. Cordelia is at the farm, Elsie is in Salt Lake, so Lila and Richard are at home.

The illness does not seem to be so severe as last year but it is bad enough, but I have faith that we will get through with it all right. Lila thought it might be better not to write to you yet, but I think you should know. She thinks it is not necessary for you to come home so we leave it with you.

Lovingly,

J. E. Booth (Signed)

Upon receiving this letter Delia packed and returned to her family. She knew that earlier attacks of malaria had weakened her husband's heart and after one month it was noticeable that he was not gaining strength. Then it was that Dr. and Mrs. James Lloyd Woodruff came to Provo from their residence in Salt Lake City and took their father and "Aunt Delia" back with them. The goodness of the Woodruffs can not be stressed too much. Josephine was eight years old when her mother died. She retained a vivid memory of her father when he returned from his mission to find his four motherless children. Because of her youthful compassion for his loneliness, a great devotion for him was born. This love was one of the most dominant characteristics of her personality. The Woodruffs, along with his devoted wife, gave John E. every attention he required.

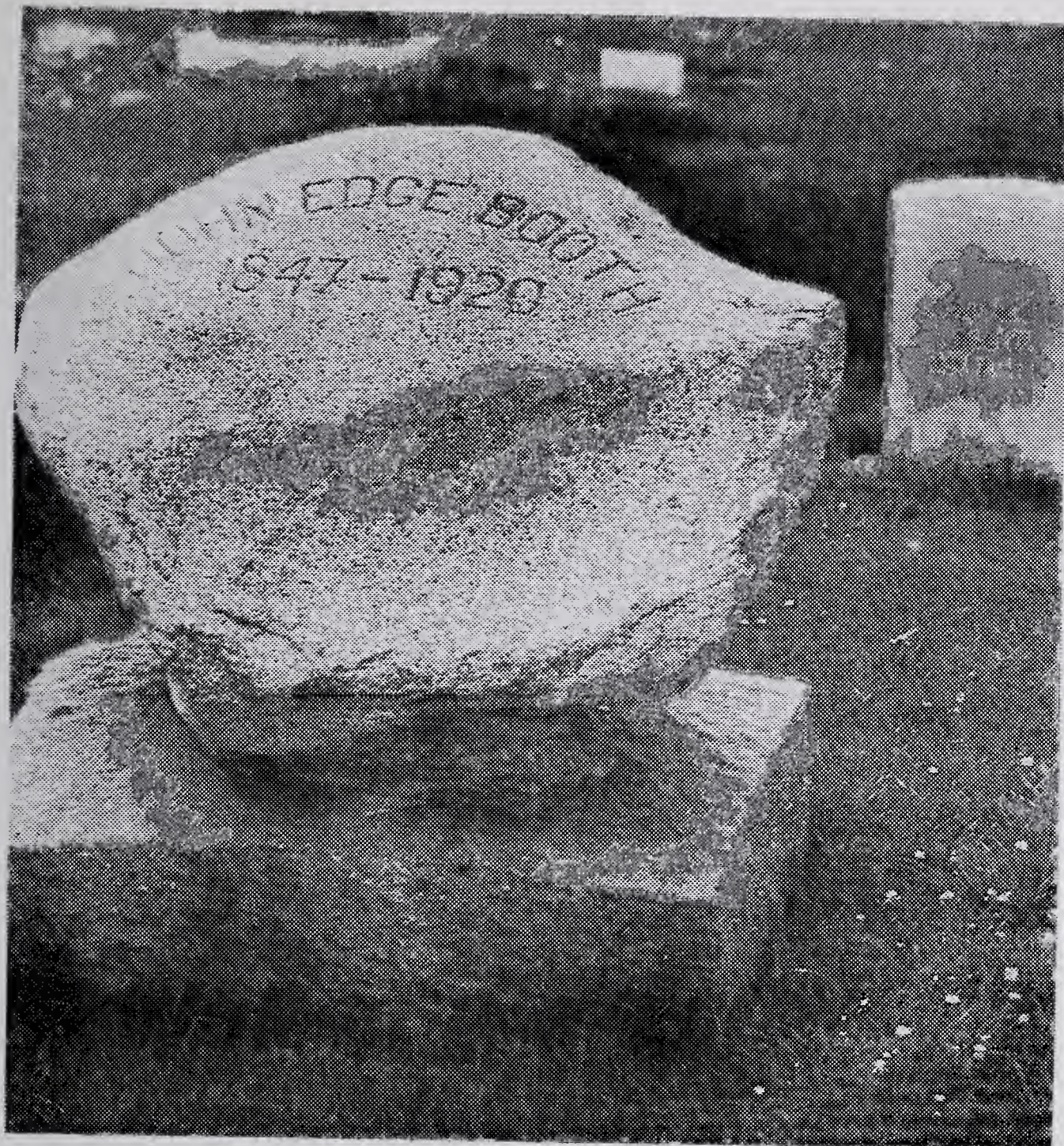
When Dr. Woodruff examined his father-in-law, he found that physically, like the "one horse shay" every part of him had given out at once—his heart, lungs, etc. The patient was with this family about three weeks and he never lost his keen mind, faith, nor his humor. One morning Josie asked him, "Who do you want to see, the doctor or the nurse?" "All either of them will do is hold my hand, I think I prefer the nurse," was his reply.

Each night the family had prayers in the kitchen. At first members prayed for the complete recovery of their father, but one night Dr. Woodruff prayed and asked that if it be the Lord's will that "Grandpa Booth were to go, that he be taken peacefully and without suffering."

On Sunday his daughter Josie was sitting by her father when all of a sudden "Grandpa" realized for the first time that he was going. Josie said he first looked puzzled, then surprised, then he tried to speak but could not; so he conveyed his parting message with his eyes and was gone—on the 28 March 1920, age seventy-two.

All of the Booth children were married; all but Edwin were near at the time of the death. The youngest son came home immediately making it possible for all of the family to be present at the funeral of their father.





**HEADSTONE OF J. E. BOOTH**

The Sunday afternoon of Mr. Booth's death his sister, May Talmage, lay down to rest. While sleeping, she dreamed that she saw the little stone house in Alpine. A stream ran along the side of the house about twelve feet from the door. A flat wooden foot bridge spanned the water. May saw her tiny mother come out of the house wearing her clean white apron. She walked to the bridge the way she had done so many times in life with her arms outstretched. May saw her brother, John, cross the bridge to meet his mother the way he had done so many times in his youth. Mrs. Talmage awakened; walked out to her family and said, "Well, John is gone." Ten minutes later



the telephone rang. The message told of the death of her brother.

This period of time was a very severe one for the area. The flu hit with terrific activation. Stores, churches, schools and business offices were closed because the seige was so contagious. Many doctors lay ill and nurses were not available. Persons were dying fast and family members who were away at the time were encouraged to remain out of town to preserve their health. No person was permitted on the street without a health mask and fear of death was in the minds of the citizens.

By the time Judge Booth had passed away the epidemic had eased. His funeral was the first one held after the quarantine was over. His service was held in the stake tabernacle in Provo and was attended by many citizens.

Mrs. Rowena Cowan preserved the following newspaper articles describing the death of her father. There are many of them and the repetitious reading may be dreary to some readers, yet in an effort to preserve them, all are included in this chapter.

### JUDGE JOHN EDGE BOOTH WELL KNOWN JURIST OF PROVO PASSES AWAY

Judge John Edge Booth, 72 years old, a resident of Utah for the past 62 years, died Sunday night at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. Lloyd Woodruff, 914 Eleventh East street. Death resulted from pneumonia following an attack of influenza which occurred at his home in Provo about six weeks ago. He seemed to have nearly recovered from that disease but is thought to have exposed himself too soon after his illness. Three weeks ago his health began to fail and he was immediately removed to the home of Dr. Woodruff.

Born in Bedford-Leigh, Lancashire, England, June 29, 1847, Judge Booth was the son of Richard T. and Elsie Edge Booth. When a boy he came to Utah with his parents and attended the public schools, and later the University of Deseret. In September, 1875, he was admitted to the bar of the First district court and in 1882 was admitted to practice before the supreme court of Utah. From then on he led an active public life, holding many responsible political positions.

From 1875 to 1888, Judge Booth was a member of the law firm of Booth and Brown and from 1888 to 1894, a member of the firm of Booth and Booth, in which firm he remained until he





was appointed judge of the Fourth judicial district in May, 1899. He remained in that position until 1913.

He was county attorney of Utah county from 1875 until 1878, and a justice of the peace of Provo from 1877 to 1884. From 1882 to 1887 he was a member of the Utah state constitutional convention. He was a member of the assembly of Utah in 1882 and of the senate of Utah in 1890-91 and 1894. From 1890 to 1899 he was member of the territorial board of equalization.



In 1891 and 1892, Judge Booth was mayor of Provo, and was a member of the city council for a period of 10 years. He was president of the Provo board of education in 1891-1892 and 1894-1896. He was a member of the Utah State Bar association and was Republican in politics. He was also an active member of the Black Hawk Indian War Veterans' association. In 1907 he was graduated from the Brigham Young University at Provo, with the degree of bachelor of science.

The following brothers and sisters survive: Mrs. Jennie Booth Lane, Forsyth, Mont.; R. E. Booth, American Fork; Mrs. C. C. Hackett, Lehi; Bishop A. L. Booth and J. W. Booth, Provo; Mrs. James E. Talmage, Salt Lake. He had a wide circle of friends and acquaintances and was highly esteemed.

At the time of his death he was a member of the firm of Booth & Booth, which he last joined in 1912.

Always active in the work of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Judge Booth was bishop of the Fourth ward of Provo for nearly 20 years.

Surviving besides the widow, are the following children: Mrs. Ernest Kimball, Mackay, Ida.; Mrs. J. Lloyd Woodruff, Salt Lake; Mrs. Hugh A. Cowan, Salt Lake; Mrs. Conrad S. Adams, St. Thomas, Nev.; Mrs. Isaac Brockbank of Provo; R. Harvey Booth and James M. Booth of Provo, and Edwin Winters Booth of McGill, Nev.; also 21 grandchildren.

The body is at the Eddington undertaking establishment in Sugar House, and funeral services and interment will probably be held in Provo.<sup>37</sup>

### JUDGE JOHN EDGE BOOTH DIED AT THE HOME OF DAUGHTER IN SALT LAKE SUNDAY EVENING

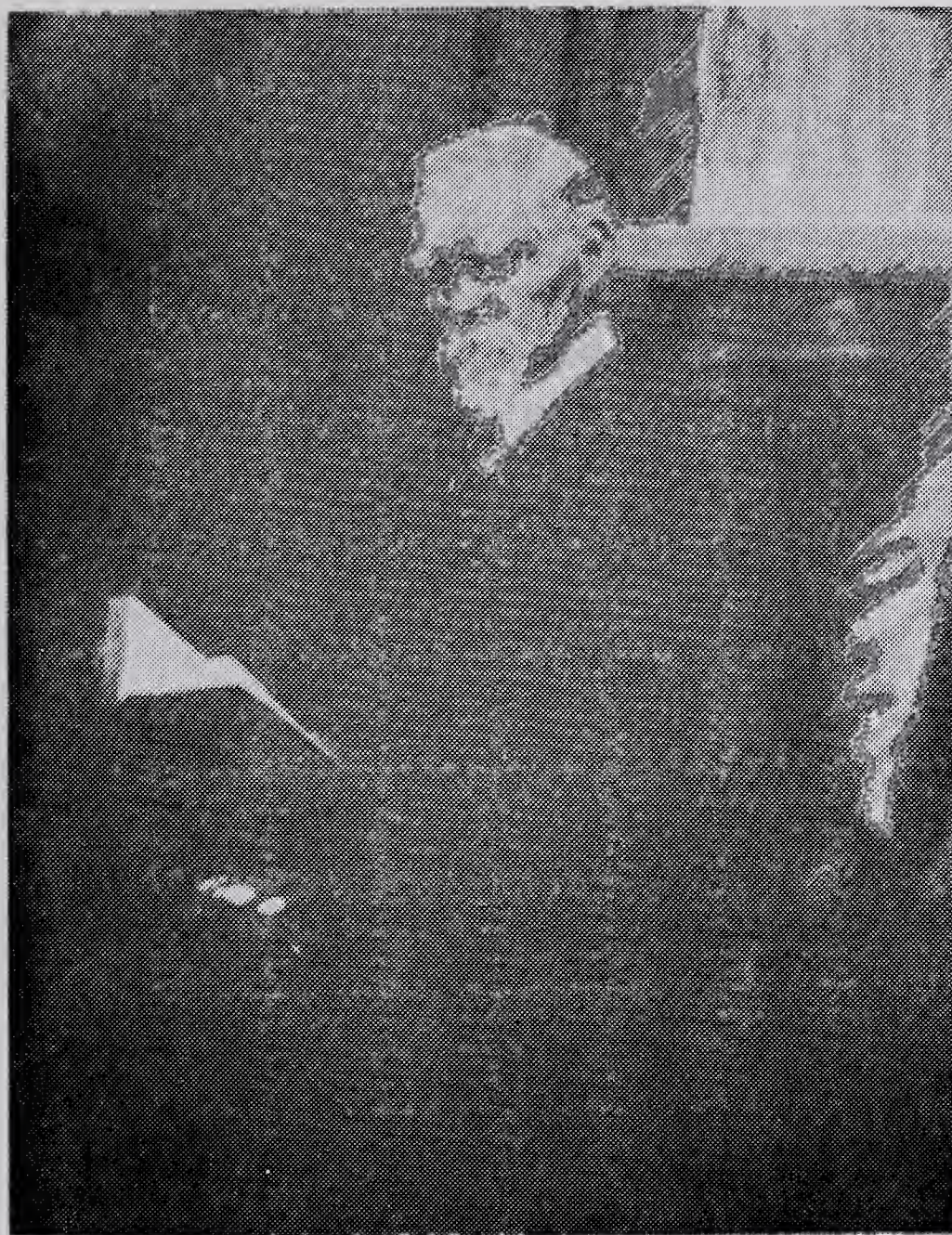
Highly Respected Churchman and Jurist Succumbs to Complications  
Brought on by Influenza; Funeral in Tabernacle at 2 P.M.

Tomorrow

Judge John Edge Booth, jurist, legislator and church man, a resident of Utah for the past 62 years, died Sunday night at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. Lloyd Woodruff, 914 Eleventh East street, Salt Lake City, at the age of 72 years. Death resulted from pneumonia following an attack of influenza which he contracted several weeks ago in this city. It was thought that he had practically recovered from that disease and went to Salt Lake to visit with his daughter, but the exposure seemed to have caused a back-set, and about three weeks ago his health began to fail.

Born at Bedford Leigh, Lancashire, England, June 29, 1847, Judge Booth was the son of Richard T. and Elsie Edge Booth. When a boy he came to Utah with his parents, arriving in Salt Lake City September 12, 1857, after having crossed the ocean in





**JUDGE JOHN E. BOOTH**

**A characteristic pose taken in his library.**

**(by Dr. J. L. Woodruff, son-in-law)**

one of the old-time sailing vessels, called the *George Washington*. Soon after the family arrived in Utah they settled in Alpine, where Judge Booth attended the public schools. Later he attended the University of Deseret. He then moved to Provo, where he became a teacher in the old Timpanogos University, the forerunner of the present Brigham Young University.

Later Judge Booth decided to study law and entered the office of the late John B. Milner, who continued his preceptor until September, 1875, when Judge Booth was permitted to practice in the courts of Utah. His first public position came to him through appointment as city attorney of Provo, and later he was elected city attorney of Provo, and later he was elected city councilor, also justice of the peace for the city and county and later became county attorney. His creditable and honorable record in local offices led to his selection for still higher preferment and in 1882 he was



elected a member of the Utah territorial legislature from Utah county. From 1878 until 1882 he served as jury commissioner and in 1890 he again became a member of the territorial legislature, where he gave most careful and earnest consideration to many vital problems which came up for settlement in connection with the policy and development of the territory. At a subsequent period he served for two years as mayor of Provo and during this time he was also president of the school board for four years. In 1899 he acted as a member of the territorial board of equalization and later he was chosen district judge of the Fourth judicial district of Utah, and served upon the bench for thirteen years. His course as a judge was in harmony with his record as a man and a lawyer, characterized by marked fidelity to duty and distinguished by a masterful grasp of every problem presented for solution. In 1894 he again became a member of the Utah legislature, having been selected by the People's party and afterwards by the Republican party.

From boyhood and through the entire period of his life Judge Booth was an ardent and zealous worker for the advancement of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. In 1887 he was ordained bishop of the Provo Fourth ward. In 1883 and 1884 he served as president of the Northern States mission and was again called to that position in 1889. In 1890 he was chosen president of the High Priest's quorum, which position he occupied at the time of his death. He was also an active member of the Black Hawk Indian War Veterans association. In 1907 he was graduated from the Brigham Young University with degree of Bachelor of Science. It is stated that he taught one or two classes in that institution during the past thirty years for which he would accept no salary. The subjects he taught were law and civil government.

Besides his widow Judge Booth is survived by the following children: Mrs. Ernest Kimball, Mackay, Ida.; Mrs. J. Lloyd Woodruff, Salt Lake; Mrs. Hugh A. Cowan, Salt Lake; Mrs. Conrad S. Adams, St. Thomas, Nev.; Mrs. Isaac Brockbank of Provo, R. Harvey Booth and James M. Booth of Provo, and Edwin Winters Booth of McGill, Nevada; also 21 grandchildren. He is also survived by the following brothers and sisters: Mrs. Jennie Booth Lane, Forsyth, Mont; R. E. Booth, American Fork; Mrs. C. C. Hackett, Lehi; Bishop A. L. Booth and J. W. Booth, Provo; Mrs. James E. Talmage, Salt Lake.

The body was brought to Provo yesterday and is at the Berg undertaking establishment, where it will lie in state from 11 to 1:30 tomorrow. The funeral services will be held in the Utah stake tabernacle tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock.<sup>38</sup>

## JOHN E. BOOTH

JUDGE JOHN E. BOOTH is dead. This news was received with a feeling of profound sorrow by a multitude of friends and





**JOHN E. BOOTH**

admirers of Mr. Booth in this city, county and throughout the entire state. It was not generally known that he was seriously ill and his death came as a pronounced shock to most of us.

Judge Booth was a man whose life was exemplified by good deeds and not by outward show. Little did he care for the things of life that did not present a broader aspect than that of personal gain. It is said that Oliver Cromwell once in answer to an inquiry from a portrait painter as to how he wished to be painted said, "Paint me with the wart." Judge Booth possessed just such a spirit, and was one of those who was not ashamed to exhibit it.

His life was full of deeds of kindness and his philanthropy was felt in many a stricken home. He had a keen perception of right from wrong and during his fourteen years of service as judge of the Fourth District court, he administered a justice that forbade any thought of improbity. To spare the weak, help the unfortunate, defend the injured and oppressed, and relieve the distressed was his constant aim during his public as well as his private life.



Allusion to his private life revives many pleasant memories, for if Judge Booth was anything he was a humorist. Many an audience has he entertained with his quaint stories, and many a life has been brightened by the sunshine of optimism reflected through his genial personality.

The Post joins the family's many friends in extending sympathy in this hour of sorrow.<sup>39</sup>

## JUDGE BOOTH TO BE BURIED TOMORROW

Special to the Tribune:—

PROVO, March 29.—Judge A. B. Morgan today, on account of the death of Judge J. E. Booth, who was for several years judge of this district, adjourned court after hearing the probate cases set for today and directed that resolutions of respect be drafted in memory of Judge Booth.

Judge Booth was connected with the Timpanogos branch of the Deseret University in this city for several years as a teacher of mathematics in the early 80's.

Funeral services will be held Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the stake tabernacle in Provo.

Judge Booth was bishop of the Fourth ward for a number of years, in addition to holding many public offices.<sup>40</sup>

## BODY MAY BE VIEWED

Special to the Tribune:—

PROVO, March 30.—Friends of Judge John E. Booth may view his body from 11 to 1:30 o'clock at the undertaking parlors of Berg and Son Wednesday, the day of the funeral.<sup>41</sup>

## MANY MOURN AT BIER OF JURIST

Funeral Services for Judge John E. Booth  
at Provo Largely Attended

Special to the Tribune:—

PROVO, March 31.—Many relatives and friends attended the funeral services for Judge John E. Booth, held today in the stake tabernacle. The speakers were Elder Edwin H. Smart, S. A. King, who represented the Utah State Bar association; Apostle James E. Talmage, who, in opening, expressed the regret of President Heber J. Grant over his inability to attend, and President T. N. Taylor, who presided.

Each of the speakers spoke of the devotion to duty and the high character of Judge Booth, both as a member of the legal profession, as a churchman and as a businessman, referring specially to the great assistance he had been to struggling students in their pursuit of an education.



Apostle Talmage spoke of the life, the resurrection and the life to come, as viewed by Christians.

The music was by the tabernacle choir, led by Professor J. R. Boshard. The opening prayer was by Patriarch Albert Jones and the benediction was pronounced by President Joseph B. Keeler. The grave was dedicated by Elder H. S. Pyne of the Fourth ward bishopric.

The following members of the high priest's quorum were the pallbearers: George Meldrum, James L. Meldrum, George J. Duke, James F. Crowther, A. S. St. Jor and Charles Dahlquist.<sup>42</sup>

### CLOSED DURING FUNERAL

Special to the Tribune:—

PROVO, March 31.—The city commission and the board of county commissioners met this morning and ordered the city and county offices closed from 1 to 4 today on account of the funeral of Judge John E. Booth.<sup>43</sup>

### THOUSANDS PAY TRIBUTE AT BIER OF JUDGE BOOTH

PROVO, April 1.—The body of Judge John E. Booth was consigned to its last resting place in the Provo city cemetery yesterday afternoon after impressive funeral services in the stake tabernacle, where more than 2,000 assembled to pay their respects to the departed.

The stand was draped in white, and foliage, roses and carnations covered the pulpits, the entire front of the stand and the casket. The pallbearers, associates of Elder Booth in the high priest's quorum, of which he was president, were George Meldrum, James S. Meldrum, George J. Duke, James F. Crowthers, A. S. St. Jar and Charles Dahlquist. These were preceded by Indian war veterans who carried the national colors, and who were comrades of Judge Booth in the early wars with the Indians. The casket was followed by members of the high priests quorum and other organizations with which Judge Booth was associated.

President T. N. Taylor presided. The tabernacle choir sang, "Come, Come, Ye Saints." The invocation was offered by Patriarch Albert Jones. Miss Ella Ritchie and the choir rendered, "O, My Father," Prof. Edward H. Smart, a life-long friend of the family, was the first speaker. He referred to his intimate acquaintance with the family and recalled his first recollection of Judge Booth, whom he regarded as a pillar of strength in the community. Whether the call came from the missionary field, from the school or the church, Judge Booth was always ready. Samuel A. King of the State association paid a glowing tribute to the life and character of Judge Booth. He told of his early association with Mr. Booth and expressed a belief that he could pay no higher tribute to his departed



# JUDGE J. E. BOOTH LAID TO FINAL REST ON WEDNESDAY

IMPRESSIVE SERVICES MARKED  
HIGH ESTEEM IN WHICH  
HE WAS HELD.

All that was mortal of Judge John E. Booth was consigned to its last resting place in the Provo City cemetery yesterday afternoon after impressive funeral services were held in the stake tabernacle, where more than two thousand relatives and friends assembled to pay their respects to their departed friend and kinsman. The stand was appropriately draped in white, and green foliage, roses and carnations covered the pulpits, the entire front of the stand and the casket. The pallbearers, associates of Elder Booth in the high priests' quorum, of which he was president, were George Mel drum, James S. Meldrum, George J. Duke, James F. Crowthers, A. S. St. Jar and Charles Dahlquist. They were preceded by Indian war veterans, who carried the national colors, and who were comrades with Judge Booth in the early wars with the Indians. The casket was followed by members of the high priests' quorum and other organizations with which Judge Booth was associated.

President T. N. Taylor presided. The Tabernacle choir sang, "Come, Come, Ye Saints." Invocation was offered by Patriarch Albert Jensen. Miss Ella Ritchie and the choir rendered "O, My Father."

Prof. Edwin H. Smart, a life long friend of the family, was the first speaker, and stated that he felt the weight of the responsibility in speaking in behalf of the family. He referred to his boyhood days, and stated that it was then that he remembers having first seen Judge Booth as bishop of the Fourth ward, and stated that he had no difficulty in picturing him with Andrew Watson, John G. Jones and others, who were leaders in those days. From that time on the speaker stated that he had felt Judge Booth's influence

throughout his entire life. He said the life of his departed friend had touched so many phases of life in such an effective way that its influence was felt throughout the entire community. He told of how Judge Booth had helped missionaries, students and immigrants who came here to affiliate themselves with the church, all were given his sympathy and assistance. He spoke of Judge Booth's interest in every co-operative movement in this county, and of his optimism, which, the speaker declared, often turned defeat into success.

~~President~~ A King of the State Bar Association paid a glowing tribute to the life and character of Judge Booth. He told of his early associations with Mr. Booth and expressed a belief that he could pay no higher tribute to his departed friend than to say he was always guided by the precepts of the Savior: "Judge not that ye be not judged. For with that judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged, and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

Elder James E. Talmage conveyed greetings from President Heber J. Grant, who expressed regret that urgent matters prevented him from being present and extended his blessings upon the family of Elder Booth. Elder Talmage said he could not add to the eulogies that had been paid his departed friend, whom he knew to be a man of great character and one who possessed intrinsic virtues. Elder Talmage spoke of the plan of salvation and the resurrection.

President T. N. Taylor spoke of his association with Judge Booth in a business way and said that he had always found his departed friend and associate honorable and honest and ever ready to extend a helping hand to the oppressed. In behalf of the family he thanked those who had been so kind during their hour of bereavement.

The choir sang, "One Sweetly Solemn Thought." Benediction was offered by President J. B. Keeler. During the services the Bushard-Pyne-Roberts quartet rendered, "SUN, SUN With Thee." The dedicatory prayer was offered by Elder H. S. Pyne.



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The choir sang, "One Sweetly Solemn Thought." Benediction was offered by President J. B. Keeler. During the services the Boshard-Pyne-Roberts quartet rendered "Still, Still With Thee." The dedicatory prayer was offered by Elder H. S. Pyne.<sup>44</sup>

Just three letters of sympathy have been preserved. They are as follows:

United States Senate  
Committee on Public Lands  
Reed Smoot, Utah. Chairman

April 16, 1920

Mrs. John E. Booth  
Provo City,  
Utah

Dear Sister Booth:

The home papers announcing the death of your dear husband was the first intimation I had of his being called to the Great Beyond.

I desire to express to you my heartfelt sympathy in this your hour of trial. Judge Booth was a very dear friend of mine and no doubt you are aware that he was my school teacher in mathematics for a number of years. His death is a direct loss to the State and Nation.

I ask that the Spirit of the Lord may be with you in this trouble and that He may give you consolation and peace of mind.

Your brother,  
Reed Smoot (Signed)

Headquarters Utah Indian War Veterans  
J. M. Westwood, Commander-in-chief  
Peter Gottfredson, Adjutant General  
Springville, Utah

May 1st, 1920

At the annual meeting of the Utah County Department of Indian war veterans, the following resolution was adopted.

Whereas God in His infinite wisdom has called home our beloved Commander John E. Booth. Therefore, be it resolved by the representatives of the Utah County Indian War veterans in meeting assembled, that, in the death of our beloved Commander and comrade, this organization has lost a most capable man, energetic officer, a respected citizen and stalwart man, beloved by all. In life we loved his association and cherished his friendship. In death we honor his name and cherish his memory. Our hearts are filled with deep sympathy for the grief-stricken family, who are bereft of a devoted husband and loving father, and we will every pray that our Father in Heaven who holds in his hand the destiny of all men, will console and comfort their sorrowing hearts.

J. M. Westwood (Signed)  
Joel A. Johnson  
Committee

The Provo Post of Indian War Veterans prepared the following resolutions of respect to Captain John E. Booth. The newspaper clipping has no date.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT PAID THE LATE  
JUDGE J. E. BOOTH

Resolutions of respect by the Provo Post of Indian War Veterans to the memory of Captain John E. Booth, who died March 28, 1920, aged 72 years.

WHEREAS our Captain overtaken by the epidemic, the Influenza, inducing other complications, has paid the debt of nature, after a brave fight against that terrible disease, therefore be it

RESOLVED, that we recognize in the death of our Comrade, the loss of an able, efficient and devoted leader, comrade and Captain of our Post.

We miss his leadership in our gatherings and acknowledge his liberality in aiding so many comrades and widows of comrades by his knowledge of the law framing their applications for pensions in conformity with the established order.

We acknowledge his liberality in the bestowal of his varied talents for the benefit of the Post, and of the comfort and solace rendered at so many funeral services of those he loved, which has endeared his memory to so many.

We sympathize with his wife and all the members of the family, in their deprivation of his wise counsel and fatherly advice.

Resolved that a copy of his memorial be forwarded to the wife and family of the deceased, and that it be entered upon the Record of the Post, also that copies be forwarded to the papers of our town and State.

JOHN JOHNSON,  
JAMES H. CLINGER,  
WILLIAM ASHWORTH.  
Council of the Provo Post  
of I. W. Veterans.



The following resolution of respect was made to Judge Booth by attorneys who had worked with the Judge.

### TRIBUTE PAID TO LATE JURIST

Provo, May 10.—Resolutions of respect to the late Judge John E. Booth were adopted today in the Fourth district court and ordered made a part of the minutes. A copy of the resolutions will be sent to the family. The committee which formulated the resolutions comprised Abel J. Evans, R. A. Porter and Jacob Coleman.<sup>45</sup>

Twenty-three years after the death of Judge Booth the following article was printed in the Provo newspaper.

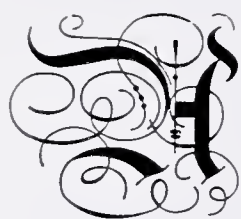
#### Once News, Now History

From the files of the Provo Herald, March 30, 1920

Judge John E. Booth, one of Provo's most prominent and respected citizens, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. Lloyd Woodruff of Salt Lake City. He contracted influenza during the scourge in February. He recovered sufficiently to be at his office for a few days, but his health declined rapidly after that. He was widely known as a jurist and church worker. He was for many years president of the *Provo Enquirer*.<sup>46</sup>

## CHAPTER EIGHT

# EULOGY



AS A CONCLUSION to this history three quotations are given from biographical sketches of John E. Booth.

“Judge Booth is one of the most widely known and highly respected men in the State. His able services both in the legal profession, in public office and in educational work has endeared him to all classes of people, and called forth words of highest commendation and praise, while his labors in the Church has brought him into the highest confidence and esteem of the leaders of that body.”<sup>47</sup>

S. A. Kenner said, “Personally, Judge Booth is one of the most accessible and agreeable men in public life. He is always in a good humor and diffuses an influence of geniality wherever he holds forth.”<sup>48</sup>

“The career of Judge Booth has indeed been one of usefulness and activity. He has taught civic government and law in Brigham Young University for thirty years without pay and has thus broadened the scope of his usefulness by entering the educational field. His life has been indeed resultant in behalf of the Church, in civic affairs and in professional circles. He is a very tall man of dignified bearing, kindly and approachable in manner, and in the practice of his profession has ever recognized the fact that the lawyer and judge not only mete out justice but also have it within their power to extend the higher attributes of mercy and call to life the good that lies dormant in every individual.”<sup>49</sup>

John Edge Booth tempered his actions and words with one of the greatest needs in America today—that of Justice. He diligently tried to be fair and just in his dealings with every person he met. He knew that the very basis for accepting and living the Gospel of Jesus Christ is justice. It is the best formula of human relations known to man. Every truly great person has lived by this principle.

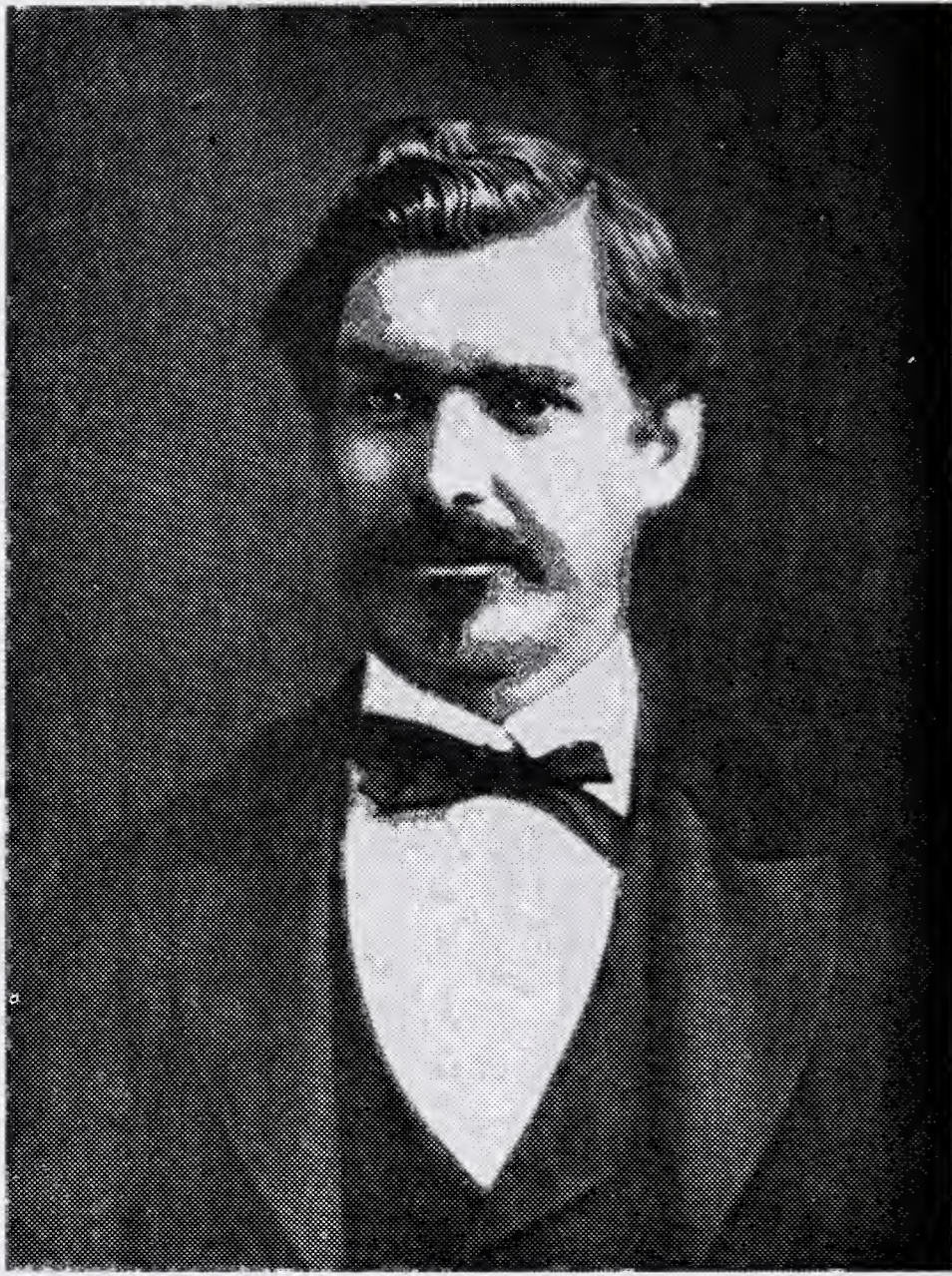


In one of Harry Emerson Fosdick's sermons he expressed beautifully our feeling about John Edge Booth. Mr. Fosdick began with the following quotation from Genesis: "Isaac digged again the wells of water, which they had digged in the days of Abraham his father; —and he called their names after the names by which his father had called them." Then Mr. Fosdick speaks of the value of a feeling of continuity with our past and the standards of honesty and service established for us.

"Much of what we call progress is not progress; it is restoration. It is the re-emergence of something very old. It is the redigging of ancient wells.

"How interesting in this regard the work of memory is! When Abraham and Isaac lived together they doubtless had hours of strain—times when Isaac was petulant or undutiful and Abraham was harsh—they were human. But now, when Isaac remembers Abraham, all that is forgotten. Ever as Isaac remembers him, Abraham grows more admirable. Blessed is the work of memory upon our friends. We call it idealizing them but that is not the whole truth. Only the nonessentials fall away and their major meaning, their substantial beauty, stands clear. As we recede from them, the hills descend, the mountains rise. How many of us, in the background of our lives, have fathers, mothers, and friends towering up mountainous and clear in memory!"<sup>50</sup>





### **A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL**

**John E. Booth assisted President William M. Palmer in the Northern States Mission from October, 1883 to November, 1884. From 1889 to 1890 John E. was president of the mission.<sup>51</sup>**



THE WIVES OF  
JOHN EDGE BOOTH

MARIA JOSEPHINE HARVEY BOOTH

HANNAH BILLINGS BOOTH

DELIA INA WINTERS BOOTH





HEADSTONES OF JOHN EDGE BOOTH AND HIS WIVES



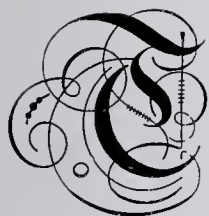
MARIA  
JOSEPHINE  
HARVEY  
BOOTH





## CHAPTER NINE

### LOVELY MARIA JOSEPHINE



THE FOLLOWING IS A COPY of a record found in the “treasure box” opened at the Fourth Ward some years ago:

2 April 1881 A.D.

To my children Josephine and Vienna Booth:

I was born in Pottawattamie Co., Iowa, 31 January 1850 and my parents immigrated to Utah the same year and stopped at a small place then called Battle Creek on account of a battle we had with the Indians. We lived there only a few years and were called to go to Cedar City, Iron County, where we had quite an event take place with us—the birth of a beautiful brother, for so he was to us all.

First I will give you the names of all of our family. My parents were Lewis Harvey and Lucinda Clark. The names of my sisters and brothers as they stand: (Maria Josephine), Sarah E., Johnathan L., Lucinda Z., Clarinda, Flora S., Rosetta and George Harvey.

We stayed about four years in that place and were then called back to Pleasant Grove, Utah, on account of Grandfather Harvey's death.

I had good parents and a pleasant home. They early taught me the gospel and pointed out the way to pursue, that I might find happiness both here and hereafter for which blessings I am grateful. My education as you will see is not what one would wish, but what is lacking in me I hope to make up in you, not only in book learning but in theology.

Today you are two sweet pure children the pride of my heart and if I can have wisdom, knowledge and intelligence sufficient to train you up that you will acknowledge the hand of your Heavenly Father in all things, I will have accomplished one of the greatest things I desire.<sup>1</sup>

Your mother, Maria Josephine Booth

John Edge Booth married Maria Josephine Harvey in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, Utah, 1 October 1873 with Daniel H. Wells officiating at the ceremony. On the 20th July 1874 a son, John E. Booth, was born, but lived less than one day. Josephine Diantha Booth was born 16 March 1876 and Vienna Hortense Booth was welcomed into this family 14 April 1878.

Two children were born after the two girls mentioned above. John E. recorded the birth of these children in his diary. "April 4, 1882, our daughter, Hannah Rowena was born in H. H. Cluff's brick house on the corner of 9th and K Streets." (Provo, Utah) While laboring in his first mission field Brother Booth recorded the birth of a son, "On the 7th of May 1884 I received word that I had a son, Richard Harvey born on May 6th.

Polygamy was the practice of the Church and in 1876 John E. married again. Maria believed that polygamy was the will of God and because she had unwavering faith in her husband's love for her, she had no jealousy. Maria had the rare confidence that no matter how many women her husband married she would always be his first and favorite. She and the second wife, Hannah, loved each other as sisters. Often Hannah went to Maria's, wrapped one of the children up in her apron and took the child home for the day. It was great fun to be "kidnapped" and Josephine had pleasant memories of her days at Aunt Hannah's, prior to the death of the aunt.

When John Edge decided he could support another wife, Maria was delighted with his attentions to Delia Winters. He couldn't have chosen anyone she would rather have had to share this relationship. She and Delia had long been friends. One time, before Maria had married John E., she and Delia saw some beautiful ribbon for a sash. Each bought a piece and decided to save it for the oldest daughter. Josephine, Maria's first daughter, received both sashes—the second one was given her after the death of her mother, when Delia arrived, several years later, to care for four motherless children.

In her letters to her husband while on his mission Maria expressed great loneliness. The winter was long and



cold and she was alone with the children most of the time. Her concern and devotion to her daughters is evident in all her letters. In one epistle she wrote:

Josie and myself have talked it over and we decided that we would devote a little time in thinking about you every Sunday at 4 p.m., and we would like you to think of us at the same time. The children always want me to read all my letters to them. They seem so lonely that when anyone comes in they most always tease them to stay. I think they are very faithful in saying their prayers.

In another letter she explained her budget and gratitude for her blessings.

Yesterday I went to West Store to get the dividend. I paid one dollar and a half to Brother Newell for salt, one dollar and a half to Brother Clinger, and two dollars to John Worsley for putting tires on the buggy and this is pretty nearly all the debts except a stray pound bill of one dollar and I feel thankful that I have the where with to pay. I feel grateful that I am left so comfortable.<sup>2</sup>

Maria was a pretty woman and her fine features and qualities of leadership made her great among those with whom she worked. She was warm in her affections and was loved by persons who knew her.

Prior to 1882 she served in the Provo Fourth Ward (Utah Stake) Primary Association. In 1883 she became first counselor to Sister Margaret Ann Cluff in the ward Relief Society. Sister Donna M. Mecham was second counselor and Sister Caroline Daniels was treasurer. President Cluff met an untimely death in September 1883 and Maria was sustained president of the organization. Her assistants were Sisters Donna M. Mecham, first counselor, and Margaret Watson, second counselor. The duties of secretary were administered by Sister Emily G. Cluff and Sister Caroline Daniels assumed the office of treasurer. Maria served in her executive position until 1 October 1884 when she passed away.

It was a sad occasion when she expired while her husband was yet on his mission. He could not be found at the time of her death so he did not receive word about her passing until after her funeral. He was traveling and it was impossible to locate him. He therefore finished his mission, being released the next spring. His visit to the

cemetery, upon his return, filled him with memories and sorrow as he looked upon the grave of his wife.<sup>3</sup>

Mary A. Farnsworth of Moan Coppy, Arizona, knew Maria and felt inclined to write this verse about her departed friend.

## MIDNIGHT MUSINGS

*Maria J. Booth*

*Lovingly inscribed to the memory of our departed friend,*

The pale moon shines out from the western sky,  
The east is rosy with the coming dawn;  
To woo sweet sleep no longer will I try,  
That soothing messenger has long since gone  
And left me busy with the scenes of yore  
Whose vivid memories throng my wakeful brain,  
Where long I've sought amid its scanty lore  
Bright gems of thought in vain.

Sad tidings reach us in our far-off home,  
That swell the fountain of our hearts with grief,  
With sympathy could consolation come,  
Our sorrowing friends would find a sure relief.  
One more dear friend is numbered with the dead:  
Her husband absent at this trying hour,  
His lonely threshold he will ere long treat—  
O God, support him by Thy power.

With him we know the parting pain yet lingers,  
Of little more than three short years ago,  
When ghastly death, with cruel, icy fingers  
Laid one dear member of his household low:  
And now again we read in mournful measures  
Death claims another one so pure and fair,  
Which leaves his tender household treasures  
Without a mother's loving care.

When on my home returning trip last May  
I spent a week with this dear friend of mine.  
I knew her husband had been called away  
Upon God's errand to a distant clime.  
With patient zeal I saw her once more drain  
That mingled cup of earthly bliss and woe,  
For woman's supremest joy and pain  
Still hand in hand must go.



When in the mother's arm we laid the little son  
With loving pride a welcome sweet she smiled,  
Like some brave warrior o'er a battle won,  
Well paid for all, in this her precious child.  
By which a golden link is added to the chain  
Of endless lives in fairer worlds than this,  
O'er who her husband and herself may reign  
Through coming ages of eternal bliss.

As o'er her snowy couch I bent with loving care  
To brush the lustrous waves of ruddy gold  
That crowned her queenly head with beauty rare  
In nature's grand and perfect mold,  
I little dreamed that it would be the last  
Sweet taste of fellowship on earth that we  
Would e'er enjoy until we both should pass  
The shining portals of Eternity.

The last sweet message from her hand received,  
A note of sadness breathed from ev'ry key;  
Her loving heart, like many other, grieved  
O'er dreadful news from far-off Tennessee.  
Fresh in my memory are the plaintive words she spoke  
The dream that he, her loved one, had returned;  
That when her mind from restless slumber woke  
Peculiar feelings in her bosom burned.

'Tis true events of coming time do often cast  
Their fitful shadows o'er our pathway here,  
Misunderstood until fulfilled at last;  
We then look back and read their meaning clear;  
And here the missive was complete, she said,  
"The mourning bells ring out a requiem drear,  
Ma Smoot's pure spirit from this earth has fled  
To realms of glory in a higher sphere."

And now, sweet friend, a brief farewell to thee,  
May we alike prove true to every trust,  
And when our spirits like thine own are free,  
This frail mortality has sought its kindred dust,  
Oh, may we meet the loved ones gone before  
In robes of pure celestial glory dressed,  
Sweet anthems sing on that elysian shore  
Where weary souls find rest.<sup>4</sup>

Many persons who knew Maria J. Booth felt as Tennyson did when he spoke of his mother in "The Princess:"

*My mother was as mild as any saint,  
Half canonized by all who looked on her,  
So gracious was her tact and tenderness.*



**MARIA JOSEPHINE  
HARVEY BOOTH**



HANNAH

BILLINGS

BOOTH





## CHAPTER TEN

### PATIENT HANNAH



ON 12 MARCH, 1852, Hannah Billings was born to George Pierce Billings and Edith Patten Billings in Manti, Sanpete County, Utah. Hannah was the oldest child of her parents and had a rich background of good solid pioneer stock. Her father was one of the early pioneers of Utah who came across the plains in 1847. He was the son of Titus Billings spoken of in the Doctrine and Covenants, and also a nephew of Isaac Morley who was known to the saints at the time of the Prophet Joseph Smith. These men were strong characters for doing good and speaking the truth and did much to establish the church in its early days.

Edith Patten was a niece of David W. Patten, one of the twelve apostles, who was killed at the Crooked River battle before the saints came west. Many of the Pattens loved the work which Joseph Smith organized and remained true to their beliefs. With these inherent values, Hannah was a woman of much worth.

Hannah was raised in Manti, principally, until her marriage to John Edge Booth in the Endowment House, Salt Lake City, Utah. They were wed 10 April, 1876, by Daniel H. Wells.

Mrs. Booth taught in the public schools of Manti before she was married. After her marriage she attended the grammar school of the Brigham Young Academy during 1878-79. The following year she enrolled in the normal school of the Academy.

When the silkworm industry was reestablished in 1880, she was secretary of the county officers in the Central District, Provo, Utah.<sup>1</sup>

From a letter written by May Booth Talmage, dated from Salt Lake City, Utah, 19 February, 1937, this glimpse is given of Hannah.

"I was not yet thirteen years of age when Hannah Billings Booth died, so do not remember much about her activities, etc., but I am sure she was a fine, splendid, dignified woman with an unusually bright mind. It seems as though she held a stake position in one of the auxiliaries, but could not be certain which one. The old church records show that she was baptized in 1862."

Her husband said of her in his diary: "*Hannah is a woman of splendid intellect and judgment.*"

She was married only five years and had no children. Her health was very poor although her mind was active and alert. On the 18th of May, 1881, she died. Following is a copy of the newspaper report of her death.

#### DIED

BOOTH:—In the Fourth Ward of this city, on Wednesday, May 18, 1881, of pneumonia, Hannah, daughter of George P. and Edith Billings and wife of Bishop John E. Booth.

Deceased was born March 12, 1852. The funeral services were conducted at the meeting house on Friday, May 20th.<sup>2</sup>

Hannah was buried in the Provo City Cemetery and her head stone was made from sandstone brought from Manti which was the same kind of rock used to build the Manti Temple.

A newspaper clipping was found in a diary of J. E. Booth which disclosed the following information regarding Hannah.

Provo City  
May 20, 1881

Editor Deseret News:

Permit me to chronicle through your columns the death of our much beloved Sister Hannah Booth, the wife of Bishop John E. Booth of the 4th Ward of our city, daughter of George P. and Edith (Patten) Billings. The deceased was born at Manti, Sanpete County, March 12, 1852, and died of pneumonia May 18, 1881, has been a resident of Provo since the date of her marriage, April, 1876, entering into all the duties of her sex in connection with her sisters, occupying many prominent positions in the 4th Ward, viz: president of the Primary Association, counselor to the president of the Young Ladies Improvement Association, secretary of the Silk Association, and actively engaged in teaching the district school of the ward at the time of her attack by the disease which resulted in her death, all of which offices were filled with quiet fidelity and success to the advancement of their several interests. As a mark of the great respect in which the deceased sister was held, the Brigham Young Academy



of which she had been a successful pupil adjourned to attend the funeral services, which were held this afternoon. The remains were borne from her residence to the meeting house by the young men of the B.Y. Academy followed by the father and immediate friends; next in order the various societies and associations in which the deceased held active interest during her life—the sisters of the Relief Society, the students of the B.Y. Academy, Sunday School pupils, Young Ladies' Improvement Associations, and children of the day school, some of them weeping bitterly at the loss of their friend and instructress.

The services at the meeting were of an impressive nature. The singing of the children of the Primary Association was very moving, as their sweet, fresh, young voices repeated in beautiful harmony the words, "Oh, My Father, Thou That Dwellest;" tears were falling from many eyes other than those of the immediate relatives and friends. The discourse of Elder Karl G. Maeser was instructive and eulogistic (unintentionally, however) of the quiet but noble life and exertions of the deceased, as witnessed in the attendance of so many sympathetic friends of all ages and conditions, and the citizens of our city. Bishop S. McCulloch and Pres. David John followed Brother Maeser. At the close of the services the remains were followed to the cemetery by one of the largest processions ever witnessed in this city.

A. Jones





DELIA

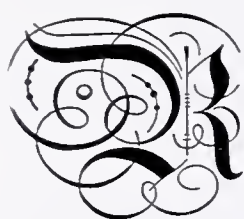
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WINTERS

BOOTH

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

### “REBECCA WINTERS, AGE 50 YEARS”



REBECCA BURDICK was born 16 December 1801 in Cayuga, Cayuga County, New York. She was the descendant of religious pioneers. Two of her ancestors, Samuel Hubbard and his wife, Tacy Cooper, while living in Rhode Island, helped to form the first Seventh Day Baptist Church of America around 1671. Robert Burdick, a son-in-law, and his wife Ruth Hubbard Burdick were members of this original church. They also settled in Rhode Island and Robert became an active member of his township. From such sturdy, conscience-minded ancestors as Robert spring all the Burdicks who claim to be of early Rhode Island ancestry.

Gideon Burdick, son of Thomas Burdick and Abigail Allen, was a great, great grandson of Robert Burdick being born 6 November 1762 at Hopkinton, Rhode Island. He enlisted as a youth of seventeen or eighteen in the Revolutionary Army as a guard and scout. At one time he served under the command of General Benedict Arnold. His enlistment expired and he was honorably discharged about 1 January 1782.<sup>7</sup>

After the war his life became one of pioneering. He lived for a time at Catskill upon the Hudson River in New York, then moved to at least three different towns in New York. He resided in Athens County, Ohio, and returned to Chautauqua County, New York, in 1883. During these years he married Catherine Robertson before 1792. She was born about 1775; was married about fourteen years and died 27 November 1806 at Irving, New York.<sup>2</sup>

At the outlet of Lake Chautauqua, near Buffalo, lived Andrew Winters, originally from Germany, and his wife Hannah Wood. Their son, Hiram, born 5 April 1805 at Westfield, Washington County, New York, met, courted



and about 1824 married Gideon Burdick's daughter Rebecca. Hiram operated a saw mill and his wife boarded the hands. The gospel message was brought to them here and Gideon Burdick and his family were baptized in June 1833. In November they joined the body of the church in Kirtland, Ohio, and faced severe persecution.

The family moved to Nauvoo with the main body of the Church. Gideon spent his last days in Quincy, Illinois, and died there 5 April 1846 at the age of eighty-four. His children were forced to leave the city of Nauvoo early in 1846.

Oscar Winters, a son of Hiram and Rebecca, was born 7 February 1825 in Jamestown, Chautauqua County, New York. At the age of twenty-one he joined a battalion of brethren in an effort to ease the conflict of the mob in 1846. He was in a company under Captain Littlefield and when the encounter began the Saints maneuvered with unflinching faith and courage. Surprised at the vigor of the defense, the mob called for a truce and the Saints agreed to leave Nauvoo within three days.

Driven from Nauvoo, Hiram, Rebecca and their family moved to Burlington, Iowa. The next spring they moved to Kaneshville where they toiled for another year to prepare for the long trek to Utah. Late in June 1852 the family crossed the Missouri River and proceeded prosperously along until about half the journey was over, when cholera appeared in the camp. The morning of August 15 Sister Winters went to a tent to nurse the sick. The appalling sight that met her eyes reduced her strength for she had not felt well the previous night. She became stricken before she could begin to care for those who were unwell.

The company of ten, to which the Winters belonged, had traveled a short distance when it was necessary to make camp again, so the wagon train halted on the thirsty plains in the hope that something might be done to ease Rebecca's suffering. Capable hands worked with their might but she was laid to rest soon after the noon hour. Her body was tenderly wrapped, suitably robed and lowered into her grave on a bed since no coffin was available. A few boards

were spared from the wagon and were placed across the vault and the grave was covered.

From a broken down emigrant wagon which was near by, a wheel was taken and cut in two. In order for some memorial to be erected for her resting place Brother William Reynolds sat up through the night and with a chisel marked upon the wagon rim: "REBECCA WINTERS, AGED FIFTY YEARS." When her husband saw the inscription he prophetically announced, "*That name will remain there forever!*"<sup>3</sup>

During the cholera attack a group of hostile Indians moved in upon the travelers. When the leader of the tribe saw sickness and death among the Saints he fled. This caravan did not encounter Indians again. It was thought by members of the trek that the Indians, being superstitious, believed the disease would remain with the white men and the Indian brave had told different warriors to flee from the company.

For a short time after the burial of Rebecca Winters other companies came that way, then "wisdom decreed that the trail should follow the opposite side (the south side) of the historic Platte River."<sup>4</sup>

In one of the emigrant companies ahead traveled Rebecca's son, Oscar, unaware of the heart-breaking tragedy of his mother's death. At this time he was supremely happy for he had just been united in marriage to Mary Ann Stearns. His young bride was born in Bethel, Oxford County, Maine, 6 April 1833. She was a daughter of Nathan Stearns and Mary Ann Frost Stearns Pratt.

In a history by the younger Mary Ann she says, "My father died August 25, 1833, when I was not quite five months old, so all the devotion of my heart that would have extended to both parents was centered in my loving and faithful mother and our lives were so interwoven that one story cannot be told without the other . . .

"In August 1836 Apostle Brigham Young with five others came . . . through my native town. Many were baptized at that time . . . My mother and grandmother Frost were baptized by Apostle David W. Patten. My grandfather Frost was baptized about a year after by Elder John Pack."<sup>5</sup> The spirit of gathering rested with these



converts and in a descriptive narrative Mary Ann tells of the hardships endured by the Saints in assembling and crossing the plains.

The young teamster and pioneer, Oscar Winters, and Mary Ann Stearns were married just before entering the Salt Lake Valley 16 August 1852 by Elder Lorenzo Snow. "Their wedding meal was bread baked on a bake skillet, a piece of meat, and a little lump of fresh butter with a cup of cold water." The new husband gave his bride some money with which to buy a few necessities when they reached Salt Lake City and she trembled a little inwardly when she stepped into Kincaid's store, "lest the clerk should discover what a new housekeeper she was."<sup>6</sup>

They enjoyed a safe arrival into the valley and almost immediately were moved to Pleasant Grove, Utah, and became pioneers in that settlement. Oscar built a home to receive his mother and other late comers. He then journeyed back to Salt Lake, met his mother's company and learned that the beloved face he had longed to see was resting alone on the prairie.

"For almost fifty years Rebecca Winters lay unmolested, unattended, unknown. The spring rains, the winds of winter, the sinking sun of autumn were the sole witnesses of this resting place in the vastness of land stretches. Then a great nation stirred itself to further expansion . . . The iron horse advanced westward, laid in steel the wagon tracks and restless footprints of thousands of home seeking emigrants of the half century before."<sup>7</sup>

Between 1899-1902, the Burlington Railroad began construction across the plains. The line of track was to run from Alliance, Nebraska, southward to the Platte River Valley then westward in the Platte River Valley to Wyoming. In the penetrating cold of the winter of 1899 an engineering and survey party was organized and sent into the prairie to locate the route. Their work proceeded slowly since it was difficult to fight the bitter cold and storms, but progress was made as spring approached.

F. T. Darrow was in charge of the survey party and Verne Hedge was the topographer. "His duties were to establish the legal corners of the different subdivisions of the land through which the proposed line was being located,

and then tie the center lines to these different corners.” While carrying out his duty Mr. Hedge stumbled in a clump of sagebrush while looking for a place to set a stake for the center line. He stopped because he noticed a half sunken scrap of wagon tire rising above the turf. The other engineers joined him for a discussion of the proposed route after he had read the pathetic memorial of other years, “Rebecca Winters, Aged 50 Years.” The surveyors were about to set the stake for the center line just at the point above the grave. “We cannot do this,” said Mr. Hedge. “We cannot desecrate the last resting place of a pioneer mother.”<sup>8</sup> It was necessary to go back several miles to change the track route so the railroad base could be altered to leave the grave undisturbed.<sup>9</sup> Shortly after the railroad constructed the new track, the company placed a fence around Rebecca’s grave. “For a number of years, E. F. Desplain, section foreman for the district, saw that the land was properly treated. He dug a well adjoining it, and each day on his trip out or in he watered the grass and flowers that he had planted. Mr. Desplain’s labor of love was eventually assumed by the Katahdin Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.”<sup>10</sup>

Thoughtful men informed the general agent of the railroad company in Salt Lake City about the event. He in turn reported the location of the grave to the L.D.S. Church. A statement was placed in the *Deseret News* with the hope of finding some of Rebecca’s kin. Oscar and Mary Ann Winters were making their home with a daughter, Augusta, in Salt Lake City. As Brother Winters read the evening paper he saw the announcement concerning his mother. Augusta had now become the wife of Heber J. Grant, who later became the seventh president of the Church, and Brother Grant answered the notification. Through correspondence the details were confirmed regarding the discovery of the grave of Rebecca Winters. Oscar did not live to see the grave. Death came to him at Provo, Utah, 22 January 1903. He was seventy-eight.

Mrs. Grant and her sisters Delia W. Booth and Susie W. Bennion sent money to the Katahdin Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, to help in the purchasing of the headstone for the grave. The inscription on the marker says:



In Memory of  
REBECCA BURDICK  
Wife of  
HIRAM WINTERS

*She died a faithful Latter-day Saint*  
August 15, 1852  
Aged 50 years

*while making the memorable journey across the plains with her people to find a new home in a far distant Salt Lake Valley. She gave her life for her faith. Her reward will be according to her works.*

This monument  
was erected in 1902,  
her centennial year,  
by her numerous  
descendants in Utah

On the base of the stone is inscribed part of the last verse of "Come Come Ye Saints."

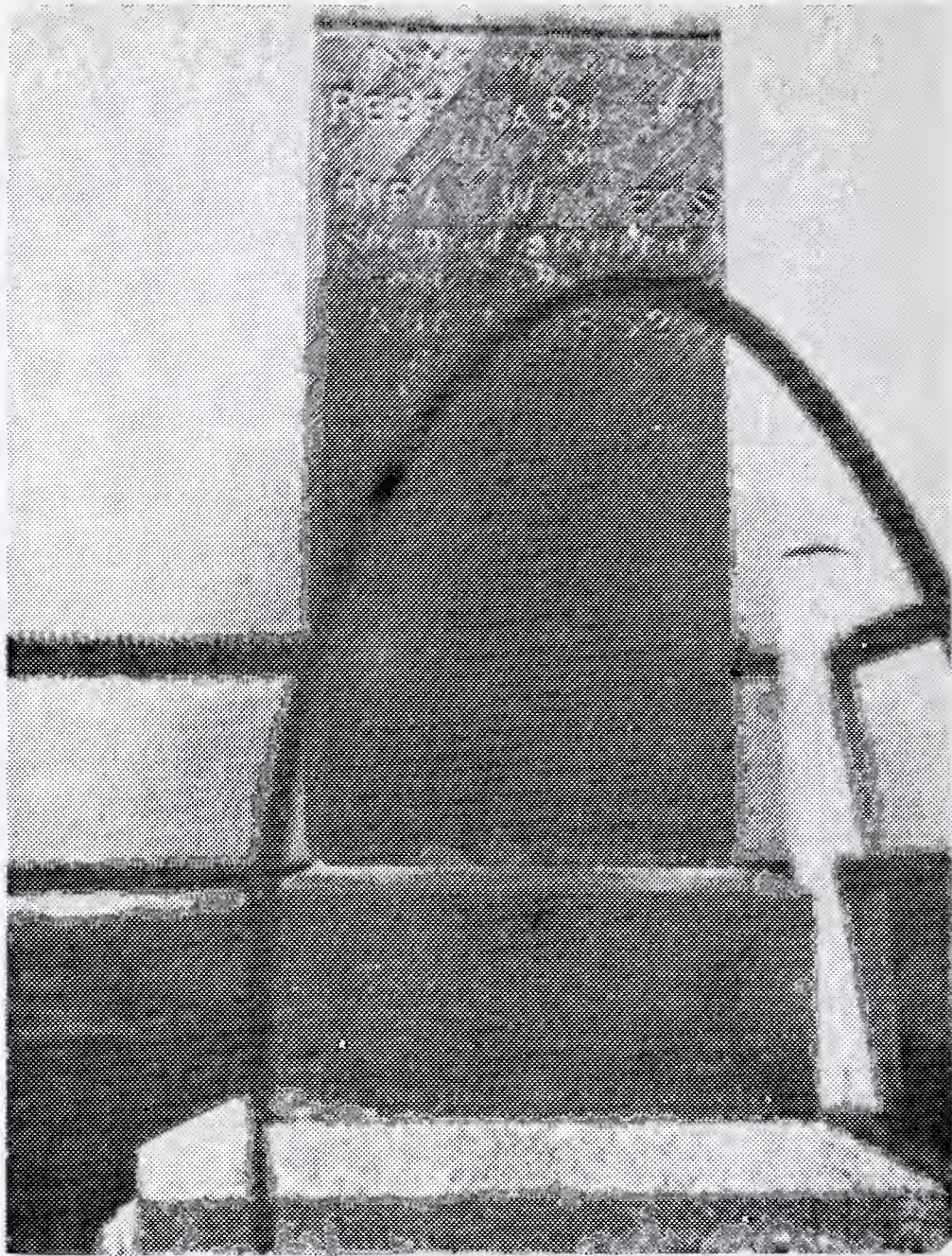
*And should we die before our journey's through,  
Happy day! All is well!  
We then are free from toil and sorrow too;  
With the just we shall dwell!*

The Daughters of the American Revolution, after hearing of the incident, had a memorial service at the graveside in 1922.<sup>11</sup> Some of the historic tours LDS groups have made included a stop at this site.

Many tributes have been given at this shrine since Rebecca Winters symbolizes the struggles of hundreds of pioneers who made the supreme sacrifice while assisting in building a new civilization.

Merling D. Clyde gives in poetic expression the following tribute to Rebecca Winters:





**HEADSTONE OF REBECCA WINTERS**  
near Scottsbluff, Nebraska

### HALLOWED GROUND

*(Rebecca Winters)*

"Oh, Death, where is thy victory?" This plot  
Marked firm by wagon rim speaks proudly here;  
Observe this resting place of pioneer!  
For right to worship as she chose, her lot  
She cast with those who marked an epoch great  
Out west, where freedom with their lives could mate  
Made history in blood to seek their God,  
And fell, like her, a parcel of the sod.  
And when the great steel monster hewed its line  
Across the mountainous range and desert drear,  
Directly where warm rain and bright sunshine  
Caressed the snow from lonely grave each year,  
Great minds debated . . . gave her "Right of Way"  
She sanctified the spot there where she lay."<sup>12</sup>



While riding on the Burlington Railroad one time  
Ann M. McQueen read the history of Rebecca Winters  
in the brochure given guests to read while traveling. She  
mused on the story and composed this verse:

### ON THE OREGON TRAIL

Out on the desert barren and wide  
Watered alone by immigrant tears,  
Upon the Oregon trail she died—  
Rebecca Winters, aged fifty years.

Seeking the land of the storied west—  
Opulent land of gold and fame,  
Leaving her hearthstone warm with the rest,  
Trekking far from the East she came.

Maybe the heart in her bosom died  
For grief of some little grave back home,  
Leaving all for the man at her side—  
For women must follow where men would roam.

'Twas famine or fever or wan despair  
That hushed the cry of her silent breast,  
Close by the trail where the wagons fare  
Rebecca Winters was laid to rest.

Somebody, husband or son or sire,  
Roughly wrought, seeing not for tears,  
This for her grass, on a sunken tire  
"Rebecca Winters, aged fifty years."

Long she lay by the Oregon trail,  
With the sagebrush growing over her head  
And coyotes barked in the moonlight pale  
And wagon trains moved along by the dead.

Till bearing compass and line and chain  
Men came making a way to the west  
Daring the desert's drouth and its pain,  
A dauntless heart in each dauntless breast.

And stumbling into a sagebrush bed  
The lineman read, thru a mist of tears,  
On the wagon tire that marked her head  
"Rebecca Winters, aged fifty years."

“Boys,” said the leader, “We’ll turn aside  
Here close by the trail her grave shall stay  
For she came first—in this desert wide  
Rebecca Winters holds right of way.”

Today the train glides fast to the west  
Rounding the curve where the grave appears,  
A white shaft marking her place of rest.—  
Rebecca Winters, dead fifty years.

Hers is the shaken and turf grown mound  
And the name carved on the stone today  
But the thot—’tis all for the grave unfound.—  
The others who died upon the way.

This monument has become a kind of shrine in memory of pioneer motherhood. Among the thousands of graves . . . this is one of the precious few that has been marked.<sup>13</sup>

Oscar Winters, his wife Mary Ann and his mother-in-law, Mary Ann Frost Stearns Pratt, arrived in Salt Lake City August 1852. When they moved to Pleasant Grove the husband began to farm. Oscar was over six feet tall and he walked straight. He had deep blue eyes and black hair. There was no ambition in him to possess worldly goods. He was gentle, kind, retiring, handsome and full of humor. He adored his wife.

The younger Mary Ann was very amiable. She was sweet in her disposition, kindly, dainty, artistic and a mere five feet one inch tall. She shook all over when she laughed. She could be full of merriment and never make a sound. When grandchildren did not behave she would say, “I’ll get my little rod.” No one took advantage of her although any one of her grandchildren could have picked her up.

Mary Ann had low blood pressure and it was difficult for her to arise each morning. Oscar would return home from the fields in the evening and say, “Mary Ann, I was the last one on the road again this morning.” When a daughter, Delia, grew up she resolved she would let her mother enjoy the luxury of arising when she wished to do so. The eldest daughter “took over” and prepared breakfast for her father. This was the heavy meal of the day and consisted of fruit, cooked cereal, eggs, potatoes boiled



in their jackets, meat and gravy (if there was no meat the gravy was made with salt pork), bread, often hot and cold, jam and the drink. With Delia's skillful managing her father was no longer the last person hitching his horses to the wagon.

Mary Ann was a "born teacher;" she related facts and hers were stories of enchantment no matter what subject she discussed. One of her stories was a tale of dexterity and circumstance which occurred when Parley P. Pratt was a prisoner in Richmond, Missouri. During part of his imprisonment, his wife and children were able to visit their husband and father frequently. Brother Pratt had some very important papers which some members of the mob were trying to locate and destroy. The mob had told the Saints that they were to be out of the country at a certain time. On the 17th of March, 1839, Mary Ann and her little children took leave of the prison after saying goodbye to the father.<sup>14</sup> Parley P. Pratt slipped the papers to his wife and she placed them in a pillow case and pinned the pillow case between her petticoats.

The mob was making confusion outside the prison by shouting threatening statements. Filled with curiosity, young Mary Ann ran to a small window which was on the door of the cell, looked out and saw the disorderly men. A grill covered the window and through the bars of the grill the jailer handed food to the prisoners. This piece of metal fell and hit the child on her arm. She screamed with pain since her lower arm had been broken. The mother, leaving immediately, sailed out of the prison with the papers and the child. As the maternal parent left, her husband called, "Let the truth remain with the people of Maine."

When the child's emergency was over, Mary Ann senior realized that the sentence uttered by her husband meant that she was to take the papers to a man who was a non-member of the church but a close friend to her family. The papers, which I am sorry not to be able to identify, were saved and later included with other church works.

Another outstanding story which Mary Ann related is recorded in the history of Parley P. Pratt. While her

step father was in prison, Mary Ann and her family had made their escape from Far West to Quincy, Illinois, with the aid of Mr. David Rogers. "During this journey they were much exposed to hardships and trouble . . . On crossing a swollen stream, Mrs. Pratt had left the carriage to cross a foot bridge, leaving the children to ride through it. She had just crossed over and turned to look back, to see whether the carriage came through in safety, when she discovered a little girl's bonnet floating down the stream, and, on examination, as the carriage rose to the bank, her daughter, a girl of six years old, was missing from the carriage. The next moment she saw her floating down the swift current. She gave the alarm to Mr. Rogers, the driver, who instantly dropped the reins and sprang after her into the stream . . . Mr. Rogers succeeded in rescuing the child and bringing her safely to shore.

She had . . . pitched head foremost out of the carriage into the water. One of the wheels ran over her, and crushed her fast into the mud at the bottom of the stream; but as it rolled over she caught the spokes with her hands, and by this means the same weight that crushed her down brought her to the surface." <sup>15</sup> Mary Ann told a granddaughter, Elsie B. Brockbank, years later, that during this terrifying time a voice spoke to her slowly and distinctly "Hold on to the spoke, hold on to the spoke." Doing so saved her life.

This wonderful mother of Delia had known the prophet Joseph Smith. Inserted into this history is a copy of a testimony which was originally written in her own hand wherein Mary Ann Winters describes the prophet.

## REMINISCENCES

My first recollection of the Prophet Joseph Smith was in 1836 in Kirtland, Ohio, where I heard him speak



Reminiscences

My first recollection of the Prophet Joseph Smith is in 1836 in Kirtland Ohio - where I heard him speak many times, and my reverence for him was very great - as one who had associated with Angels and Heavenly beings. And on one occasion I heard him explaining to a company of visitors about the Egyptian Mummies that were placed in the upper corridor of the Temple. And after the Church had moved to Missouri I distinctly remember the day that Bro. Joseph was taken prisoner by the mob - and my faith in him was so great that I thought no harm could ~~befall~~ come to my pa who was taken prisoner at the same time - while Bro Joseph and Hyrum were with them. After his release from prison I saw him at Quincy and Commerce cheering and encouraging the saints in their tribulations. Shortly after we arrived in Illinois the Prophet appointed missionaries to go to England. Our family accompanied them. On our return we landed at Nauvoo on the 12 of April 1844. President Snow's company had landed in the morning and ours in the afternoon. Bro Joseph came on the boat - expressing much joy at the safe arrival of so many saints to the land of Zion. While shaking hands with our family, Bro Pratt told him that when he left he had taken three children with them, but they had brought back five - the youngest only seven days old.

Bro Joseph took a chair and drew the little boys on his knees - and said Well - Well Bro Parley you have come home bringing your sheaves with you and the tears coursed down his cheeks. The sympathy was spreading, and Bro Parley with tears of gratitude filling his own eyes responded - Why Bro Joseph if you feel so bad about our coming I guess we will have to go back again. That broke the spell and smiles chased away the tears and by his invitation and with the Prophet in the lead we soon wended our way up to the Mansion House to partake of the hospitality of this great Prophet of Latter Days. After our arrival at Nauvoo I was privileged to hear him preach many times. I heard the great sermon at King Follett's funeral - heard him preach to the Indians - saw him on parade at the head of the Nauvoo Legion - was at meeting when he organized the first Sunday school in the church in the spring of 1844 - and later saw the dead bodies of Joseph the Prophet and Patriarch as they lay in state at the Mansion House and felt the deep gloom that pervaded every heart both young and old of his bereaved followers.

Mary Ann Winters

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of the Prophet and Patriarch as they lay in state at the Mansion House and felt the deep gloom that pervaded every heart both young and old of his bereaved followers.

(Signed) Mary Ann Winters

In October, 1840, Parley P. Pratt and his family departed for England. He was called to be editor of the *Millennial Star*. His family consisted, at this time, of his wife, Mary Ann Frost Stearns Pratt, Mary Ann's sister, Olive Frost and the following three children: Parley Parker, son of Parley's first wife, Thankful Halsey Pratt; Mary Ann's daughter by a former marriage to Nathan Stearns, Mary Ann Stearns; Nathan Pratt, a son of Parley and Mary Ann Pratt.<sup>16</sup>

While in England, Olivia was born to the couple, and the group left England sailing on the "Emerald" 29 October 1842. The ship arrived in New Orleans early January 1843. While enroute north, Susan was born and the family unit arrived in Nauvoo in the spring.<sup>17</sup>

These were the progenitors of Delia Ina Winters Booth. The sacred heritage which she received gives reason to believe that her life, along with those of her ancestors, contains a message of devotion, struggle, and faith to each reader of her biography.

## YOUTHFUL DAYS

Delia Ina Winters was born 16 March 1854, daughter of Oscar and Mary Ann Stearns Winters. She was the oldest child of a family of five girls and three boys—Huldah Augusta, Susie Marion, Mary Ann (Manie), Oscar Lycortas, Nathan (who was named for his grandfather and died when a babe), Arthur Ray and Helen May.<sup>18</sup>

When Delia was nearly four years old her parents thought they would do better if they left Pleasant Grove, Utah, and moved to Sanpete County where her father had relatives and friends. Augusta W. Grant gives an insight into their life here. "The father had never intended to be a teacher, but one winter Bishop William Seeley of Mount Pleasant announced that he was looking for the best 'timber' available for a teacher and called Oscar on

a mission to take the winter school and manage the big boys. As a call of this kind was considered a duty he consented to undertake the task, knowing that his wife would be able to supplement his efforts in fulfilling the scholastic requirements."<sup>19</sup> They were not pleased with the country and after remaining a few years moved their family back to Pleasant Grove. They made a permanent home upon their return to Utah County where the father took up land on the east side of the valley where the Utah Power and Light Company has a power house now. The Winters' lived in town so the children could attend school, but later built a little house on the mountain side. Here they raised a garden, had a cow, a team of horses, chickens and were quite independent.

Being the oldest child, Delia knew what hard work and sacrifice meant. It was her disposition to always do the most, have the least and never have the best. She cooked, washed, scrubbed and sewed for the other children and was always cheerful. Her mother had poor health, so Delia was both the mother and sister for the family.

"This family of pioneer daughters has shared in many of the hardships and experiences of early days, and while they were never really 'without bread' they did lack for many of the 'creature comforts' of life. One winter every article of clothing they wore was made of wool, carded, spun, dyed and woven by their Grandmother Pratt, who was adept in all these pioneer accomplishments, and then fashioned into garments by their mother's deft fingers. They had only the one suit throughout the winter and were put to bed while the garment was washed, dried and ironed."<sup>20</sup>

For a school assignment Elinor Brockbank Brimhall, a granddaughter of Delia Booth, wrote the following story when in her teens describing an early experience of her grandmother.

### A PIONEER CHRISTMAS

In the year 1860, three little girls lived in a pioneer cottage. Their cottage had but one room with a big fireplace, and a loft where the girls slept was reached



by a ladder. It was Christmas eve. Delia was six, Gusta four and Susie, the baby was almost two. It was the first time they had ever been told about Christmas and there was great excitement in the little home.

It was very hard for the little girls to go to bed but finally they were forced to do so; up the ladder to bed went the three little girls. It was sometime before the girls quieted down and went to sleep. Then father, mother and grandmother started to hurry. More love than anything else was put into the preparations, for there was little to be had. Father had whittled three dolls out of wood and grandmother had knit dresses for each doll. These were brought out and put in the tops of each stocking.

For the first time since they left their homes in the east they had some molasses. Mother had made a cake and best of all, on father's last trip to Salt Lake City he had brought some lump sugar.

There were new little stockings and caps knit for each youngster and bright wool dresses which mother had made. Finally everything was quiet and ready, the little home was spick and span and the fire burned low.

In the early dawn of the next morning Gusta opened her eyes then she woke the others. It was Christmas morning and surely by now Santa had been there. They began getting dressed when a shout came from below.

"The first one down gets a prize," called father.

What a scramble! Delia reached the ladder first and started down with Gusta nearly on top of her, then came little Susie crying because the big girls pushed and got ahead of her. She pushed and screamed and in her struggle fell through the hole in the roof where the ladder was placed. Down through the hole she went and with a bump landed on the hard bare floor.

What an uproar, it looked as though the carefully planned Christmas was spoiled. Father picked up the baby.

"Well, well," father said, "it looks as though little Susie beat you all. She was the first one down and she gets the prize."



**PARENTS OF DELIA INA WINTERS BOOTH**



**OSCAR WINTERS**  
about 61 years of age, 1886



**MARY ANN STEARNS  
WINTERS**  
about 60 years of age, 1893

The tears changed to smiles like magic. The prize was a lump of sugar, the first the children had ever seen. While Susie ate hers, the other girls were just as delighted to think that little Susie could beat them.

The girls were all happy, especially with their dolls, the first ones they had ever had. Later, they had a big dinner with baked apples, chicken and many other things such as the pioneers had. That night as the girls went up to bed Delia said, "I wish it was Christmas every day, even if little Susie did get the prize."<sup>21</sup>

Delia was reared in a home which sponsored dignity, culture and love. Her parents showed consideration for



each other and their children. Harsh words were never spoken and peace making was put into the hearts of each member of the family.

The virtues which Delia received helped her to be kind and considerate of all. She could always pour oil on troubled waters. It has been said that the beatitude which described her says, "Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God."

At the age of fifty-seven Delia received the following letter from her mother.

Salt Lake City, March 16, 1911

My Darling Precious Daughter Delia,

Your birthday is at the door again and I surely do not forget it. Those days were the beginning of my life work, and happy days they were too, straightened circumstances did not count. I had my lover and my baby, health, and strength, and life before me. What more could I ask? And if those joyous days ever return to me, it will be Heaven indeed. And those were not all, for every precious head that pillowed on my bosom brought like happiness and joy to my heart, and I feel as I dreamed Helen said to me, "Ma you're a blessed woman," and I haven't seen anyone whose children have given them more joy and less trouble than mine.

I feel as if I never could do enough to express my gratitude for these inestimable blessings to a mother. And as I look back on this long path, and see the many crooked places I have made, I wonder if I can ever straighten them. I hope I can. And what I owe to you my darling daughter, none but you, and I, and our Heavenly Father will ever know. But one thing I do know, that every good deed has its reward, and let it always be a comfort to you, that your many, many good deeds have earned the reward, and you will surely receive them.

And now my dear Delia, I think of you so much and all you have done for me in my past sickness and distress. I can never tell all I owe to you my darling daughter. All have been good to me but yours has been different from all the rest, and a help that none else could give, I can never reward you in this life, only by my great gratitude, and love unbounded.

Your labors in our family have been like the mustard stalk, that will spring up and spread and grow throughout Eternity. Loves labor is never lost and surely we all appreciate you more than we can ever tell. My one regret is that I cannot manifest my gratitude to you in some grand way, that would be fitting to your loving ministrations. And your dear father fully appreciated your unselfish

life work in the bosom of our family, as one of the loving members and an example to help them all to be worthy. I bless you my dear daughter for all your loving helpfulness, and I trust the burdens you lifted from me will make your own seem lighter in the time to come.

Sacrifice brings forth the blessings of Heaven, and I know that you, my dear, have sacrificed yourself for the happiness and comfort of others, many, many times and oft, and while it has been noted here it will be more fully appreciated "when the mists have rolled away." I would love to be with you on your birthday, but hope you will be well and happy anyway.

A letter has just this minute come from Heber saying he will leave Germany the eighth of April, and Susie is busy writing a few lines, or he will not get it before he leaves. You know the stress they are in. I will shorten my letter so to send it uptown to post by them (Susie and Mary) or I am afraid it will not be a birthday letter. I am feeling pretty good for a while now, and hope it will continue on. With blessings and love untold, from your mother, to her first born darling.

Mary Ann Winters

## TEACHING SCHOOL

Delia's daughters Delilah Adams and Elsie Brockbank gave the following description of their maternal parent. "By the time mother reached maturity she stood five feet five inches. Her hair was very dark brown and she had an aristocratic nose. Grey, almond shaped eyes were not large but were noticed because of their softness. She had small pretty ankles; she took small steps and moved gracefully. Artistic fingers, thin and long, delicately held up the front side of her dress when she walked. Her step was stately, her posture excellent and her figure was well proportioned. The manner she possessed was quiet and sedate. She has been remembered for her quality of being modest. A Winters could laugh and not make a sound so mother's laughter was often not audible. Mother received this refinement from her mother. The Stearns family came from New England—Mary Ann being born in Maine where culture for ladies included being well mannered and dainty. Mother knew how to eat soup long before Emily Post's etiquette was recorded. She was indeed a lady and she stood out in an age of pioneers."



Delia desired to have mental refinement too. She was determined to have an education and at an early age became interested in books and magazines. She attended school in Pleasant Grove and was one of the first normal graduates of the University of Utah. A newspaper article has been preserved which pictures six class members and two veteran instructors of the graduation class of 1877. The group was planning a reunion in 1927 and the gathering marked the fiftieth anniversary of the class which at the time of graduation numbered twenty-three students. It was believed that eleven survivors would attend the reunion: R. A. Allen, Kingston, Utah; Edward H. Anderson, Salt Lake City; David Butler, Payson; Mrs. Jennie Booth Lane, Forsythe, Montana; Mary H. Heywood Sevey, Salt Lake City; Sarah Ellen Langton Barber, Logan; Eliza Slade Bennion, Salt Lake City; Augusta Winters Grant, Salt Lake City; Delia Winters Booth, Provo; and Lorenzo Waldram, Rexburg, Idaho.

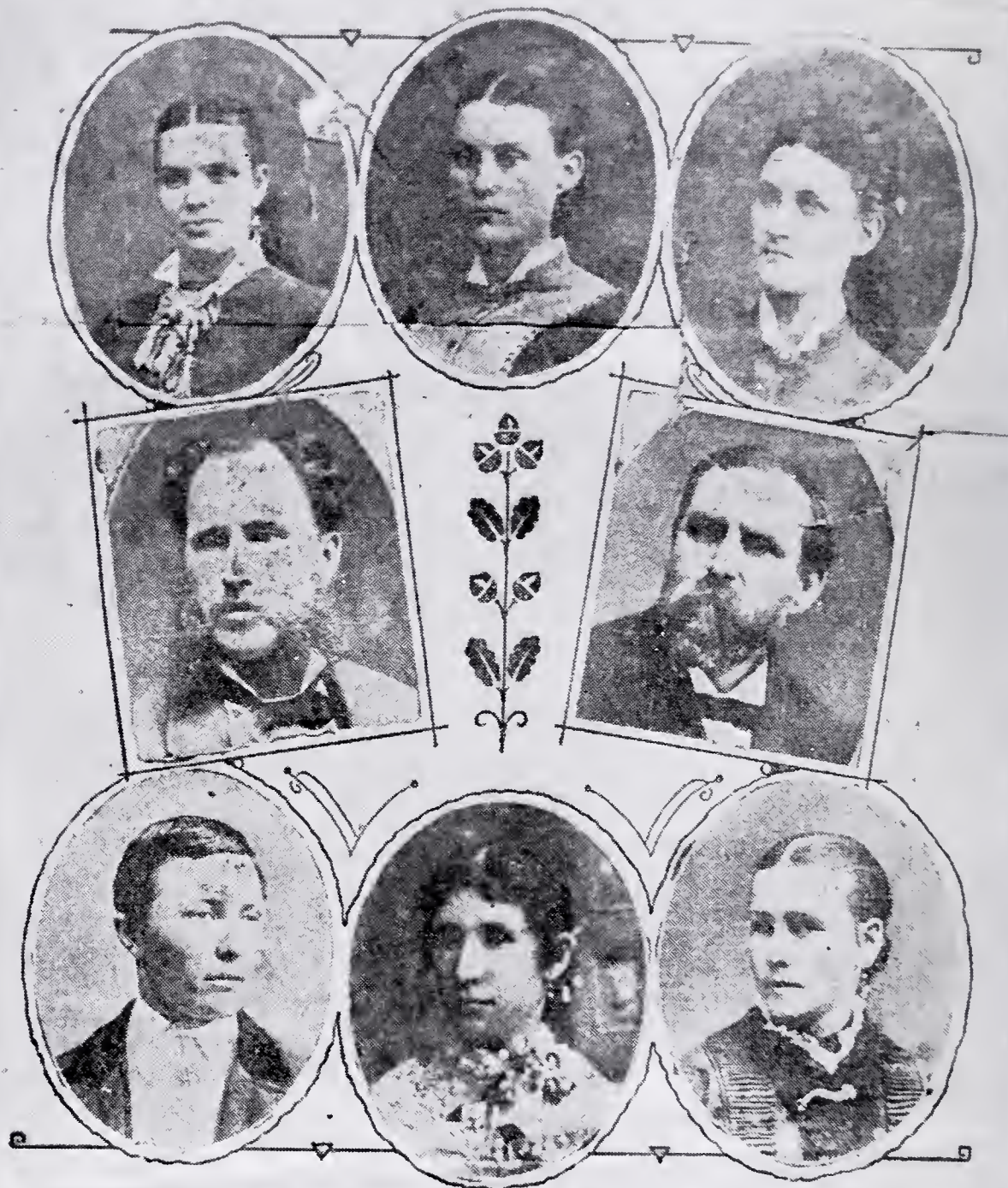
In the newspaper account the program for the event was outlined and this interesting fact was related: "This class was given free tuition at the University for agreeing to teach in the public schools of the territory for at least three years following graduation, which all did, and this group is largely responsible for the high standard of education available here in territorial days."<sup>22</sup>

Delia also attended the Brigham Young Academy when Karl G. Maeser was president and after finishing at the Academy she taught in String Town, which is now Lindon, Utah, and in Pleasant Grove, Utah. As was the custom at this early date Delia had mixed grades and only one book. The beginners would read the first few pages and the second class the next few and so on until the older students would study toward the end of the text. Miss Winters provided many entertainments and plays for her students which proved to be a great success. Many girls and boys in her room were much older than she, yet never were they made to feel inferior but were encouraged to keep faith in themselves. She was never known to make a pupil feel embarrassed or out of place.

One year in her mixed grades she had a group of large, uncouth, rough, unruly tall boys who were several



**U. OF U. NORMAL GRADUATES OF 1877  
WILL MEET IN REUNION ON JUNE 6**



Above are six of the surviving members of the University of Utah graduating class of 1877 together with two veteran instructors of fifty years ago. They are: Top row (left to right) Miss Jennie Booth, now Mrs. Jessie B. Lane, who is here from California for the commencement exercises; Miss Delia Winters, now Mrs. Della W. Booth of Provo; and Miss Augusta Winters, now Mrs. Heber J. Grant. Center row, the two instructors, Captain F. M. Bishop and the late Dr. John R. Park; below, Edward H. Anderson, now editor of the Mutual Improvement Era; Eliza Slade, now Mrs. A. E. Bennion, who is shown in her wedding dress at 50 years ago; and Sarah Ellen Langton, now Mrs. George Barber of Logan. All other surviving members of the class of fifty years ago including B. A. Allen, Kingston; David Butler, Payson; Mary H. Heywood Sever, Salt Lake; and Lorenzo Waldram, Bexburg, are expected to be present at the commencement exercises. Captain Bishop is also scheduled to be there.

**REPRINT FROM THE DESERET NEWS, 4 JUNE 1927 —** Top row, left to right: Miss Jennie Booth, now Mrs. James R. Lane, California, sister-in-law of Delia Booth; Miss Delia Winters, now Mrs. John E. Booth, Provo; Miss Augusta Winters, now Mrs. Heber J. Grant, Salt Lake City, sister of Delia Booth. Center row, left to right: two instructors: Captain F. M. Bishop, and the late Dr. John R. Park. Lower row, left to right: Edward H. Anderson, Eliza Slade, now Mrs. A. E. Bennion; Miss Sarah Ellen Langton, now Mrs. George Barber, Logan.



years her senior. She realized she would need help from a higher source than herself. She was spiritual and prayed to the Lord for help in handling her young adults. One evening while troubled with her problem she read in the New Testament to fast in secret and the Lord would reward openly.<sup>23</sup> She prayed and fasted fervently and strength and wisdom came to her while she was in her class room. At the end of the year it was customary to hold a program for parents and school officials. One school trustee said, "Miss Winters has been one of the most successful teachers we have had. She has been successful in teaching the three R's and she has taught her students to be respectful, polite and obedient. She has brought culture into the school room."

All of the Winters girls taught, as did their mother. Sometimes wages were paid by the barter method. It was amusing to the daughters to recall some of the items taken in payment for their services, when money was very scarce. One father had nothing to offer in payment for academic instruction but two little pigs; he was sending two little girls to school. The tuition was three dollars for each quarter; the pigs were three dollars apiece, so the transaction balanced. Brother Winters took care of the pigs for his daughters and they came out all right too. Another time a father gave the teacher a hive of bees. Brother Winters came to the rescue again and these bees "multiplied and increased and swarmed until there were twenty hives."<sup>24</sup>

The teaching efforts of Oscar Winters' family aided the young people of Pleasant Grove and adjoining towns. Early private home teachers included Mary Ann Winters and her daughters. In March of 1865 a new school house was completed which soon outgrew its capacity. Mary Ann Winters took the younger children into her home<sup>25</sup> and Delia aided her mother in instructing them. The clean soft dirt of the door yard made an excellent surface for writing, figuring and map making. During the years of 1877-84 Delia Winters and her friend Pauline E. (Lide) Brown were teachers and friends. These persons were apt, skillful and creative and won the love and confidence of their pupils and their parents.





**EARLY TEACHERS IN PLEASANT GROVE, UTAH — Pauline E. (Lide) Brown, left, and Delia Winters.**

## **SOUTHWORTH HALL**

After spending several years in the teaching profession Delia moved to Provo in 1884 and wished to develop another talent. She became interested in oil painting and took lessons from Utah artists John Hafen, John Fairbanks and Alfred Lambourne. Her work developed well and she received many words of praise. She painted one picture of worth of the old saw mill in American Fork Canyon where her future husband had worked at an earlier date to earn money with which to attend B.Y.U.

To help pay for her lessons in painting she opened a students' boarding house for boys in downtown Provo on the north east corner of first west and center street. The building was called "Southworth Hall" and she was



successful in this business. She was an excellent cook and one of her most popular breads for breakfast was hot bran muffins made of buttermilk with "a touch" of soda as the leavening.

She was kind to all the poor, timid and sick. When the boys would have a cold or any ailment sufficient for them to be bedfast, Delia felt so tender toward them she served a most effective remedy—a bowl of graham flour porridge. The aches and pains on the outside from head to foot, were taken care of not by a physician, but by Delia's hot water footbathes and mustard plasters. If time went on and no improvement was noticed more drastic medicine was used. A dose of Asafoetida and/or olive oil with Golden seal were taken inwardly from a large silver "medicine spoon." In a few days, if no obvious change for the better was noticed the student was taken home to live or die as Providence would see fit.

"Mother," said Delilah, "helped these young men during their illness with the all-purpose salve she made for home use. Grandmother Mary Ann Frost Stearns Pratt made in her mature years, a home-made product in the form of salve which was a cure-all for every hurt and abrasion. Hers was a recipe handed down from mother to daughter for generations. It was truly magic and was the prescription for many physical troubles. It stood higher in rank than a Watkins or Rawleigh product; and the astonishing thing about it was that it never left a scar of any kind where it had been applied. We marvel now at the results of this wonder drug salve. No one kept the recipe nor can we remember just what made the cure-all so remarkable but it surely healed the troubled parts which were infected.

"Several of the students who frequented Southworth Hall had come to school from western homes and uncultured environments. Young fellows who had herded cattle on the open range for years came to board—speaking loudly and ignoring table manners. Young men who were naturally unpolished came stamping into the dining room. Mother said that most of the young rough boys changed into sophisticated well-mannered students by spring. At

the end of one school term mother received a personal letter from Brother Maeser, President of Brigham Young Academy, congratulating her on the fine discipline and care in cooking she maintained for the western book learners.”

Following is a copy of a letter written in long hand by Brother Maeser requesting placement for a teacher in the boarding house.

Principal's Office

### BRIGHAM YOUNG ACADEMY

Provo City, Utah Aug. 29, 1884

Miss Delia Winters

B. Y. A. Boardinghouse.

Hereby I introduce to you Bro. G. Lara, our teacher of Spanish and Drawing. I desire him to board at your place and have a supervision of your gentlemen student boarders. Please assign him the southeast room for him alone, if possible, claiming so much of privilege for him.

Respectfully,

Karl G. Maeser (signed)

Delia cooked, supervised and served many alumni banquets, wedding suppers, and town and church dinners. She made and decorated a five-tier wedding cake for Rose Young Stewart. It was unusual, at this time, to see a cake so large and tiered so high. It won the admiration of the bride's family and friends.

When not busy with her boarders, Delia worked with her art specialties. Painting with oils and water colors became a life-long hobby. At the age of seventy-five she painted in oil the old Booth home at Alpine, Utah, which is reproduced in her husband's history.

### DELIA'S PROPOSAL

Maria Harvey, wife of John E. Booth, and Delia Winters were best of friends. Delia was often a guest in the Booth home. The women visited each other almost daily and had hours of informal chats and confidential discussions. Once during a serious conversation Maria said to Delia, "If my husband ever takes another wife you



would be my choice.” Several years later, October, 1884, Maria passed away leaving four young children.

In May 1885 Delia came to Provo from Pleasant Grove to visit a girl friend Lide Brown who was attending B.Y.U. Delia came with the additional purpose of buying a new spring hat to wear to quarterly stake conference which was to be held in Provo. Some church authorities from Salt Lake City would be at conference and this occasion called for everyone to appear in his best attire. Delia went alone to purchase the hat. By nature she was careful with her money and modest in her dress. She found on the rummage shelf a hat that had nothing in its favor except the price—fifty cents. She wasn't too satisfied with the purchase but still she felt good because she had saved some money.

When she arrived at the home of her hostess her friend gave one look at the purchase and rejected the object. Lide took Delia and the hat back to the store and exchanged the drab, dull, dark headdress for a spring bonnet of straw. Dainty pink and blue flowers adorned a narrow brim. A soft bow of blue ribbon was attached to the base of the crown and the hat was held securely to the head by an eight-inch long hat pin. All of this softness, when placed on Delia's head, added beauty to the young maiden's face.

Delia and Lide went to church for the morning session at ten o'clock and the hat did the trick. John Edge took the girls for a buggy ride after the service. He took Delia for a ride in the evening and proposed to her when he took her home. Later he told her that when he looked down from the pulpit and saw her, the hat she had on formed a beautiful frame for her face and her countenance seemed to be angelic.

Delia was religious and trusted the Lord for guidance in her marriage. One night soon after she received her proposal she dreamed that she was climbing down a steep mountain which was difficult and dangerous. She was tired and frightened and as she looked ahead of her rugged path she saw John E. coming toward her. In a gentle manner he helped her down. They arrived safely at the base of

the mountain and were soon home and happy. This experience was always held as an assurance that each was meant for the other for life and eternity. They were wed in the Logan Temple on the 22 June 1887.

While John E. was in the Northwestern States Mission, Delia sent him a letter; the contents of which show the friendliness which she had for him and his family.

Pleasant Grove, Utah  
April 29, 1884

Pres. J. E. Booth

Dear Friend:

Very unexpectedly I am back again in the little school house, not on, but under the hill. When I went away it was thought there would be no more school for the rest of this school year. I had made arrangements for taking a term of lessons in painting, worked one day and on returning home found a letter saying that the trustees wanted me to begin school on Monday and that was Saturday. I don't remember ever finding duty conflict with inclination so much as it did in giving up the study of painting.

Although I was in Salt Lake during conference I might as well have been anywhere else for I was so indisposed as to be unable to attend any of the meetings. But before that the time was spent pleasantly in various ways. I went to hear Patti of course, and found all my imagination had pictured more than realized. Besides her charms of voice she possessed such winning ways that none could fail to admire; but of course you have heard all about that before now.

We went to a farewell party for some of the missionaries Bros. Marvin Sheets, Moroni Pratt and Ed. Wooley were present all going to Great Britain. The next evening we went to a party at Sister Pratt's given in honor of the return of her son Wilson from a mission to Mexico; and I think the latter occasion ever so much more pleasant than the former.

Your letter of Apr. 4th came duly to hand which was not the case with all the letters sent to the Salt Lake post office. Some I have received since returning home and the one telling of the death of Georgia we did not get at all so that it was more than a week after before we heard of it. It was a severe trial for Pauline as a separation from loved ones by the hand of death must always be. I often think of one of the sweet songs my cousin Ella used to sing. "He doeth all things well," and perhaps if we could look into the future we might understand it so.

So far my home has not been afflicted with diphtheria but when it first broke out the quarantine regulations were so strict that no meetings or gatherings of any kind were allowed and people were



requested to stay in their homes as much as possible. This restriction and the sympathy felt for those bereaved caused it to be a very gloomy time.

May 8th. I was under the necessity of laying my letter aside unfinished and since then my mother has been very sick and that with my school duties left room for nothing else.

She is better now.

Your description of the beautiful place you visited agrees with what I have imagined Minnesota would be with its numerous rivers and eight thousand lakes to lend their beauty. The great Mississippi and extensive prairies are quite different from what we see in these mountain walled vales. But I sometimes think it cannot outrival our mountain scenery as it is sometimes presented with the varying lights and colors that sunsets give it. I remember staying at the school house one evening until sundown. Soon as I walked along the full moon rose from the highest peak of snow into the deep blue sky. In the west the indescribable lights that have lately made their appearance lighted the sky nearly to the zenith mingling their crimson and gold with the pale light of the moon. I never saw a more sublime scene.

Bro. Harvey has come in to see Ana and tells us he has a fine grandson in Provo. Accept my congratulations.

As ever your friend,

Delia

P.S. My ink bottle has been replenished, but I do not know that it will prevent a waste of paper for I think it is worse than blank after I have disfigured it with ink. D.

## THE FARM

After her marriage Delia lived in two different homes in Provo, then moved into the large family home at 59 West 5th North, 1 January 1901. She began immediately after her honeymoon to rear Maria's children, three girls and a boy. She had two sons and two daughters. On 21 May 1888 James Milton was born, Delilah Maria joined the family 7 January 1890, Elsie Vernessa came into the group 12 April 1894 and Edwin Winters was welcomed into their home 11 June 1896.

Delia was an excellent cook and her family and friends gathered often to her table to enjoy eating her tasty meals. Guests were always welcomed and all of the eight children came home after marriage to make their home for a short or long duration.

*[Faint, illegible handwritten text, likely a letter.]*

**LETTER TO JOHN E. BOOTH** from Delia Winters while he was on a mission to Minnesota in 1884.

The step children gave their Aunt Delia love and appreciation. Many times they were more thoughtful and gracious to her than was the younger family.

Besides doing so much for their step mother, Maria's children were very good to their younger brothers and sisters. The kindness of the first family will always be remembered by Delia's children.

"Until 1905," said Elsie, "We always spent our summers at the old farm at Edgewood. A large, one room log house with a bowery shed covered with green cottonwood branches was our home. There was a cook stove under





**SIX CHILDREN OF J. E. BOOTH — (Photo taken about 1892)**  
**Back row: Vienna, Harvey and Rowena; front row: Milton, Josephine and Delilah.**

the bough where mother prepared our meals and our table was surrounded by assorted chairs and benches which stood in the door yard.

“Around 1900 mother had a frame room built onto the cabin. The new appendage was filled with beds and the old log room became our living room. No one could make a room look any more inviting than mother. I can still remember the feeling of quiet, peace and beauty that enveloped me as I went into the cool, lovely annex. Mother covered the entire floor with a home-made rag carpet, sewed in strips and it was placed over straw which gave



a bouncy feeling when we stepped on it which was nicer than walking on foam rubber. The deep windows were curtained with thin pink fabric and the couch, which was placed under the windows, was covered with flowered calico which had the same pink in its pattern as the curtains. We ate on a large table which was in the center of the room when it was stormy or we desired to be more formal.

“I nearly said we ate there when we had company—but there was always company. Those were the days of visitors. The Heber J. Grants, James E. Talmages, William Freemans, Owen Woodruffs, Heber Bennions and Oscar Winters were some of our guests. It took hours to travel from Salt Lake City to Provo and when our friends and relatives arrived they stayed for a week or a month.

“Joseph B. Keeler was a neighbor and friend of my parents. He erected a tent with a floor and built boards up for more secure sidings on his shelter—which was a few yards from our house. His large family spent summers near us. Those months were sheer enchantment.

“Looking back I wonder how mother managed. Let me tell you what one of her elegant dinners involved. First she had to go and dig the little new red potatoes, then she picked the luscious green fresh peas and shelled them. If we had meat a chicken had been picked, cleaned and cooked. Otherwise a little salt pork was cooked and then milk gravy was made—it was divine. The strawberries had to be picked for the shortcake—and what shortcake! Her pastry was made with cream and butter and the light, tender, crisp, flaky biscuits melted in a person’s mouth. All of this preparation was only part of the meal. While doing these tasks the fire had to be kept burning with chips and sticks of contrary cottonwood which usually refused to burn. How did she do it?

“Mother was always famous for her cooking and at the farm she was at her best. Buttermilk pancakes greeted us for breakfast. Our dinners consisted of fresh garden vegetables and supper time drew us to the table for home-made bread and milk that had been kept in the spring of water in a bucket.

“I neglected to say that all of the water which was used to wash the vegetables, as well as for every other thing,



had to be carried up a little steep hill from a spring near the house. Each pan of hot water was heated on the old slow-burning stove.

“We used to help protestingly when picking peas or strawberries. Often, I guess, it was easier for mother to do this dreary work without us children to help. Most of the time we, with our cousins and friends, spent our heavenly time making a play house under the trees, building castles in an old dirt roof on a nearby cellar, swimming, or, for me, reading in the seclusion of a fragrant willow arbor.

“In 1905 Father bought a tract of land west of this home and for years that was known as ‘The Farm’ and the caretaker lived in the old log house. Here mother again went to work. The house was furnished with little money but exquisite taste. Here in a little circle in the front yard she had a flower garden. Such flowers—a variety of many and especially sweet peas, hollyhocks, and moss roses. The blooms had their thirst relieved from water carried from a ditch in buckets many steps from the house. It was the task of each child to carry so many buckets each day. The company moved with ‘Aunt Delia,’ the good food continued to grace our table and the summers at the new farm were as celestial as before.”

## THE BAKERY BUILDING

“There was a structure west of our residence which we called the bakery,” said Delilah and Elsie. “It was originally a dwelling house consisting of a front room or namely the parlor, dining room, a kitchen with a pantry and one bedroom. If more beds were needed as the family and friends grew the pantry provided space for a single bed where three small children or two grown folks could retire. If more beds were needed when company came to visit, the spacious floor of the parlor was converted into a barracks where single or double beds were erected.

“Father had the house built in 1894 for his widowed sister Hannah B. Hunter and her four children. After two or three years Aunt Hannah decided to move back to Alpine, Utah, to the old Booth home where living was not

complicated and hazardous. After Aunt Hannah vacated the abode mother decided the residence could be turned into a business establishment. And business establishments she did have! She had many moments of crisis and received criticism time and again but with all of her projects there was a sincere underlying reason for her attempts to begin industries, co-ops, bakeries, etc. She had an intense desire to help the worthy poor, the undernourished and the uneducated. During her entire life she had hopes, said prayers and spent a great amount of effort for the benefit of unfortunate persons. She tried many ventures and had many failures. One friend said that it was not surprising that chaos came with each undertaking. She usually dealt with a motley crew.

“In one way she was a forerunner in her efforts to organize the Latter-day Saint welfare plan. She wanted people to be self sufficient and tried the patience of her family and friends in her efforts to achieve her goal. A nephew, Owen Woodruff said, ‘Aunt Delia was ahead of her time. She was smarter than many of her contemporaries because she was the first to do this and that.’ ”

## BAKERY BREAD

In 1900 Delia started a work project to assist persons who needed financial help. She also desired to provide inexpensive, good home-made bread for mothers with large families, and so the bakery project was begun. A large oven six by eight feet was purchased which baked fifty loaves of bread at one time. Big bins were secured in which to mix the bread. Yeast cakes were bought by the dozens, flour was delivered to the bakery in fifty pound sacks and large trays were acquired on which the loaves of dough were baked. A small investment went into the procuring of four long working tables. Three young college boys were hired, at the approved price of ten cents per hour, to mix the dough and deliver the bread.

The fire in a big black stove was made an hour before baking time. The wood fire was placed right on the bottom of the oven and when the fire was good and roaring the doors of the oven were closed and left until all of the wood had burned to live red “coals.” With a long stove



poker the "coals" were distributed over the oven to make even heat so the bread would bake and brown beautifully.

When the temperature outside and inside of the oven was just right the white and whole wheat dough was kneaded into well-shaped loaves. The loaves were put in tins and placed in the red hot oven. The doors were then shut air tight. For one hour all was quiet while the delicious odor of baking bread filled the air within the vicinity.

At the appointed time, as though the loaves knew the moment, the bread doubled in size. A golden brown crust covered the article of food and the bread had as smooth a texture and as delicious a flavor as any bread could take on.

The news went out very fast that the bread was done. Persons with children, baskets and five cents for each loaf steadily came to "Aunt Delia's" for the fresh loaves of home-made bread to be eaten at the evening meal—known as supper.

In the summer with refrigeration unknown, sometimes the bread would rise too quickly and the oven would not be the correct temperature. Then the paid help and the family members had to mix and remix the dough down by hand to keep the yeast bubbles from becoming too light and airy. If the dough were not treated in this fashion the warm air made the dough sour and it had to be thrown to the chickens and pigs.

At one time Edith Young Booth was tending children for Leah Dunford Widtsoe. When Mrs. Widtsoe returned home from a meeting she realized she had no bread for supper. "How wonderfully convenient," she said to young Edith, "to be able to buy bread." Since it was baking day at "Aunt Delia's" bakery, she hurriedly put her baby Anne and Edith into the buggy and drove over to pick up the newly baked bread. When they stepped inside the building there lay, stretched out on the long tables, fifty large, golden loaves of bread that had turned sour.

The price of the bread was always so low that soon the bakery was closed because of insufficient funds. "Aunt Delia" had forgotten to add the price of the labor in the expense account. Bankruptcy came to the bakery industry but new ideas still grew in Delia's mind and more checks were written by the Judge.

## THE SILK WORM INDUSTRY

Delilah recalls that one of her mother's early ventures—the raising of silk worms, came as a request from the General Board of the Relief Society. A few years after Brigham Young organized the industry it lost popularity. In an effort to retain this enterprise President A. O. Smoot of Utah Stake joined other local leaders and organized a meeting, in 1880, to reorganize the business under the name of The Utah Stake Silk Association. Zina Huntington Young, president of the Relief Society of the church had been set apart by Brigham Young to instruct the women throughout the state. Under her leadership Margaret Smoot, president of the Utah Stake Relief Society and wife of President A. O. Smoot began the work.<sup>26</sup> By 1900 the association had flourished and waned. Delia was asked to lend support to the semi-cultural art in 1902. She would not let a call from the church go unheeded.

Delilah remembers that her mother began immediately the tiresome never-ending process of raising silk worms. It was said that each worm ate its weight one hundred times before it matured. The youngsters around the neighborhood found this to be true. At first all of the crew would go in a buggy pulled by one horse to gather the mulberry leaves once a week. That schedule kept the worms alive and vigorous and their healthy appetites increased. As the wiggling creatures grew, the laborers increased their working hours until they were drudgingly going out every day to find food for the caterpillars. The insects continued growing and soon the buggy was replaced by a small wagon and this conveyance was changed for a big double bed wagon or hay rack—and the worms ate on and on. Many rows of mulberry trees were planted south of the Provo cemetery and along the foot of Temple Hill which is now University Hill. It took such a long time for the horse to move to the destination. It took still longer to pick the leaves.

“At the first part of the experiment,” said Delilah, “mother would have us gather enough leaves to last over Sunday as she strictly believed in keeping the Sabbath day, but the worms ate unceasingly. As time went on the appetites of the little creatures increased because they increased



in size—from pin point size to six or eight inches in length. By the time they were half grown they cared nothing for the special day called the Sabbath—set aside for rest.

“Mother converted the little house next door, known as the Bakery into the silk worm industry. First she had about fifty trays made by a Mr. Fisher, a tinner by trade. Each tray was twenty-six inches square. Onto the trays mother spread newspapers and then she scattered the minute black larvae onto the papers. A single moth laid two or three hundred eggs so there were plenty of eggs. In a week the germs hatched into tiny white silk worms. Constant care had to be used in rearing them, and strict attention paid to ventilation and temperature. The worms had to have plenty of room and be kept perfectly clean or they would become sick.

“A caterpillar worm cast its skin four times during its growth. During moulting each worm had to be watched more closely than ever. If unable to shed a skin it had to be helped by human hands. Before each change the worm ceased to eat and had to be left undisturbed and free from noise.<sup>27</sup> After each casting the hunger of the worms was terrific! The noise from their incessant eating was like rain falling on empty tin cans. Aunt Edith Y. Booth said she remembers walking into the ‘plant’ one day and the racket the worms made collectively sounded like an old type threshing machine. As they ate the mulberry leaves the worms constantly moved to the edge of the tray. When about to slip over the edge, mother would gently shake them back to the center of their environment. We never realized such tiny living things could cause so much slave labor. For six wearisome, laborious, tedious, slow-moving weeks we had to gather nourishment for the creatures.

“Many nights mother stayed up all night to care for and feed the worms. The family meals, house, laundry, husband and children were neglected—while the worms ate and ate and had the attention of mother. One evening one of the boys, age six, said to his sister Elsie, ‘Don’t you wish we were silk worms, Els?’ ‘Why?’ asked Elsie. ‘So Ma would feed us,’ came his answer.

“After six weeks the creeping, pale-greenish animals had developed, spun their cocoons and died. We put them

into big flour sacks and dunked the sacks into boiling water. Sometimes the contents were placed in the hot oven. This process killed the larvae inside the cocoon. If allowed to grow this larvae would break the thread length of the silk. The sacks were then dried and delivered to the General Board of the Relief Society free of cost."

Shawls, handkerchiefs, yarn and thread were made from the silk of this industry. Zina Huntington Young and her daughter Zina Young Card attended the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893. Each person wore a beautiful dress made from local silk.<sup>28</sup>

## BOARDERS

"One project mother had," her daughters recalled, "which lasted all of her working life was her vital interest in people and their welfare. She spent time, effort and money to try to aid persons to be happier.

"Because mother was an excellent cook, boarders were ever present in our home. Around the big kitchen table were different youths all eager to enjoy the tasty dishes mother prepared. Surrounding the table—always hungry and always trying to eat more than they should for health or decency were the big stature farmer boys. They were used to food fresh every day from the gardens on their farms. They had worked hard most of their lives and were used to eating quantities of good food.

"By contrast there were the girls on diets, who would desire to reduce their hips, etc., and would just mince and complain.

"There were the sickly who loved to eat but always had a bad case of indigestion after meals. The pain could not be cured with bicarbonate of soda so these persons had to take an hour after each meal to chew peppermint gum while reclining.

"The city-bred, husky young men never had enough viands to satisfy their hungry appetites. They would usually take three or four servings of food prepared for the table and then 'piece' between meals.

"It is not saying too much to record that mother was one of the best chefs in the area. Her sour cream hot



cakes never were equalled. Her strawberry shortcake was never surpassed and all else she prepared as physical nourishment was at the top of the prize list. Some persons have a green thumb with plants; our mother had a golden touch for cookery.

“To all of these boarders we were kind and the days and weeks and months rolled on into years. The satisfying returns came when the paid and unpaid guests and boarders wrote loving notes of appreciation for the delicious food they had enjoyed at ‘Uncle John’s’ home with ‘Aunt Delia’ as the cook.”

### THE BEE HIVE LAUNDRY

“Sometime,” said Delia’s daughters, “during the years of the bakery bread, silk worm industry and the interminable boarders there sprang up overnight in mother’s mind of adventures the golden idea of converting a molasses mill into a cooperative laundry. This community laundry was organized so family washings could be done with less drudgery and expense than was experienced at home.

“The site this time was situated on the northeast corner of Twelfth North and First East in Provo. Every natural resource of waterpower, electricity, location, buildings and grounds contributed to the enterprise. A running stream ran through a big water wheel. The wheel diverted the water into the primitive kitchen where a more primitive laundry was set up.

“An old couple, Brother and Sister Wilford Poulson who looked as if they were in their eighties and moved around as if in their nineties, were willing to take on the new venture with mother’s ideas and father’s money.

“It was ‘bring and come’ for the person’s clothes to save delivery, time and money. While customers were saving delivery, time and money, not enough money was charged for the labor, soap and water, so the enterprise was short lived. The people who had their washing done for a very small sum were sorry to see the laundry close down because of lack of funds. The natural resources were unused for many years. Now the Brigham Young University has a million-dollar men’s dormitory erected on the property.”

## RAISING CHICKENS

"It has been said that in the spring a young man's fancy turns to love, but for our mother," said her daughters, "in the spring mother's fancy turned to the raising of chickens. The first time she tried this project she read the many 'for sale' ads in the local paper. Many hatcheries had attractive write-ups advertising healthy, fluffy, baby chicks for sale. The ad which caught mother's eye said that one hundred real live baby chicks would be guaranteed on delivery from Logan.

Immediately the money was sent and in due time the baby fowl were on their way to the home. As the daughters stated facetiously, "Upon arriving in Provo it was discovered that half the birds were dead, one third were sick, one third were lame, one third were halt and the rest were on their feet. With tender care, during night and day shifts, the few who lived became in number—one hen and ten roosters.

"A refund was desired for the departed number who could never reach maturity, but it was found upon investigation that the hatchery was located in Logan, Indiana, two thousand miles away; not, as had been thought, Logan, Utah, which was one hundred miles away. The guarantee was revoked because of the long distance to the western states and mother had not read the small print in the ad.

"True as it may be that a man's fancy turns to love each spring, mother's fancy was never curbed and each spring for twenty years chickens were delivered to the Booth home.

"The season began for the forthcoming year when the last rooster was in the pot at Christmas. The catalogues would begin to arrive by parcel post and first class mail right after the holidays with promises of better traveling conditions for the babies. There wasn't a hatchery from San Francisco to New York or from Canada to Mexico that didn't have the Booth address on its mailing list. As years passed, many and varied were the places from which mother placed her order. She left a personal touch since most of the 'houses' knew her.

"Always the ratio of survival was far below the law of averages. During the cold and stormy spring nights all



the chicks had to be brought into the house and nurtured around the kitchen stove. Their constant 'peep peep' added harmony to the vocalization of the children and adults. With constant care night and day, a few chicks lived to adulthood and very few lived until Thanksgiving or Christmas.

"At odd times a hen survived the killing season and eventually stole her nest away in the grass, weeds or brush and in time came out with twelve or thirteen lively, husky offspring. These fowl were choosy and wouldn't adopt the poor frail chicks from the eastern states. As the anemic chickens perished the local chickens gave the industry a new revival. However, before the healthy poultry could produce numbers of wee chicks, it was necessary to kill, clean, stuff and eat the birds."

### DOMESTIC SCIENCE EDITOR

During 1906 the M.I.A. General Board paid Delia I. Booth \$25.00 for being the domestic science editor of the *Young Woman's Journal*, organ of the Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Association. She entitled her page "Hints on Health and Economy in Housekeeping." In the January issue she introduced her remarks by explaining that "the elements, combinations and preparation of foods have a great deal to do with our physical welfare; and as the mental, moral and spiritual depend greatly upon the physical it is of the utmost importance that we understand how to prepare wholesome, nutritious and palatable food."

She continued by inviting girls "who are interested in the study of health for the year to follow some simple rules of health" which she then proposed for a sound body. She suggested for girls to avoid all excess, in recreation and work. "It is wise to have neither too much nor too little sleep. Eat ripe fruit and eat sugar sparingly, have outdoor exercise every day, give strict attention to sufficient bathing and do not wear tight clothing."

To conclude her column she said, "A few recipes of plain, substantial cooking will be given in each number of the *Journal*." Here is her recipe for:

## *Boston Brown Bread*

2 cups corn meal  
2 cups (rye or graham) flour  
4 tablespoons molasses  
3 1/2 cups buttermilk  
2 teaspoons soda  
1 teaspoon salt

Stir all together and put in buttered quart cans and let boil three or four hours. Place in moderate oven 10 or 15 minutes to dry. A few raisins added and served with sauce makes a nice plain pudding.

In her February issue she discussed and encouraged women to be good home makers. She offered these helpful suggestions: "The art of home making belongs to woman and upon her knowledge of the intricate art of good house-keeping depends the comfort and prosperity of the family. Ignorance of cooking and bad management induce want, illness and bad temper." She advocated simplifying work as much as possible and encouraged girls to begin early to assume responsibility in the home.

In following issues of the magazine she gave helps for preparing breakfast, lunch, dinner and discussed foods for different seasons, extending household hints for domestic helps. Her last issue described in detail suggestions for a Christmas dinner.<sup>29</sup>

During this year, as nearly as can be judged, Delia entered a food contest and received a prize for her entry for "veal birds." This recipe continues to be used among her posterity. The newspaper article submitted by Beatrice Young Moore said:

### WINS ARMOUR PRIZE

Provo, June 19—Mrs. Delia I. Booth, wife of Judge J. E. Booth, of this city, has won the Armour company first prize awarded to competitors in the State of Utah in the kitchen economy contest conducted during the month of May. The receipt which won the prize is for "veal birds" and is as follows:

Make a dressing of stale bread one loaf, one half cup of melted butter or drippings, one medium sized onion minced fine.



one tablespoon ground sage, one tablespoon salt, one-half teaspoon pepper. Moisten with milk or water, mix well; place a large spoonful of dressing in the center of a small slice of veal, fold the veal over the dressing and fasten with toothpicks; place close together in a buttered pan; nearly cover with one pint of thin cream, to which has been added one-teaspoon Armour's beef extract. Bake in oven until tender.

## RELIEF SOCIETY EXECUTIVE

Records are lacking which provide dates for the years Delia was a counselor in the Fourth Ward (Provo, Utah, Stake) Relief Society. The best speculation that can be made is that she became second counselor around 1888 and retained that position until she became president in 1908. During the years she was a counselor, Sister Margaret Watson was president. Sisters Mary M. Boyden was first counselor and Sarah Eggertsen Cluff was secretary.

When Sister Booth was asked to be a president of the organization she chose Sisters Hepsy Lewis and Phoebe Kartchner as counselors. Sister Isabel Haws was secretary. During the five years these sisters were in office they directed the organizing, preparation and dispensing of many dinners, bazaars and other worthwhile activities. The women salvaged many damaged goods from a store which had caught fire. Under the leadership of the Relief Society all of the deteriorated merchandise was purchased for fifty-five dollars. The commodities were washed, ironed, dyed, sewed and made over into beautiful and useful clothing and quilts. These sisters fed the hungry, clothed the poor and gave comfort to the weary.

When she was released from the ward Relief Society, in 1913, Sister Delia was called to work on the Utah Stake Board Relief Society with Presidents Martha Keeler and later Inez K. Allen.

## ROCHDALE MERCANTILE COMPANY

"One of the ventures of a cooperative nature mother had," continued her daughters, "was the establishment of the Rochdale Mercantile Company. This merchant business originated in her mind while she was in England in 1910. Her oldest son Milton was on a mission in Great





**PROVO FOURTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENCY  
AROUND 1900 — Left to right: First Counselor Mary Boyden;  
President Margaret Watson, Second Counselor Delia Ina Winters  
Booth, Secretary Sarah E. Cluff.**



Britain and became very ill. Father and mother decided that she should go to England and care for their son. When she arrived the mission president advised her to take the next boat that was sailing for the United States and bring Milton to a dryer, warmer place which she did and Milton's health improved rapidly after they returned home.

"In those ten short days in London Mother heard of a cooperative mercantile business which was thriving in England. Immediately she investigated the affair and found it to be just her idea—of a cooperative paying business. The store was to provide work for women who wished employment.

"Upon her arrival in Provo the idea had grown and multiplied. By 1911 she had organized a board of directors, hired Mrs. Phoebe Kartchner as a clerk and had set up the store in the Bakery building. Any person could put in \$10.00 as a starter for becoming a stockholder. They were then entitled to buy all of their items at a discount or ten percent above the wholesale price. This worked very nicely and as time went on they had a goodly number of stockholders. The business moved downtown in the old Martin Row on First North and University Avenue and from there it was moved to bigger and more elaborate quarters on the corner of Fifth North and University Avenue. The co-op continued to grow and become more prosperous until the man who had taken Mrs. Kartchner's place as clerk helped himself to the surplus until there was nothing left. Father paid out of his own pocket all of the money the stockholders had invested. Not one person lost a dime in the Rochdale Mercantile Company except father and mother."

## THE FRUIT BOTTLING ESTABLISHMENT

"Mother continued again in her efforts to start a work project to assist persons who needed financial help," related Elsie. "In 1912 a dignified, sophisticated, business woman from New York named Mrs. Caroline B. Seymour contacted mother and asked her to set up a fruit bottling establishment. Mother's assignment was to drive from three to six miles and secure the fruit that had been freshly picked either by the farmer, his wife, mother or her co-workers.





**DELIA I. BOOTH** — at the age of 58

The crop was then hauled back to town where it was cleaned, processed and bottled in two quart jars over a coal stove. Mother was to furnish the bottles, too. Mrs. Seymour's assignment was to pay twenty-five cents for each two-quart bottle, filled to the brim. Mother considered the enterprise and decided that such an undertaking would be an easy lucrative way for the Relief Society to be self-supporting. She was president of the organization and immediately recruited all of the women who would be hired to aid her.

"At the appointed time eight women appeared for work. They were to be paid twenty-five cents an hour which was a very good wage. A large apron was given each sister and together they began to bottle in the season



thereof. Their working area was the bakery. Their working day began at six a.m. and their shifts were governed by the amount of fresh fruit collected by the sisters, the old horse and the one-seated wagon. Wood and coal had to be constantly carried to feed the hungry hot stove. The height of the season came during the harvest of peaches and pears. Hundreds of quarts of beautifully placed fruit were bottled. A printed label was put on each two-quart bottle by hand; the inscription said:

*Caroline Seymour*

*Branded Fruit*

“Mrs. Seymour took a sample of the peaches to the Utah State Fair and they won first prize. The LDS hospital bought cases of the blue ribboned product. Other establishments ordered and received orders of the fruit. Each trip to Provo for more fruit brought a promise from Mrs. Seymour that she would pay next time. Her expenses had been high and the buyers were slow to pay her, she explained. Again father and mother paid the workers with their own money. Every cent was paid in cash to each person who had worked in the branded fruit venture because Mrs. Seymour had returned to New York.”

### DELIA'S FOLLY

Harvard Olsen, a nephew of Delia Booth, submitted the following story which was read at the Richard Thornton Booth reunion held August 1957 at American Fork, Utah.

#### *Author's Note*

The events in this little story are true, as are the cast of characters. Some of the order has been changed to add to continuity. Rest assured, however, that very little of this has been necessary as the whole thing has always been a good enough story for me, exactly as it all happened.

We lived at the corner of First West and Fifth North “in one of the Booth buildings” where I was born. My grandmother, Hannah, Judge Booth's sister, lived with us until I was five, when she passed away.

Aunt Delia was the Judge's third wife and lived to a ripe old age.

"Brother Ashworth" was the father of May, Lew Booth's first wife. He rode a bicycle around town to do cabinet work until he was about seventy.

G. K. Penirjian ran a successful dry cleaning shop on First North at University Avenue for many years. The Orullians spread out through Utah County in many enterprises.

"Uncle Wilf," another of the brothers, broke all records for missionary work. He is buried somewhere in the Middle East where they are building a shrine in his honor. He was an enormous man, like most of the Booths, and could drink a glass of buttermilk with one swallow. He and Lew played a famous game of chess, by mail, between Provo and Palestine, which took three years to end in a stalemate.

The story is intended to be a description of life in our neighborhood between about 1912 and 1917. I hope you get half as much fun from hearing about it as I have had in the telling.

—HARVARD OLSEN

A real and complete history of the Booth clan can never be made unless it contains a chapter on the events that have become known as "Aunt Delia's Folly." No record was ever made at the time, mainly, because it all happened before shorthand was invented and a person simply could not write as fast by the Palmer Method as things were happening on Fifth North, forty years ago. Things have all quieted down now though and somebody had better enter it all in the record while there are some eye-witnesses left. I'll tell it as I saw it, in the hope that it will all slip softly into the history books without splitting the ranks wide open.

In 1912, if you climbed to the top floor of Schwabb's clothing store and then took a ladder to the roof, you could look straight north and see four things over the tops of the trees. Mount Timpanogos, the bell tower of the BYU, the brick smoke stack of the Knight woolen mills, and the third floor of Judge Booth's red brick house.

That house was a landmark. People who saw it then, wondered how even a large family could fill it up enough not to rattle around. Those people, including the original designers of the house, didn't reckon with Aunt Delia. When she got an idea, which was



about every seven and one-half minutes, the first thing she thought of was space.

The next thing that would happen would be the appearance of "Brother Ashworth" on a bicycle with a hammer and a saw.

We lived on the corner to the west. About the time Aunt Delia first started to exhibit these signs of nervousness and a desire to build on to something there was an old log granary attached to the corner of our house that was used to store the things that came across the plains.

The poor old thing could hardly stand by itself, but Aunt Delia, against the advice of "Brother Ashworth," said it had to be the cornerstone for a new building, actually the first of many that were all to lean, tin soldier fashion, against that old granary.

A few years later, when the granary started to lean into our bedroom, Aunt Delia decided she would cut our bedroom off and build another building to lean the other way and push the granary up straight. This ended up with me sleeping in the granary in the midst of these two opposing forces, but that's ahead of my story.

My grandmother was a small, quiet, nervous woman, unlike most other Booths. When I think about it, however, I've never met a Booth that was exactly like another Booth, so we can't be too misled by that. Anyhow, I think she started my mother out on her career of worrying.

Grandma would sit in a rocker, in the middle of the kitchen, like a person in an air raid, listening to the hammering and sawing going on outside and say to my mother, "I wonder what Delia's up to now."

The only time they would dare to let me out was when they would get so scared that a keyhole saw would appear in the kitchen ceiling that they would send me out as a scout to see which direction "Brother Ashworth" was pointed.

She invented the idea of the "lean-to." Her next innovation was a "lean-to on a lean-to." Sometimes this would continue until the edge of the roof on the last lean-to would only be a foot off the ground. She would then have "Brother Ashworth" break off at right angles with another series of lean-tos.

I'm pretty sure that all this was responsible for the first building code in Utah.

Along about here, Aunt Delia got the idea that she ought to find something to put in these new lean-tos. This is how the idea of a project got started.

She had a heart as big as a Chicago ham and was the softest touch for a sob story since the man who bought the U. S. Mint for ten bucks.

A lot of the original fill-in projects for these lean-tos were tied with Uncle Wilf and the Armenians. Uncle Wilf spent most of his life in Armenia, supposedly on a mission, but, as it turned out, he

was actually the first talent scout, converting Armenians so that they could come to Zion and start something in one of Aunt Delia's buildings.

Among the first boatload was one G. K. Penirjian, who claimed to be a tailor.

Aunt Delia put a store front on one of the lean-to's for him to get started. He promptly expanded out into the cleaning and pressing business which required another lean-to on the lean-to. All went well until he let the naptha get too hot and blew about three of Aunt Delia's projects loose from the granary while I was in bed. He moved down town and started over after that.

By then, my grandmother began to show the signs of wear. My mother started to worry on the night shift. Aunt Delia called "Brother Ashworth." Judge Booth took to running around the block in his bare feet after dark and walking three miles up the Heber tracks to sleep at Edgewood. My father took a job in the insane asylum so he could get some peace and quiet. Alma saw the wisdom in this move, so he went along too.

It seemed that things couldn't go at such a clip for long, but we hadn't seen anything yet. The next bolt of lightning appeared in the form of an apple peeling machine.

Somehow or another, word about Aunt Delia's projects leaked out into Denmark, possibly through that Anderson, Thueson, Jensen, crowd that lived through the block. Anyway, a man named Larsen had an apple peeling machine that nobody wanted in Denmark because it was too cold to grow apples.

When he heard about Aunt Delia, he joined the church and came to Provo with his apple machine. He sewed patches on all his clothes and let his hair grow for a month, went without food for two days, and called on Aunt Delia.

The next thing we knew, "Brother Ashworth" was sawing a corner off our kitchen and grandmother was packing her things to move back to American Fork.

It takes thirty seconds to peel and core an apple with a kitchen knife, I've tried it with a stop watch.

The Larsen machine required two women, one to hold the machine, and the other to turn the handle. It would peel an apple in one minute when it worked.

If you want to put up much apple sauce, which is what Aunt Delia had in mind, you can see it took a lot of women, and a lot of Larsen machines, and that takes space.

It was during this part of the era that Aunt Delia's Folly reached its peak. We not only had forty Relief Society sisters cranking the Larsen Peeling Machines, along with steam cookers, and farm wagons from Edgewood by the hour with more apples, we had a bicycle shop in one half of the front window where G. K. Penirjian



used to press pants, and we had an Armenian sausage factory going in the other half.

It got to be a full-time job for me to keep an hourly report posted in what was left of our kitchen.

The apple sauce started to work in the bottles and about once every three hours one would let go like a ten guage gun and spray apple sauce all over the rafters of "lean-to" twelve.

The Relief Society sisters went home one night and left the steam on in the pressure cooker. I believe it happened about ten-thirty, I'm not sure on that point, but I do know that in one good blow, Aunt Delia was out of the apple sauce business.

The Armenian sausage makers figured things could not be that bad, even in Palestine, so we got out of the sausage business in the same move.

Things quieted down then for a while, but not for long. All of our gang in the neighborhood had a field day picking prizes out of the empty sheds. We found out that the Larsen Peeling machine made a wonderful windlass for kite string.

You could sit down and crank the handle back and forth and fly a kite under full control. The sausage stuffing machine was put to work making bombs out of green tomatoes to wage war on the Madison gang across the street. This happy state of affairs could not be expected to last for long, however, not with Aunt Delia around. As if by magic, another troupe of Armenians appeared and started a bakery. This just barely got a good start when Thomas showed on the scene and really stirred things up.

The whole story of Thomas is a little like flying saucers or those sea monsters in Ireland.

He was the original peeping Tom, in fact, I think that's how the name got started.

Word began to spread through the neighborhood that a shaggy face was seen peeking through windows after dark, always at places where the men folks were not at home. Women and girls walking home in the evening were being shadowed by this will-o-the-wisp who could appear and disappear out of nowhere, without a sound. I don't know where the name Thomas came from.

One night my mother let out a scream. There was Thomas looking in our kitchen window. She and my grandmother gathered up my sister and me, armed themselves with a meat ax and stove poker and headed through the back lot for Aunt Delia's.

Aunt Delia barricaded all the doors and ordered the girls to build up the fire and put some pans of water on the stove. She said that Grandma Winters had routed a whole tribe of Ute Indians once by throwing hot water over their heads. The Judge had the only telephone in the "north end" so she cranked it up and called the sheriff.

The Sheriff rounded up all the able-bodied men and with lanterns and pick handles they marched on Aunt Delia's. The theory was that a peeping Tom was the only thing that hadn't been in there so it must be a good bet.

One of the posse fell over two Armenian bakers asleep on the table where they made donuts, but that was all they found. It did clean up the Thomas affair though. He was seen a couple of times after that down in the "south end" looking in a green house.

I think he was homesick for Aunt Delia's Folly, but afraid to come back for fear of being sucked into a project so he gave up peeping, and got out of town in a box car.

Aunt Delia next invented the idea of sleeping outside the year around. She claimed that it would cure anything.

She had "Brother Ashworth" build a screen sleeping porch around three sides of the house, big enough for a softball game. Red bedspreads were hung to separate the various factions for sleeping. While she was at it, she thought she should do something for the Judge.

Underneath the sleeping porch, she decided to build him a retreat or hide-away, complete with fireplace, so he could go down there to get away from it all, instead of walking three miles to Edgewood and sleeping in the barn.

It all got finished and ready for the grand opening when Aunt Delia's first grandchild was born.

All the kin and near kin were invited to come and see the baby. When they were all assembled, they went into the bedroom to get the child, only to find him gone. Bedlam broke loose.

"Thomas has returned! This is the work of Thomas! Call the sheriff!"

People ran every which way. Search parties were organized. The sheriff arrived.

Everything got really going good when the Judge rode up on a horse in front of the house with the new baby sitting up in front of him on the saddle horn. He wanted to know what the fuss was all about. He said he wanted the new boy to get acquainted with Nibbs, the horse, as he intended to give him a few head of cows in a few days.

When the women all got through with him, he put old Nibbs in the barn and went down to his new retreat and locked the door. He built such a big fire in the new fireplace that the new sleeping porch caught on fire. The Armenian bakers came over to help fight the fire and left such a big fire in their bake oven that Aunt Delia's Folly caught fire again.

Ern Kimball's store started to burn, five blocks away and just to help make a really good Booth party out of it, Hoover's Flour Mill blew up.



The City Council was called into emergency session to consider moving the fire department building to Fifth North.

That was the last really good show that Aunt Delia put on.

The children started to marry off. The Judge went back to the farm, Aunt Delia moved around from here to there among her daughters. We moved down the street and the neighborhood slowly began to take on the look of any other neighborhood.

Aunt Delia's Folly began to fall apart at the seams and the best three-ring circus of all time passed on into history.

I was back there last year after an absence of thirty years to find something to remind me that it had all taken place. The big house is still there, but that's all.

The barn and the lean-tos and the log granary are gone forever. I still think they should have been taken apart board by board, and rebuilt in the Smithsonian Institute.

The End

## TRAVEL

During her eighty-six years Delia enjoyed her opportunities to travel. In 1897 she attended a convention in Washington, D.C., as a delegate to the first Mother's National Convention. The women gathered to plan for better homes and government.

In 1910 she journeyed to England and brought her son Milton home from his mission. He had become ill and had to be returned to a drier climate. Following is a letter which verifies the voyage Delia took.

Salt Lake City, Utah  
October 1910

Mr. R. F. Macfarlane  
P. A. White Star Dominion Line  
Montreal

Dear Mr. Macfarlane :

This will introduce Mrs. Delia Booth and Miss Lillie E. Shipp, sailing on the Laurentic Oct. 29th. These ladies are special friends of your humble servant and I will greatly appreciate your kindness in seeing that these ladies are located as nicely as possible on the steamer.

Yours truly,  
W. C. Spence (signed)

During the time she was rearing her family most of Delia's sojourns were made within short distances. She

journeyed from Salt Lake City and return, Pleasant Grove and return and to the farm and home again to Provo. When traveling she seemed to be on the road most of the day time and often into the night. Many many times she and some of her children were wrapped in blankets in the one-seated wagon traveling slowly on the old dirt road to or from the farm. The hungry, stumbling horse cautiously felt his way in the dark since there were no electric street lights to guide his weary steps. If a lantern could be found that "worked" it did throw some light along the byway to help humans, animal and vehicle to remain on the right side of the road.

During 1920-21 Delia spent the winter with her daughter and son-in-law, Delilah and Conrad Adams in Bunkerville, Nevada. The weather was pleasant, Delia was very well and she enjoyed her visit.

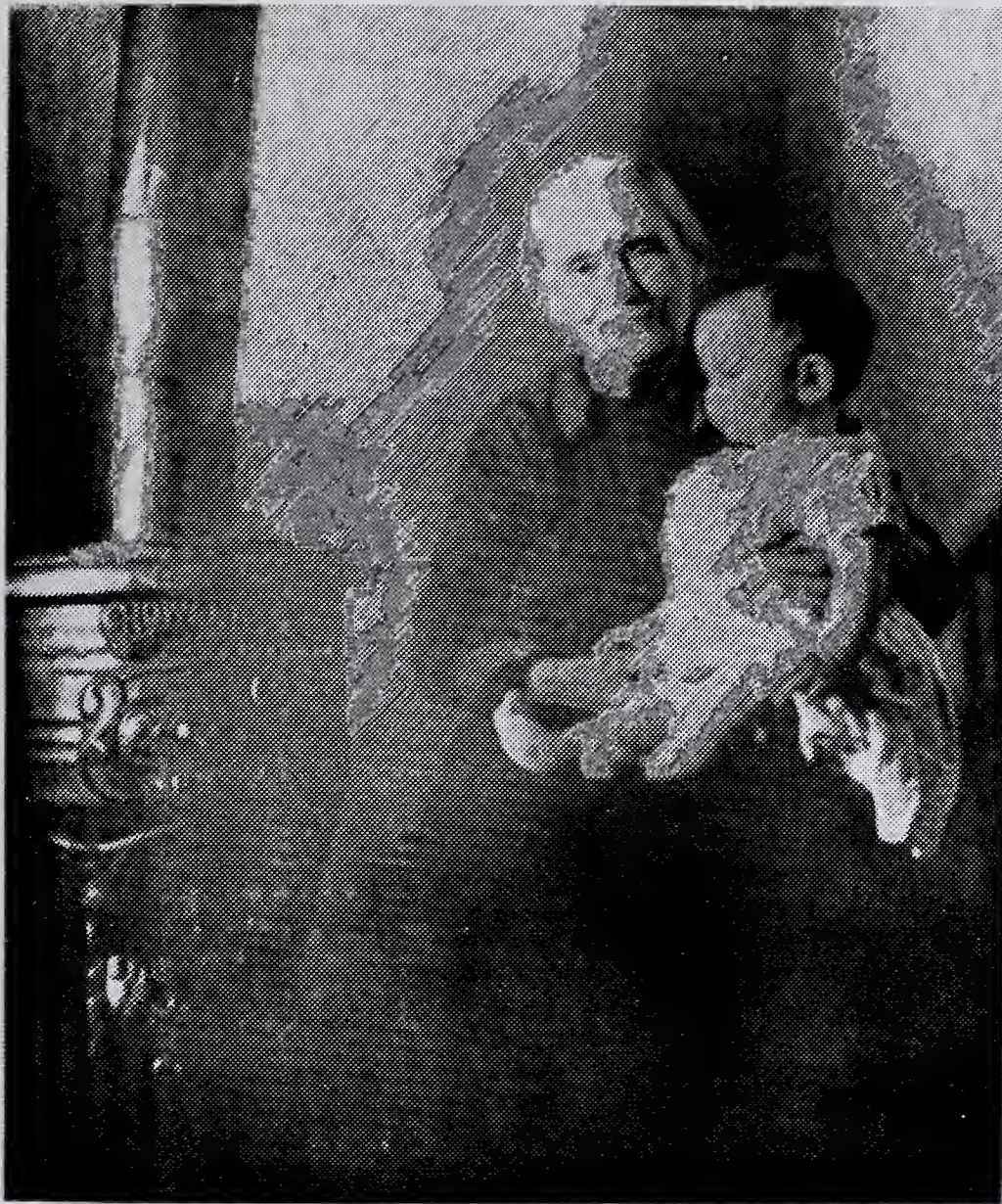
In 1922 President and Mrs. Heber J. Grant asked her to go with them to Maine where the Winters family had lived before coming to Utah. The party also visited interesting places of early church history and historical places of the country. Upon their return they stopped in Scottsbluff, Nebraska, and attended a convention of the Daughters of the American Revolution. At this time and place the memory of Rebecca Winters was being honored. Delia made several trips to California, Canada and the Eastern States with the Grants.

On her seventieth birthday she again went to Bunkerville, Nevada, for a visit with the Adams family. During her stay Conrad's mother passed away on the 22 March 1924. After the funeral Conrad returned to work in Utah and brought his family and mother-in-law back to Provo.

## TEMPLE WORK

In 1911 Delia organized several women, who resided in Provo Fourth Ward, to do temple work. The sisters rode to Salt Lake City on the interurban and did this work every day for a week. The ladies resided at the home of Bishop and Mrs. Heber Bennion, brother-in-law and sister to Delia. The Bennions were living in Waterloo Ward in Salt Lake City at this time and bus service to the city was





**DELIA I. BOOTH** — age 82, holding a granddaughter, Ruth Adams Iverson, 8 months old. The baby dress was originally the wedding dress worn by Mary Ann Frost at her marriage to Nathan Stearns 1 April 1832. (Later, Mary Ann married Parley P. Pratt). Mary Ann is a great-great-grandmother to Ruth. The dress is still being used.

convenient. Without being called to organize excursions, Delia was one of the first women in the Church to sense a responsibility for doing temple work in groups.

After the death of her husband in 1920, Delia Booth engaged in doing temple work in the Salt Lake Temple. She resided with her sister Augusta W. Grant and for several years she went to the Holy House each day it was opened. She did as high as twenty names a week. She did more than ten thousand endowments and many hundred baptisms and sealings. Every one was kind and gracious to her. She had special accommodations which were a convenience to her.

President and Mrs. Grant moved from their home on Eighth Avenue in Salt Lake City to the Hotel Utah a few



years after Delia became a widow. The Grants provided a room for their sister which made walking to and from the temple very convenient.

During the years she did temple work President and Mrs. Grant were very kind to their guest. The Grant daughters, Lucy Cannon and Florence Smith were especially considerate to their Aunt Delia. They invited the older lady to join them at dinners, outings and social engagements. The grandchildren of the Grants showed respect for Aunt Delia too. She often mentioned the special way she was treated by all who visited in the Grant home.

Delia encouraged her family to go to the temple frequently. She impressed upon her children the value of doing temple work. Special days were planned for her family to attend sessions and upon such an occasion her son Edwin, his wife Matilda, and children were sealed to each other as a family. This event was one of the happiest in Delia's life. All of J. E. Booth's children were married in the Salt Lake Temple or have had their work done.

Because of the spirituality which Delia developed through doing this sacred work many events and circumstances were given to her in dreams before they transpired. Upon several occasions, when her family related instances which had happened, she would say, "I saw all of that in a dream before it happened."

The sick and afflicted were healed many times because of Delia's faith, prayers and fasting. She seemed to be blessed with great spiritual strength.

## LATER YEARS AND DEATH

In 1930 Delia moved to Provo and made her home with her children. In 1932 she built a small cabin on the property at Edgewood near her son Edwin. She was comfortable here and enjoyed her home very much. Edwin and his wife Tillie and their children were extremely good to her.

In 1933 she returned to Provo because her cottage was not insulated sufficiently for the severe cold weather. She resided with Delilah, Conrad and their family until her death which occurred 1 June 1940.<sup>30</sup>



## Friends Mourn



Mrs. Delia J. Booth Pioneer leader dies in Provo.

## Delia J. Booth, Sister of Mrs. Grant, Dies

Tribune Intermountain Wire

PROVO—Mrs. Delia J. Booth, 86, widow of Judge John E. Booth and a sister of Mrs. Heber J. Grant of Salt Lake City, died Saturday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. S. C. Adams of 445 North University avenue, Provo, of causes incident to age.

Mrs. Booth was born March 16, 1854, in Pleasant Grove, a daughter of Oscar F. and Mary Ann Stearns Winters. She was the first white child born in Pleasant Grove.

Even as a young girl she took an active part in pioneer life of the state and was well known as a pioneer artist, having studied under Fairbanks, Harwood and Hafen. She was a member of the first graduating class of the normal department of University of Utah, in 1876.

Following her graduation, she taught school for many years and was in the domestic science department of Brigham Young university for several years. She was also a pioneer leader for women in many fields and founded a laundry, a bakery and a cooperative mercantile institution, all of which were operated and managed by women.

She was married to Judge Booth on June 22, 1887, in Logan L. D. S. temple. He died in 1920.

Surviving are a son and two daughters, Edwin W. Booth of Edgemont, Mrs. Delilah B. Adams and Mrs. Elsie B. Brockbank of Provo; a stepson and three stepdaughters, H. R. Booth of Edgemont, Mrs. Lloyd Woodruff, Mrs. Vennie Kimball and Mrs. Hugh Cowan, all of Los Angeles; and a sister and two brothers, Mrs. Grant and Cortland Winters of Salt Lake City and Ray Winters of Pleasant Grove; 35 grandchildren and 10 great-grandchildren.

Funeral services will be conducted Monday at 2 p. m. in Provo L. D. S. fourth ward chapel by Bishop Victor J. Bird. Burial will be in Provo city burial park.

Friends may call Sunday evening at the Hatch-Quist funeral home and Monday prior to the services at the residence of Mrs. Brockbank, 59 West Fifth North street.



Edith Y. Booth, a sister-in-law to Delia Booth, penned the following as a note of dedication for this biography.

A TRIBUTE TO MRS. DELIA INA WINTERS BOOTH

*one of the kindest and noblest women I ever knew*

One of my first recollections of Aunt Delia, as she was lovingly called by relatives and friends, was her extreme patience and kindness to her children and to all those who needed her kind protecting care.

One time her daughter, Lila, decided she'd have a party, so she went around the neighborhood inviting all the youngsters she could think of to come at a certain time that afternoon. Then she announced to her mother what she had done. Although used to her children doing more or less unusual things, this came as a great surprise to Aunt Delia as she was in the midst of doing a huge washing. Lila insisted that her mother stop all proceedings with the said washing and bake a cake and prepare other things for the party. Aunt Delia, being the sweet soul that she was, did that very thing and needless to say we all enjoyed the party immensely—especially as Bishop Booth (Lila's father) added greatly to the enjoyment by coming into the newly carpeted granary room and playing games with us.

If anyone needed care, whether soul sick or financially broke, he or she sought out Aunt Delia and was made welcome in her home or given relief. The blind, the sick, the down trodden, including children who were left motherless were cared for as lovingly as her own. Many converts from across the waters as well as close by, found refuge in the Booth home and were treated kindly by the family and made the Booth home theirs until they found employment and could sustain themselves.

When her husband, Judge Booth, built their lovely three-story house, Aunt Delia took boarders, not so much to make money (which by the way she never did in any of her projects), but she wanted to help young people receive education. Many young girls and boys attended the B.Y. Academy because they could live at the Booth home and work for their board and room.

Two of Aunt Delia's sisters died leaving families to be cared for. Aunt Delia took these children into her home



and kept them until they were taken into the homes of other relatives or were old enough to do for themselves. Later, several of these boys and girls returned and lived at the Booth home while attending the B.Y.U.

Aunt Delia was a pioneer in her enterprises and her sole purpose was to assist those who needed aid. I really think she followed Brigham Young's example in helping people to help themselves by making work for them. You might say she was the forerunner of the way our welfare projects are run today. Those who help in that line are entitled to receive aid when they need it.

May her children, grandchildren and extended posterity emulate her fine example of true unselfishness and love for their fellow beings.

## TRIBUTE TO DELIA WINTERS BOOTH

read in Relief Society Memorial Meeting

Provo Fourth Ward, Utah Stake,

June, 1940

*Orea B. Tanner*

From the time I was a mere baby my mother paid sincere, lovely tributes to her close friend, Delia I. Booth. Of course, in my childhood, Aunt Delia was just another one of mother's good friends—though a very special one because she always had such interesting things for us to do; but as I grew older I came to know for myself the deep love and respect all of her close associates felt for her.

Her cooperative schemes provided the most stimulating kind of education for dozens of us youngsters in Provo—education similar to the much-talked-of activity method of today without any of its artificiality. She had two old mulberry trees in her large yard and somehow imported silk worms, and we worked with cocoons and learned the whole story of the silk industry of Japan and France. I can see to this day the large piles of white cocoons which we helped to gather. Later she established a cooperative bakery, in

which all her friends became a part. I can remember peeping into the great big ovens when mother sent me over for our share of the bread, and seeing Aunt Delia butter the upper golden crust that tasted so good we could not resist breaking into it on the way home. We saw the great mixing pans, and the large bottles of yeast which she herself kept alive, and the huge piles of dough as they were cut into loaves. And one year when the crop of peaches on Provo Bench was going to waste, it was Delia Booth who organized the efforts of the Fourth Ward of Provo, so that the peaches were gathered and bottled and distributed to the needy all winter. This was long before the Church Welfare Plan as we know it today came into existence, and is indicative of her thrift and industry.

Her thrift was shown in too many ways to enumerate. Once she organized a picnic for a group of youngsters and before the afternoon was over, a patch of wheat at Edgewood had been reclaimed from the weeds. She was constantly reclaiming and remodeling old clothes for some needy person. She made delicious meals from scraps that many people would throw away. She had an almost Old World gift of thrift, such as one reads about among French women.

Her cooking was famous not only among her close friends, but throughout the community, for she managed the cooking and serving for most of the banquets at the Brigham Young University for many years. It was Aunt Delia who first taught me the subtle flavors to be obtained from various uses of olive oil. She knew how to combine its therapeutic and culinary value, and it has been one of my standard cooking ingredients ever since I lived with her. She could cook whole grain cereals to taste better than I have ever tasted them elsewhere. If her methods could be patented someone could make a fortune. Her cobbler made from tree-ripened peaches was a dessert to dream about. Her salads and soups, often made from leftovers, were superb. But her best salad was her hard-boiled egg and watercress! What did she do with it to make it so good? No one I have ever known had quite her gift for seasoning. She seemed to have a sort of secret touch.



Booth's farm at Edgewood, named by Brother Booth, was famous among certain groups in Provo for its hospitality and good times with Aunt Delia as gracious hostess. And at each picnic, no less than seven or eight youngsters begged successfully, with Aunt Delia's conniving, to stay all night.

But I came to know Aunt Delia more intimately and love her more deeply when I lived at her home during my freshman year at the Brigham Young University. I was one of five to whom she gave a home that winter. Lark Freeman, her niece whose mother was dead; Owen Woodruff, her nephew; I, to whom she owed nothing—just the kindness of her heart; and two little motherless girls whom someone brought to her.

My father had had severe financial troubles and disappointments and was moving to Idaho to try to buy a small farm. I was very anxious to finish a year's normal and my folks were unable to send me back to school, but before we left Provo, Aunt Delia said to mother, "Let Orea come back to school and live with me. I'll take care of her." Mother thought it an imposition but I begged hard and came.

Ostensibly we were to work for our board! But any tiny bit of work any of us did was at our own convenience and part of our recreation. How they stood us all I do not know! It was only the tolerant generosity and kindly humor of Brother Booth, and the wonderful management and kindness of Aunt Delia that made it endurable to them, for we were all carefree and thoughtless, but every one of us knew intimately that year two big, magnanimous souls. Such hospitality, tolerance and generosity can very, very rarely be found in a modern world.

Her own two, Ted and Elsie, and we five with widely varying backgrounds lived in peace, harmony, often lusty fun—no envy or backbiting. Aunt Delia's calm serenity, her dignity, refinement, and kindly restraint dominated the household. There was seldom a day went by that we didn't have some sort of intimate chat with her in which there was a good deal of laughing, around the table after dinner or supper, or before we went to bed at night. Aunt

Delia guided our actions and thinking—not by preaching or advice, but by her interest in us, her laughing with us, her listening to our accounts of the day's events, and her stories of interesting moments in her life. Those who knew her only casually and saw her serene, dignified exterior can never realize her capacity for sweet and close friendliness and gentle humor. She was Deedee to us and one of the closest friends we had. We idolized her.

Her values were right! Temporary disorder or irritations never caused her to lose sight of the humane, generous and Christian act or deed. She loved painting and reading and did a great deal of both, but she always saw that there was plenty of good wholesome food for those in her house. And oh, the dinners we came home to! I shall never forget the care and pride with which she made over clothes and planned pretty dresses for those two little orphan girls left at her home. For some wonderful reason—perhaps because she had so much of the spirit of Christ—she took upon herself the responsibility of seeing that those little girls had all a mother could have given them. She gave them more than their own mother could have done for she was of so superior a nature.

When one of us won a big turkey for the prize waltz, she put her enthusiasm and management into preparing a big dinner for twenty-five or more of our guests. It was so much fun to work with her. She always made us feel that she wanted us to live abundantly and joyously even though she tried to teach us restraint. She had the artist's knowledge that restraint is the essence of beautiful living as well as of beautiful art. She never disciplined with hardness—with the iron rod. She usually gained her point or her way, by wise yielding. She probably never quoted but certainly knew and utilized in her relations with her associates the spirit of the old Chinese proverb: "We keep only that which we set free."

In Aunt Delia there was the most perfect blending of the truly practical and the truly spiritual I have ever known. She never suffered for herself. What heartaches and unhappiness she felt, she felt for some one else. She was the essence of refinement and sincerity. Coarse, vain



pretentiousness were perhaps the most repulsive qualities for her; and yet she could look through even those qualities to find the good in an individual, especially if she saw a chance to help one—to do one some good. She loved the truth. She lived truthfully and honestly.

She was full of practical schemes for raising the general standard of living and cultural level of the communities in which she lived, but schemes for making money had no interest for her. Money had no value for her except for the good she could do with it, and she did so much good with her own fine efforts that she scarcely seemed to need it. Her personal desires were simple, practically nil, and Brother Booth so generously stood back of her in so many of her philanthropies that she was hardly aware of money. In fact, she was continually putting it in little out-of-the-way places and forgetting she had it.

Her serene, peaceful, yet active life, full of service, and her quiet, peaceful, fearless departure from this world reveal her perfect harmony with the forces of the universe and the spirit of God. To have known and loved Aunt Delia Booth is one of the richest blessings of my life.

## CHAPTER TWELVE

# APPENDIX: POSTERITY OF JOHN EDGE BOOTH

- Code: I The generation of John Edge Booth
- 1. Children of John Edge Booth
  - (1) Grandchildren of John Edge Booth
    - 1- Great grandchildren of John Edge Booth
    - 1 Great great grandchildren of John Edge Booth

### I Maria Josephine Harvey

parents: Lewis Harvey and Lucinda Clark Harvey

born: 31 January 1850, Pottawattamie County, Iowa.

married: John Edge Booth, 1 October 1873, Endowment House, Salt Lake City, Utah.

died: 1 October 1884, Provo, Utah. Buried in city cemetery.

#### 1. John Edge Booth (Infant)

born: 20 July 1874, Provo, Utah

died: 20 July 1874, Provo, Utah. Buried in city cemetery, Provo, Utah.

#### 2. Josephine Diantha Booth Woodruff

born: 16 March 1876, Provo, Utah.

married: James Lloyd Woodruff, 1 September 1903, Salt Lake Temple. He was born 5 November 1875, Salt Lake City, Utah.

died: 12 May 1951, Los Angeles, California. Buried in city cemetery, Provo, Utah.

#### (1) Josephine (Constance) Booth Fehlberg

born: 13 September 1904, Provo, Utah.

married: Urial Higham, 21 November 1951, Mesa Temple (Arizona). He was born 22 February 1891, Salt Lake City, Utah. He died 4 March, 1957, Los Angeles, California.

married: Reinhardt Fehlberg, 17 February 1959, Los Angeles Temple (California). He was born 20 June 1909, Creston, Montana.



- (2) Ruth Woodruff Andrews  
born: 30 November 1907, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania  
married: William Albert Andrews Jr., 6 September  
1933, San Bernardino, California. He was born  
18 May 1910, Washington, D.C.
- 1- Linda Elizabeth Andrews  
born: 27 December 1937, Los Angeles, Calif.
- 2- William Albert Andrews III  
born: 23 August 1938, Los Angeles, California.  
married: Leila Ann Morris, 2 September 1960,  
Los Angeles, California. She was born  
5 October 1939, Los Angeles, California.
- 1 Kelly Elizabeth Andrews  
born: 14 October 1961, Arcadia, California.
- (3) Jackson Booth Woodruff  
born: 4 March 1912, Salt Lake City, Utah.  
married: Margaret Lucille Miller, 13 February 1934,  
San Bernardino, California. She was born 20  
July 1915, Veyland, South Dakota.
- 1- Shirley Lucille Woodruff Huerta  
born: 26 November 1934, Los Angeles, Calif.  
married: Robert Henry Huerta, 16 September  
1954, San Leandro, California. He was  
born 13 November 1934, Grants Pass,  
Oregon.
- 1 Cynthia Lucille Huerta  
born: 23 August 1955, Provo, Utah.
- 2- Jackson Booth Woodruff (Jr.)  
born: 23 August 1937, Los Angeles, California.
- (4) Lloyd Booth Woodruff  
born: 15 April 1914, Bountiful, Utah.  
married: Millicent (Penny) Ester Hostrup, 23  
March 1948, Reno, Nevada. She was born 1  
April 1919, Ann Arbor, Michigan.
- 1- James Booth Woodruff  
born: 9 June 1956, Los Angeles, California.
- (5) Elizabeth Woodruff Benson  
born: 27 August 1915, Salt Lake City, Utah.

married : Charles Edward Benson, 9 November 1935,  
Huntington Park, California. He was born 10  
November 1913, Los Angeles, California.

1- Marilyn Elizabeth Benson

born: 3 October 1936, Los Angeles, California.

2- Josephine Diantha Benson

born: 15 January 1939, Los Angeles, California

3- Earlene Lee Benson

born: 10 December 1945, Los Angeles, Calif.

3. Vienna Hortense Booth Kimball

born: 14 April 1878, Provo, Utah.

married: Ernest Kimball, 25 October 1899, Salt Lake  
Temple. He was born 14 September 1876, Meadow-  
ville, Idaho. He died 5 December 1941. Buried in  
city cemetery, San Diego, California.

died: 22 November 1951, Los Angeles, California. Buried  
in Hollywood Cemetery, Los Angeles, California.

(1) Harold Booth Kimball

born: 22 July 1900, Raymond, Alberta, Canada.

married: Mervene Bessant, 13 March 1920, Salt  
Lake City, Utah. She was born 11 March 1903,  
Pleasant Grove, Utah. She died 10 January  
1924, Salt Lake City, Utah.

died: 8 December 1940, Los Angeles, California.  
Buried in Hollywood Cemetery, Los Angeles,  
California.

1- Donna Josephine Kimball Blair

Richardson

born: 20 January 1921, Pleasant Grove, Utah.

married: Sheldon D. Blair, 6 December 1939,  
Pleasant Grove, Utah. He was born 14  
October 1920, St. George, Utah.

1 Mervene Blair

born: 10 September 1940, St. George, Ut.

2 Devona Ann Blair

born: 13 December 1941, Los Angeles,  
California.

3 Patricia Ruth Blair

born: 17 July 1943, Los Angeles, Calif.



- 4 Billie Blair (girl)  
born: 9 December 1944, Los Angeles,  
California.
- 1- Donna Josephine Kimball Richardson  
married: Harold Robert Richardson, 10 Dec-  
ember 1950, Las Vegas, Nevada. He was  
born 25 July 1906, Omaha, Nebraska.
- 1 Donalee Richardson (girl)  
born: 5 December 1952, Los Angeles,  
California.
- 2 Gail Richardson (girl)  
born: 19 January 1954, Los Angeles,  
California.
- 2- Harold Booth Kimball (Jr.)  
born: 18 April 1922, Provo, Utah.  
married: Frances Marion Jenner, 12 August  
1946, Los Angeles, California. She was  
born 7 March 1911, Des Moines, Iowa.
- (1) Harold Booth Kimball  
married: Mary Ardelle Willey, 10 May 1928, River-  
side, California. She was born 18 May 1911.
- 1- Duaneta Kimball  
born: 9 August 1929, El Centro, California.  
died: 9 August 1929, El Centro, California.  
Buried in the city cemetery, San Bernar-  
dino, California.
- 2- Wallace Earl Kimball  
born: 2 July 1930, El Centro, California.  
married:
- 3- Anite or Anita Ardelle Kimball  
born: 8 January 1932, Freedles, California.  
married:
- 4- Richard Edward Kimball  
born: 7 February 1933, Los Angeles, California.  
married:
- 5- Alvin Raymond Kimball  
born: 6 February 1935, San Bernardino, Calif.  
died: 6 February 1935, San Bernardino, Calif.  
Buried in

- (2) **Clareen Kimball Litzen**  
 born: 6 September 1902, Provo, Utah.  
 married: John Litzen, 17 October 1946, Los Angeles, California. He was born 5 September 1891, San Francisco, California.  
 died: 12 January 1961. Buried in Hollywood Cemetery, Los Angeles, California.
- (3) **Ernest (Bud) Harvey Kimball**  
 born: 13 May 1906, Raymond, Alberta, Canada.  
 married: Naomi (Nimi) Guichard, 21 May 1927, Santa Ana, California. She was born 19 September 1904, Glendale, California.
- 1- **Louis Harvey Kimball**  
 born: 29 October 1933, Los Angeles, California
- 2- **Harold Raymond Kimball**  
 born: 28 May 1942, Los Angeles, California.
- (4) **Vienna Kimball Little**  
 born: 17 July 1908, Provo, Utah.  
 married: Roy Jay Little, 24 August 1946, Los Angeles, California. He was born 10 September 1921, Washington, North Carolina.  
 died: 17 December 1953, Los Angeles, California.  
 Buried in Hollywood Cemetery, Los Angeles, California.
- (5) **Elsie Precindia Kimball Seligman**  
 born: 23 May 1909, Provo, Utah.  
 married: Herman Seligman, 10 November 1935, Santa Ana, California. He was born 16 June 1905, New York, New York.
- (6) **Orson Edge Kimball**  
 born: 22 September 1912, Salt Lake City, Utah.  
 died: 29 July 1936, Los Angeles, California. Buried in Hollywood Cemetery, Los Angeles, California.
- (7) **LeGrande Kimball**  
 born: 7 January 1917, Salt Lake City, Utah.  
 died: 26 July 1938, Los Angeles, California. Buried in Hollywood Cemetery, Los Angeles, California.
- (8) **Norma Jane Kimball Ullery Runcie**  
 born: 10 November 1922, Salt Lake City, Utah.  
 married: Robert Lee Ullery, 6 December 1941 Yuma, Arizona.  
 married: Richard Leslie Runcie 18 July 1947, Los Angeles, California. He was born 23 December 1923, Los Angeles, California.



- 1- Martin Kimball Ullery Runcie  
born: 13 October 1942, Los Angeles, California
- 2- Richard Dana Runcie  
born: 15 December 1948, Los Angeles, Calif.
- 3- Gregory Brian Runcie  
born: 30 July 1956, Inglewood, California.
4. Hannah Rowena Booth Ray Cowan Marks  
born: 13 April 1882, Provo, Utah.  
married: Raymond Ray, 23 March 1907, Salt Lake City, Utah.  
married: Hugh Albin Cowan, 19 April 1918, Evanston, Wyoming. He was born 26 May 1879, Memphis, Missouri. He died 26 November 1933, Los Angeles, California. Sealed in Salt Lake Temple (Utah), 12 December 1955.  
married: George Eugene Marks, 5 October 1942, Santa Ana, California. He was born 13 July 1876, Boldwinsville, New York. He died 10 April 1954, Los Angeles, California. Buried in Hollywood Cemetery, Los Angeles, California.  
died: 3 March 1954, Hollywood, California. Buried in Hollywood Cemetery, Hollywood, California.
5. Richard Harvey Booth  
born: 6 May 1884, Provo, Utah.  
married: Cordelia Olsen Dorius 23 June 1909, Manti Temple (Utah). She was born 7 October 1882.  
died: 10 June 1941, Provo, Utah. Buried in the city cemetery, Provo, Utah.
  - (1) Nila Pauline Booth Hill  
born: 19 May 1919, Salt Lake City, Utah.  
married: Return George Hill, 10 September 1940, Salt Lake Temple (Utah). He was born 26 March 1912, Mudlake, Idaho.
  - 1- Patricia Lee Hill  
born: 24 June 1941, Provo, Utah.
  - 2- Tamra Pauline Hill  
born: 16 March 1943, Provo, Utah.  
married: Val Rolfe Anderson, 22 December 1959. He was born 14 April 1942, Richfield, Utah. Married in Salt Lake Temple (Utah) 23 December 1960.

1 Jon Scott Anderson

born: 29 September 1960, Provo, Utah.

3- George Ann Hill

born: 27 December 1945, Provo, Utah.

4- Bonnie Kay Hill

born: 22 September 1950, Provo, Utah.

5- Hermie Jo Hill

born: 2 July 1952, Provo, Utah.

(2) Josephine Booth Rasmussen

born: 9 March 1921, Salt Lake City, Utah.

married: Vincent Marvin Rasmussen, 9 March 1946,  
Provo, Utah. He was born 13 June 1920, Gree-  
ley, Colorado.

1- Randall Vincent Rasmussen (twin)

born: 12 July 1947, Salt Lake City, Utah.

died: 12 July 1947, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Buried in City Cemetery, Salt Lake City.

2- Richard Marvin Rasmussen (twin)

born: 12 July 1947, Salt Lake City, Utah.

died: 12 July 1947, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Buried in City Cemetery, Salt Lake City.

3- Shaunna Marlene Rasmussen

born: 19 September 1950, Provo, Utah.

4- Debbie Lee Rasmussen

born: 5 September 1953, Colorado Springs,  
Colorado.

## II Delia Ina Winters Booth

parents: Oscar and Mary Ann Stearns Winters

born: 16 March 1854, Pleasant Grove, Utah.

married: John Edge Booth, 22 June 1887, Logan Temple (Ut.)

died: 1 June 1940, Provo, Utah. Buried in Provo City Cemetery.

1. James Milton Booth

born: 21 May 1888, Pleasant Grove, Utah.

married: Cora Ethel Lewis Booth, 19 October 1911, Salt  
Lake Temple (Utah). She was born 21 October  
1886, Spanish Fork, Utah.

died: 6 January 1939, Los Angeles, California. Buried  
in city cemetery, Provo, Utah.



- (1) John (Jack) Weston Booth  
born: 12 October 1912, Provo, Utah.  
married: LaVon Carter, 4 November 1931, Salt  
Lake City, Utah.

- 1- Lyle Richard Booth  
born: 1 January 1936, Vale, Oregon.  
married: Sharon Jensen, 4 October 1955, Riv-  
era, California. She was born 13 Decem-  
ber 1935, Mapleton, Utah.

- 1 Kenneth Richard Booth  
born: 20 May 1956, Camp Pendleton,  
California.

- 2 Dan Weston Booth  
born: 29 July 1958, Provo, Utah.

- 3 Lawrence Verl Booth  
born: 6 February 1960, Murray, Utah.

- (1) John (Jack) Weston Booth  
married: Dorothy Hutcheson, 21 February 1950,  
Juneau, Alaska. She was born 8 June 1921,  
Chicago, Illinois.

- 1- William Booth  
born: 30 December 1950, Juneau, Alaska.

- 2- Betsy Lu Booth  
born: 1 October 1952, Provo, Utah.

- 3- Cora Lynn Booth  
born: 5 September 1955, Provo, Utah.

- 4- Robin Lee Booth  
born: 17 September 1957, Provo, Utah.

- (2) James Malcolm Booth  
born: 1 February 1917, Provo, Utah.  
married: Kay Taggart, 21 August 1941, Salt Lake  
Temple (Utah). She was born 5 November  
1919, Cowley, Wyoming.  
died: 11 March 1959, Billings, Montana. Buried  
in city cemetery, Spanish Fork, Utah.

- 1- Douglas Grant Booth  
born: 21 December 1946, Billings, Montana.

2- Cindy Lynn Booth

born: 18 November 1948, Billings, Montana.

(3) Milton Lewis Booth

born: 27 February 1920, Provo, Utah.

died: 13 February 1929, Provo, Utah. Buried in city cemetery, Spanish Fork, Utah.

(4) Sterling Harvey Booth

born: 15 November 1925, Provo, Utah.

married: Jacqueline Louise Kane, 28 December 1947, North Lima, Ohio. Married in Salt Lake Temple (Utah) 11 February 1948. She was born 25 November 1925, Indianapolis, Indiana.

1- Gregory Sterling Booth

born 11 December 1953, Provo, Utah.

2- Duane Lewis Booth

born: 7 November 1955, Lynwood, California.

2. Delilah Maria Booth Adams

born: 7 January 1890, Provo, Utah.

married: Samuel Conrad Adams, 10 January 1917, Salt Lake Temple (Utah). He was born 4 August 1889, Bunkerville, Nevada.

(1) Elsie Delia Adams

born: 23 December 1917, Provo, Utah.

(2) Connie Marilyn Adams Tucker

born: 30 August 1919, Salt Lake City, Utah.

married: Ernest Lee Tucker, 23 October 1939, Salt Lake Temple (Utah). He was born 13 December 1914, Fairview, Utah.

1- Thomas Conrad Tucker

born: 11 January 1941, Provo, Utah.

2- Richard Barton Tucker

born: 1 April 1944, Provo, Utah.

3- James Lee Tucker

born: 9 August 1952, Provo, Utah.

4- Mary Ann Tucker

born: 16 July 1954, Provo, Utah.



- 5- George Stephen Tucker  
born: 19 April 1956, Provo, Utah.
  - 6- John Terry Tucker  
born: 28 April 1961, Provo, Utah.
- (3) Florence Adams Reinhardt  
born: 27 August 1921, Provo, Utah.  
married: George Nicholas Reinhardt, III, 21 April 1948, Tokyo, Japan. He was born 21 October 1914, New York City, New York.
- 1- George Nicholas Reinhardt IV  
born: 27 January 1949, Tokyo, Japan.
  - 2- Richard Robert Reinhardt  
born: 17 July 1950, New York City, New York.
- (4) Mary June Adams Hamblin  
born: 19 December 1927, Provo, Utah.  
married: Robert Lee Hamblin, 20 July 1950, Manti Temple (Utah). He was born 5 April 1927, Lyman, Wyoming.
- 1- Mary Carol Hamblin  
born: 18 December 1951, Salt Lake City, Utah
  - 2- David Lee Hamblin  
born: 18 September 1954, Ann Arbor, Michigan
  - 3- Steven Lee Hamblin  
born: 9 March 1957, Ames, Iowa.
  - 4- Susan Elizabeth Hamblin  
born: 9 August 1960, St. Louis, Missouri.
- (5) Ruth Adams Iverson  
born: 9 June 1933, Provo, Utah.  
married: Verl Joseph Iverson, 29 May 1957, Salt Lake Temple (Utah). He was born 22 October 1924, Tremonton, Utah.
- 1- Katherine Joyce Iverson  
born: 23 July 1960, Brigham City, Utah.

3. Elsie Vernessa Booth Brockbank  
born: 12 April 1894, Provo, Utah.  
married: Isaac Elmer Brockbank, 1 September 1916, Salt  
Lake Temple (Utah). He was born 17 October,  
1882, Spanish Fork, Utah. Died: 16 August 1954.  
Buried in city cemetery, Spanish Fork, Utah.

(1) Helen Brockbank Weech  
born: 24 November 1917, Provo, Utah.  
married: Merrill Jensen Weech, 2 May 1940, Salt  
Lake Temple (Utah). He was born 10 August  
1916, Mt. Pleasant, Utah.

1- Merrill Richard Weech  
born: 28 May 1941, Salt Lake City, Utah.

2- Shirley Ann Weech  
born: 5 July 1943, Salt Lake City, Utah.

3- Robert Isaac Weech  
born: 2 September 1950, Salt Lake City, Utah.

(2) Shirley Ann Brockbank Paxman  
born: 10 December 1919, Provo, Utah.  
married: Monroe Junior Paxman, 18 December  
1942, Salt Lake Temple (Utah). He was born  
7 April 1919, Provo, Utah.

1- John Monroe Paxman  
born: 25 December 1943, Wichita, Kansas.

2- Carolyn Paxman  
born: 26 October 1945, Wichita, Kansas.

3- David Brockbank Paxman  
born: 31 December 1946, Salt Lake City, Utah

4- Nancy Paxman  
born: 25 January 1948, Salt Lake City, Utah

5- Annette Paxman  
born: 16 June 1952, Provo, Utah.

6- Mary Beth Paxman  
born: 29 April 1954, Provo, Utah.

7- Susan Kay Paxman  
born: 26 October 1956, Provo, Utah.



- (3) Elinor Brockbank Brimhall  
born: 1 March 1922, Provo, Utah.  
married: Delbert Creed Brimhall, 14 February 1944,  
Salt Lake Temple (Utah). He was born 26  
February 1922, Springville, Utah.
- 1- Martha Lynn Brimhall  
born: 26 February 1945, Salt Lake City, Utah.
  - 2- Dennis Creed Brimhall  
born: 8 September 1949, Provo, Utah.
  - 3- Anne Brimhall  
born: 19 March 1952, Provo, Utah.
  - 4- Charles Isaac Brimhall  
born: 6 April 1955, Provo, Utah.
  - 5- James Glen Brimhall  
born: 11 July 1958, Provo, Utah.
- (4) Leah Patricia Brockbank Fillmore  
born: 16 October 1924, Provo, Utah.  
married: Paul Gardner Fillmore, 20 December 1943,  
Durham, North Carolina. Married in Salt Lake  
Temple (Utah) 28 February 1947. He was  
born 13 November 1921, Richfield, Utah.
- 1- Paul Robert Fillmore  
born: 28 April 1945, Durham, North Carolina.
  - 2- James Brockbank Fillmore  
born: 14 June 1946, Durham, North Carolina.
  - 3- Anne Fillmore  
born: 3 August 1949, Provo, Utah.
  - 4- Bryan Fillmore  
born: 23 March 1952, Durham, North Carolina
  - 5- Elizabeth (Betsy) Fillmore  
born: 15 October 1953, Provo, Utah.
- (5) Mary Carol Brockbank Gray  
born: 23 December 1926, Provo, Utah.  
married: Dean Williams Gray, 3 November 1950,  
Salt Lake Temple (Utah). He was born 3  
August 1926, Provo, Utah.

- 1- Jennifer Gray  
born: 28 July 1951, Provo, Utah.
  - 2- Stephen Dean Gray  
born: 2 September 1953, Provo, Utah
  - 3- Christopher Don Gray  
born: 1 February 1956, San Francisco, Calif.
  - 4- Melissa Anne Gray  
born: 13 March 1959, St. Louis, Missouri.
  - 5- Peter Brockbank Gray  
born: 9 August 1961, Provo, Utah.
- (6) Nancy Dawn Brockbank Livingston  
born: 25 March 1930, Provo, Utah.  
married: Lorenzo Stohl Livingston, 16 March 1951,  
Salt Lake Temple (Utah). He was born 29  
January 1929, Salt Lake City, Utah.
- 1- Leslie Ann Livingston  
born: 11 January 1953, Ogden, Utah.
  - 2- Craig Brockbank Livingston (twin)  
born: 24 February 1955, Salt Lake City, Utah.
  - 3- Scott Brockbank Livingston (twin)  
born: 24 February 1955, Salt Lake City, Utah.
  - 4- Lohr Brockbank Livingston  
born: 4 July 1956, Salt Lake City, Utah.
  - 5- Susan Meredith Livingston  
born: 29 July 1959, Salt Lake City, Utah.
- (7) Elsie Joyce Brockbank Beazer  
born: 30 November 1931, Provo, Utah.  
married: William Frank Beazer, 21 September, 1956,  
Salt Lake Temple (Utah). He was born 29  
June 1932, Provo, Utah.
- 1- Kelly Ann Beazer  
born: 5 February 1958, Provo, Utah.



- (8) Barbara Kay Brockbank Webber  
born: 1 June 1936, Spanish Fork, Utah.  
married: Robert Reed Webber, 26 November 1957,  
Salt Lake Temple (Utah). He was born 6 Oc-  
tober 1935, New York City, New York.

1- Robert Isaac Webber  
born: 12 December 1958, Chicago, Illinois.

2- David Brockbank Webber  
born: 3 February 1961, Mt. Kisco, New York.

#### 4. Edwin Winters Booth

born: 11 June 1896, Provo, Utah.  
married: Matilda (Tillie) Jessie Ellis, 8 August 1918,  
Ely, Nevada. Married in Salt Lake Temple (Utah)  
12 June 1931. She was born 29 January 1897, Milo,  
Wyoming.

(1) John Edge Booth (III)  
born: 24 March 1920, Provo, Utah.

(2) Grace Helen Booth Sprague  
born: 26 July 1921, Provo, Utah.  
married: Samuel Fuller Sprague, 18 May 1945,  
Vancouver, Washington. He was born 3 Feb-  
ruary 1921, North Bend, Oregon.

1- Sharon Booth Sprague  
born: 23 July 1947, North Bend, Oregon.

2- Samuel Fredrick Sprague  
born: 6 April 1949, Coos Bay, Oregon.

3- Sandra Jackie Sprague (twin)  
born: 9 July 1955, Myrtle Point, Oregon.

4- Steven Edwin Sprague (twin)  
born: 9 July 1955, Myrtle Point, Oregon.

(3) Edwin Winters Booth Jr. (Teddy)  
born: 7 December 1924, Provo, Utah.

(4) Ronald Wilford Booth  
born: 19 April 1929, Lehi, Utah.  
died: 19 April 1957, Salmon, Idaho. Buried in city  
cemetery, Provo, Utah.

(5) Zenda Merlene Booth Edwards  
born: 7 May 1931, Provo, Utah.  
married: Lawrence Norman Edwards, 16 April 1948,  
Salt Lake City, Utah. He was born 15 Dec-  
ember 1930, Charleston, Utah.

1- Pamela June Edwards  
born: 18 November 1948, Provo, Utah

2- Peggy Ann Edwards  
born: 26 December 1949, Heber, Utah.

3- Ronald Norman Edwards  
born: 21 March 1956, Heber, Utah.



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#### **MARIA HARVEY BOOTH REFERENCES**

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#### **HANNAH BILLINGS BOOTH REFERENCES**

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#### **DELIA INA WINTERS BOOTH REFERENCES**

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# INDEX

## —A—

Adams, Delia Maria Booth 9, 35,  
38, 43, 44, 54, 85, 91, 147,  
149, 172, 174, 176, 190  
Adams, Elsie Delia 44, 190  
Adams, Samuel Conrad 43, 44,  
190  
Adams, William H. 86  
Albany, New York 23  
Allen, Abigail 120  
Allen, Andrew J. 26  
Allen, Daniel R. 26, 50  
Allen, Delilah E. 26  
Allen, Inez K. 161  
Allen, R. A. 139, 140  
Alliance, Nebraska 123  
Alpine, Utah 3, 10, 16, 23, 26, 29,  
50, 93  
American Fork Canyon(Utah) 25  
American Fork, Utah 10  
Anderson, Belle Watson 39  
Anderson, Edward H. 139, 140  
Anderson, Jon Scott 188  
Anderson, Tamra Pauline Hill 187  
Anderson, Val Rolfe 187  
Andrews, Leila Ann Morris 183  
Andrews, Linda Elizabeth 183  
Andrews, Ruth Woodruff 16, 19,  
21, 44, 183  
Andrews, William Albert Jr. 183  
Andrews, William Albert III, 183  
Arnold, Benedict 120  
Ashton, John M. 81  
Ashworth, Emma 57  
Ashworth, Mary Elizabeth Shep-  
herd 57, 81, 82  
Ashworth, May 166  
Ashworth, William 77, 104, 166ff.  
Athens County, Ohio 120

## —B—

Bank of Provo 14  
Bankhead, George 26  
Barber, Sarah Ellen Langton, 139,  
140  
Bean, James A. 28, 57  
Bean, James W. 57, 63, 64  
Beazer, Elsie Joyce Brockbank  
44, 194  
Beazer, Kelly Ann 194  
Beazer, William Frank 194  
Bedford-Leigh, Lancashire, Eng-  
land 1, 22  
Bennett, J. H. 57  
Bennion, Eliza Slade 139, 140

Bennion, Heber 55, 57, 138, 150  
Bennion, Susan Marion Winters  
124, 133ff, 172  
Benson, Charles Edward 184  
Benson, Earlene Lee 184  
Benson, Elizabeth (Betty) Wood-  
ruff 44, 183  
Benson, Josephine Diantha 184  
Benson, Marilyn Elizabeth 184  
Berry, Belle Nelson 66  
Bethel, Maine 122  
Beveridge, Albert J. 17, 87  
Billings, Edith Patten 117  
Billings, George Pierce 117  
Billings, Titus 117  
Big Sandy River (Wyoming) 22  
Bishop, F. M. 140  
Black Hawk War 83  
Blair, Billie 185  
Blair, Devona Ann 184  
Blair, Mervene 184  
Blair, Patricia Ruth 184  
Blair, Sheldon D. 184  
Blake, David J. 77, 81  
Blake, William 81, 82  
Blue Cliffs Canal Co. 34  
Bolton, Lancashire, England 1  
Book of Mormon 75  
Booth, A. Lewis 4, 9, 14, 22, 37,  
38, 39, 50, 57, 77, 81  
Booth, Betsy Lu 189  
Booth, Cindy Lynn 190  
Booth, Cora Lewis 43, 44, 91, 188  
Booth, Cora Lynn 189  
Booth, Cordelia Olsen Dorius 42,  
44, 91, 187  
Booth, Dan Weston 189  
Booth, Delia Ina Winters 9, 14,  
34, 36, 38, 41, 44, 45, 57,  
91, 92, 112, 124, 128, 129,  
130, 133ff, 188  
Booth, Dorothy Hutcheson 189  
Booth, Douglas Grant 189  
Booth, Duane Lewis 190  
Booth, Edith Harriet Young 45,  
46, 63, 65, 77, 153, 155, 176  
Booth, Edwin (actor) 45  
Booth, Edwin Winters 37, 38, 43,  
44, 77, 92, 147, 174, 179, 195  
Booth, Edwin Winters Jr. (Ted-  
dy) 44, 195  
Booth, Elsie Edge 1, 4, 7ff., 22,  
23, 31, 34, 36, 50, 93  
Booth, Frances Marion Jenner 185  
Booth, Gregory Sterling 190



Booth, Hannah Billings 27, 28, 29, 38, 44, 50, 51, 57, 112, 177ff.

Booth, Jacqueline Louise Kane 190

Booth, James 1, 22

Booth, James Davis 4, 22, 29, 50, 51

Booth, James Malcolm 44, 189

Booth, James Milton 14, 34, 35, 38, 43, 44, 91, 147, 149, 161, 188

Booth, John Edge, parents and family, 1ff.; departure from England, arrival in United States, 3; death of father, 4; death of mother, 8; early life, 9ff.; biography by granddaughter, 16ff.; description of, 20; autobiography, 20ff.; baptism, move to Alpine, Utah, 23; Early days in Alpine, 24ff.; student, teacher, 26, 27; marriage to Maria J. Harvey, 27; birth of first son, appointed city attorney, city counselor, justice of peace, Brigham Young Academy opened, birth of Josephine Diantha, marriage to Hannah Billings, Bishop's counselor to H. H. Cluff, ordained High Priest, 28; birth of Vienna Hortense, Bishop of Provo 4th Ward, appointed court commissioner for First Judicial District of Utah, death of Hannah, appointed prosecuting attorney for First Judicial District, 29; elected to House of Representatives, admitted to Utah Bar Association, birth of Hannah Rowena, assisted in forming state constitution, Edmunds Law passed, measured water of Provo River, called on mission to Northwestern States, 30; birth of Richard Harvey, death of Maria Josephine, released from mission, 31; elected to city council, 33; marriage to Delia Ina Winters, state constitution formed, birth of James Milton, second mission call, birth of Delilah Maria, elected Mayor of Provo City,

appointed member of Territorial Board for Equalization of Taxes, 34; release from second mission, 35; birth of Elsie Vernessa, Edwin Winters, 37; letter to posterity from "Jubilee Box," 50; dedication of family home, 51ff.; as student and teacher, 66ff.; civic and business contributions, 70ff.; religious activities, 71ff.; ward outings, 76ff.; judiciary activities, 82ff.; political contributions, 87ff.; final illness and death, 91ff.

Booth, John Edge, (Infant) 28, 42, 44, 51, 112, 182

Booth, John Edge (III) 44, 195

Booth, John Weston (Jack) 44, 91, 189

Booth, Joseph Wiford 4, 9, 11, 14, 22, 37, 50, 166, 167

Booth, Kay Taggert 189

Booth, Kenneth Richard 189

Booth, Lavina Chipman, See Booth, Mrs. R. E.

Booth, LaVon Carter 189

Booth, Lawrence Verl 189

Booth, Lewis Alfred 166

Booth, Lyle Richard 189

Booth, Margaret Lucille Miller 183

Booth, Maria Josephine Harvey 16, 27, 28, 30, 31, 36, 38, 39, 44, 50, 51, 57, 111ff., 144, 182

Booth, Matilda (Tillie) Jessie Ellis 43, 44, 195

Booth, Mervene Bessant 184

Booth, Millicent (Penny) Ester Hostrup 183

Booth, Milton Lewis 44, 190

Booth, Mrs. R. E. (Lavina Chipman) 57

Booth, Richard Harvey 31, 33, 38, 42, 44, 77, 91, 112, 149, 187

Booth, Richard Thornton 1, 3, 4, 10, 15, 22ff., 31, 33, 34, 50, 59, 165

Booth, Richard Thornton (Jr.) 4, 22, 34

Booth, Robert Ebenezer 4, 9, 22, 36, 50

Booth, Robin Lee 189

Booth, Ronald Wilford 44, 195

Booth, Sterling Harvey 44, 190

Booth, William 189  
 Boshard, J. R. 101  
 Boston Massachusetts 3, 23  
 Bountiful, Utah 27, 50  
 Boyce, Emma 81  
 Boyden, James 81, 82  
 Boyden, Mary M. 161, 162  
 Boyden, William 77  
 Bradshaw Gate, Bedford-Leigh,  
 Lancashire, England 22, 50  
 Brigham Young Academy 28, 66,  
 68, 118, 176  
 Brigham Young University 68,  
 106, 157, 178, 179  
 Brimhall, Anne 193  
 Brimhall, Charles Isaac 193  
 Brimhall, Delbert Creed 193  
 Brimhall, Dennis Creed 193  
 Brimhall, Elinor Brockbank 44,  
 134, 193  
 Brimhall, George H. 63  
 Brimhall, James Glen 193  
 Brimhall, Martha Lynn 193  
 Broadhurst, Samuel 23  
 Brockbank, Elsie Vernessa Booth  
 9, 37, 38, 43, 44, 91, 147,  
 179, 192  
 Brockbank, Isaac Elmer 43, 44,  
 192  
 Brown, George M. 28, 29, 51  
 Brown, James L. 81  
 Brown, Pauline E. (Lide) 141,  
 142, 145  
 Brown, S. W. 25  
 Buffalo, New York 23, 120  
 Bunkerville, Nevada 172  
 Burdick, Catherine Robertson 120  
 Burdick, Gideon 120, 121  
 Burdick, Robert 120  
 Burdick, Ruth Hubbard 120  
 Burdick, Thomas 120  
 Burlington, Iowa 121  
 Burlington Railroad 123  
 Butler, David 139, 140

#### —C—

Calder, Wallace 69  
 California Mission 72  
 Camp Floyd (Cedar Fort Utah)  
 24  
 Cannon, Frank J. 88  
 Cannon, Lucy Grant 174  
 Card, Zina Young 68, 156  
 Carter, Charlie 86  
 Catskill, New York 120  
 Cayuga, New York 120  
 Cedar City, Utah 111  
 Chamberlain, Daisy F. 77  
 Chamberlain, W. H. 77, 79  
 Chautauqua County, New York  
 120

Clark, George S. 86  
 Clayton, C. H. 59  
 Cleveland, Grover, President of  
 U.S. 83  
 Clinger, James H. 104  
 Cluff, Benjamin 63  
 Cluff, Emily G. 57, 113  
 Cluff, Francis 81  
 Cluff, Harvey 85  
 Cluff, Harvey H. 28, 30, 51, 52  
 57, 85, 112  
 Cluff, Margaret Ann 113  
 Cluff, Samuel 81  
 Cluff, Sarah Eggertsen 57, 161,  
 162  
 Cluff's Hall 65  
 Clyde, Merling D. 125  
 Coleman, Jacob 105  
 Colton, Byron A. 67  
 Colton, Don B. 86  
 Columbia Steel Company 71  
 Commerce, Illinois 132  
 Cooper, Tracy 120  
 Council Bluffs, Iowa 31, 32  
 Covington, Indiana 30, 33  
 Cowan, Hugh Albin 42, 44, 187  
 Cromwell, Oliver 99  
 Crooked River Battle 117  
 Crowther, James F. 101

#### —D—

Dahlquist, Charles 101  
 Daniels, Caroline 113  
 Darrow, F. T. 123  
 Daughters of the American Revo-  
 lution 124, 125  
 Davis, Berdell 82  
 Davis family 45  
 Davis, John 86  
 Davis, Lewis 1  
 Dedication of Booth home 51ff.  
 Deseret University, see University  
 of Deseret  
 Desplain, E. F. 124  
 Draper, Utah 24, 26  
 Driggs, Ella 146  
 Duke, George J. 101  
 Dusenberry, Warren N. 27, 51  
 Dusenberry, Wilson H. 27, 28, 29,  
 51, 82

#### —E—

East Co-op 70  
 Edge, John 1, 22  
 Edge, Sarah Davis 1, 22  
 Edgewood Farm 46, 59, 61, 65,  
 76, 77, 79, 81, 90, 148, 168,  
 179



Edmunds Law 30  
 Edwards, Lawrence Norman 196  
 Edwards, Pamela June 196  
 Edwards, Peggy Ann 196  
 Edwards, Ronald Norman 196  
 Edwards, Zenda Merlene Booth  
 44, 196  
 Emerson, P. H. 28  
 Emigrant Day 79  
 Evans, Abel J. 105

—F—

Fairbanks, John 142  
 Farnsworth, Mary A. 114  
 Farrer, Roger 30, 55  
 Far West, Illinois 130  
 Fausett, William 24  
 Fehlberg, Josephine (Constance)  
 Woodruff 44, 182  
 Fehlberg, Reinhardt 182  
 Fillmore, Anne 193  
 Fillmore, Bryan 193  
 Fillmore, Elizabeth (Betsy) 193  
 Fillmore, James Brockbank 193  
 Fillmore, Leah Patricia Brockbank  
 44, 193  
 Fillmore, Paul Gardner 193  
 Fillmore, Paul Robert 193  
 First National Bank of Provo 30  
 Fitzgerald, Perry 26  
 Florence, Nebraska 23, 32  
 Follett, King 132  
 Freeman, Mary Ann (Manie) 57,  
 133  
 Freeman, Minnie 57  
 Freeman, William 150  
 Frost, Olive 133  
 Fuller's Hall 65

—G—

Gates, Susa Young 68  
 "George Washington," sailing ves-  
 sel, 3, 23  
 Giles, Henry E. 63  
 Giles, H. T. 65, 66  
 Glazier, C. A. 57  
 Gottfredson, Peter 103  
 Grant, Heber J. 53, 124, 150, 172  
 Grant, Hulda Augusta Winters,  
 53, 124, 133ff., 173  
 Gray, Peter Brockbank 194  
 Gray, Christopher Don, 194  
 Gray, Dean Williams 193  
 Gray, Jennifer 194  
 Gray, Mary Carol Brockbank 44,  
 193  
 Gray, Melissa Anne 194  
 Gray, Stephen Dean 194  
 Great Britain (England) 14, 24

—H—

Hackett, Christopher Columbus 57  
 Hackett, Margaret (Maggie) El-  
 sie Booth 4, 9, 22, 24, 35,  
 37, 50, 91  
 Hafen, John 142  
 Hamblin, David Lee 191  
 Hamblin, Mary Carol 191  
 Hamblin, Mary June Adams 44,  
 191  
 Hamblin, Robert Lee 191  
 Hamblin, Steven Lee 191  
 Hamblin, Susan Elizabeth 191  
 Hardy, Lydia 65  
 Hardy, Milton 63ff.  
 Hardy, Thethe 65  
 Harris, John 77  
 Harvey, Clarinda 111  
 Harvey, Flora S. 111  
 Harvey, George 111  
 Harvey, Jonathan L. 111  
 Harvey, Lewis 86, 111, 182  
 Harvey, Lucinda Clark 81, 111,  
 182  
 Harvey, Lucinda Z. 111  
 Harvey, Rosetta 31, 111  
 Harvey, Sarah E. 111  
 Hatch, Abram 86, 89  
 Haws, Caleb W. 15, 26  
 Haws, Isabel 161  
 Heber City, Utah 30  
 Hedge, Verne 123, 124  
 Henrie, Clara 59  
 Higham, Urial 182  
 Hill, Bonnie Kay 188  
 Hill, George Ann 188  
 Hill, Hermie Jo 188  
 Hill, Nila Pauline Booth 44, 187  
 Hill, Patricia Lee 187  
 Hill, Return George 187  
 Holbrook, L. 86  
 Hoover's Flour Mill 170  
 Hopkinton, Rhode Island 120  
 Hubbard, Samuel 120  
 Hudson River, New York 120  
 Huerta, Cynthia Lucille 183  
 Huerta, Robert Henry 183  
 Huerta, Shirley Lucille Woodruff  
 183  
 Hunter, Alma Booth 33  
 Hunter, Ebenezer 33  
 Hunter, Martha Hannah Booth 4,  
 9, 22, 33, 37, 50, 57, 151,  
 165ff.  
 Hymn 311 (P.M.) 76

—I—

"I'll Praise My Maker While I've  
 Breath" 73  
 Indian Trouble 50

Indian War Veterans 104  
 Indiana 31  
 Iowa City, Iowa 3, 23  
 Iowa, Pottawattamie County 111  
 Irving, New York 120  
 Isgreen, Emil B. 39  
 Iverson, Katherine Joyce 191  
 Iverson, Ruth Adams 44, 173, 191  
 Iverson, Verl Joseph 191

—J—

James, John 81  
 Jamestown, New York 121  
 Jarvis, Clarence S. 67  
 John, David 55, 119  
 Johnson, A. Theodore 67  
 Johnson, George W. 31  
 Johnson, J. Edward 84  
 Johnson, Joel A. 104  
 Johnson, John 104  
 Johnson, Susan Holman 81  
 Johnston's Army 9  
 Jones, A. 119  
 Jones, Albert 101  
 Jones, J. A. 71  
 Jones, John G. 29, 57  
 Juab County (Utah) 28

—K—

Kanesville, Iowa 121  
 Kartchner, Mark E. 82  
 Kartchner, Phoebe 161, 163  
 Keeler, Joseph B. 54, 57, 63, 65,  
 70, 81, 101, 103, 150  
 Keeler, Martha 65, 161  
 Kenward, Ira W. 89  
 Kimball, Alvin Raymond 185  
 Kimball, Anite or Anita Ardell  
 185  
 Kimball, Duaneta 185  
 Kimball, Ernest 42, 44, 170, 184  
 Kimball, Ernest Harvey (Bud)  
 19, 44, 186  
 Kimball, Harold Booth 44, 184,  
 185  
 Kimball, Harold Booth (Jr.) 185  
 Kimball, Harold Raymond 186  
 Kimball, Heber C. 56, 82  
 Kimball, Joseph 82  
 Kimball, LaGrande 44, 186  
 Kimball, Louis Harvey 186  
 Kimball, Mary Ardelle Willey 185  
 Kimball, Naomi (Nimi) Guichard  
 186  
 Kimball, Orson Edge 44, 186  
 Kimball, Richard Edward 185  
 Kimbal, iVenna Hortense Booth  
 29, 38, 39, 41, 42, 44, 50,  
 51, 59, 111, 112, 149, 184

Kimball, Wallace Earl 185  
 King, Samuel A. 45, 100, 101  
 Kirtland, Ohio 121, 130  
 Knight, Jesse 57

—L—

La Crosse, Wisconsin 31  
 Lake Chautaugua, New York 120  
 Lambourne, Alfred 142  
 Lane, Sarah Jane (Jennie) Booth  
 4, 9, 22, 35, 37, 50, 139, 140  
 Laney, George C. 67  
 Lara, G. 144  
 Lee, William 23  
 Lewis Hall 65  
 Lewis, Hepsey S. 77, 161  
 Lincoln, Abraham 16  
 Lindon, Utah 139  
 Little, Roy Jay 186  
 Little, Vienna Kimball 44, 186  
 Litzen, Clareen Kimball 44, 186  
 Litzen, John 186  
 Liverpool, England 3  
 Livingston, Craig Brockbank 194  
 Livingston, Leslie Ann 194  
 Livingston, Lohr Brockbank 194  
 Livingston, Lorenzo (Lohr) Stohl  
 194  
 Livingston, Nancy Dawn Brock-  
 bank 44, 194  
 Livingston, Scott Brockbank 194  
 Livingston, Susan Meredith 194  
 Lyman, F. M. 30, 56

—M—

McCulloch, S. 119  
 Macfarlane, R. F. 171  
 McQueen, Ann M. 127  
 Maeser, Karl G. 28, 66, 68, 119,  
 139, 144  
 Maiben, Henry 65  
 Manning, Freeman 24  
 Manti, Utah 117  
 Marks, George Eugene 42, 44, 187  
 Marks, Hannah Rowena Booth  
 Ray Cowan 30, 38, 42, 44,  
 59, 65, 94, 112, 149, 187  
 Martin, Captain Jesse Bigler  
 Company 3  
 Mecham, Donna M. 59, 113  
 Meldrum, George 29, 74, 101  
 Meldrum, James L. 101  
 Merrill, Amos N. 77, 79  
 Metz, West Virginia 34  
 Millcreek Ward, Salt Lake City  
 26, 50  
 Mills, Martin M. 81  
 Milner, John B. 97  
 Moan Coppy, Arizona 114  
 Monticello, Minnesota 30, 31



Moore, Beatrice Young 160  
 Morgan, A. B. 100  
 Morgan, John 66  
 Morgans Commercial College 26  
 Morley, Isaac 117  
 Mount Pleasant, Utah 133  
 Mountainville, Utah 3, 23  
 Murdock, Laura (Lark) Freeman 179  
 Murdock, Roy 46

—N—

Nauvoo, Illinois 56, 121, 132, 133  
 Naylor, Ida 60, 91  
 Naylor, Mary 60  
 Nelson, Lars P. 57  
 Nelson, N. L. 63  
 New Orleans, Louisiana 133  
 Northern States Mission 30, 108  
 Northwestern States Mission 30  
 Nuttall, Col. L. John 25

—O—

Ogden, Utah 29  
 Olsen, Harvard 165ff.  
 Olsen, Jessie H. 77, 165  
 Olsen, John 57  
 Omaha, Nebraska 33  
 Osmond, Alfred 16, 19

—P—

Pace, W. B. 29  
 Pack, John 122  
 Palmer, William M. 30, 31, 108  
 Park, John R. 10, 26, 50, 66, 140  
 Partridge, Edward D. 55, 57  
 Passey, Roy 81  
 Patten, David W. 117, 122  
 Paxman, Annette 192  
 Paxman, Carolyn 192  
 Paxman, David Brockbank 192  
 Paxman, John Monroe 192  
 Paxman, Mary Beth 192  
 Paxman, Monroe Junior 192  
 Paxman, Nancy 192  
 Paxman, Shirley Ann Brockbank 44, 192  
 Paxman, Susan Kay 192  
 Payne, John Howard 54  
 Penirjian, G. K. 166, 168  
 Peterson, Lizzie, 82  
 Pickup, George 24  
 Pilkington, Jane 1, 22  
 Platte River 122, 123  
 Pleasant Grove, Utah 27, 111, 123, 128, 139  
 Porter, R. A. 105

Poulson, Wilford 157  
 Pratt, Emma 57  
 Pratt, M. L. 54, 57  
 Pratt, Mary Ann Frost Stearns 122, 128ff.  
 Pratt, Moroni 146  
 Pratt, Nathan 133  
 Pratt, Olivia 133  
 Pratt, Orson 56, 82  
 Pratt, Parley P. 56, 129, 132, 133  
 Pratt, Susan 133  
 Pratt, Thankful Halsey 133  
 Pratt, Wilson 146  
 Provo Building and Loan Society 71  
 Provo City Fire Department 70  
 Provo City Waterworks 70  
 Provo Foundry and Machine Co. 34, 70  
 Provo Lumber Manufacturing and Building Co. 70  
 Provo Opera House 88, 89  
 Provo River 30  
 Provo, Utah 23, 24, 26, 27, 28, 29, 50, 71  
 Provo Woolen Factory 27  
 Pyne, H. S. 77, 101, 103

—Q—

Quincy, Illinois 121, 130, 132

—R—

Rasmussen, Debbie Lee 188  
 Rasmussen, Josephine Booth 44, 188  
 Rasmussen, Randall Vincent 188  
 Rasmussen, Richard Marvin 188  
 Rasmussen, Shaunna Marlene 188  
 Rasmussen, Vincent Marvin 188  
 Rawlings, J. L. 50  
 Rawlins, Harvey 24, 50  
 Ray, Raymond 42, 44, 187  
 Ray, W. H. 71  
 Reinhardt, Florence Adams 44, 191  
 Reinhardt, George Nicholas III 191  
 Reinhardt, George Nicholas IV 191  
 Reinhardt, Richard Robert 191  
 Reynolds, George 51  
 Reynolds, William 122  
 Rhode Island 120  
 Richardson, Donalee 185  
 Richardson, Donna Josephine Kimball Blair 184  
 Richardson, Gail 185  
 Richardson, Harold Robert 185  
 Richmond, B. B. 81

Richmond, Missouri 129  
 Riggs, John 34  
 Right of Eminent Domain 84  
 Ritchie, Ella 101  
 Roberts, Will D. 63, 65, 66  
 Rockford, Minnesota 31  
 Rock Island, Illinois 23  
 Rockwell, Porter 24  
 Rogers, David 130  
 Runcie, Gregory Brian 187  
 Runcie, Martin Kimball Ullery 187  
 Runcie, Norma Jane Kimball Ullery 44, 186  
 Runcie, Richard Leslie 186  
 Runcie, Richard Dana 187  
 Russell, W. F. 81

—S—

St. John, Kansas 34, 35  
 St. Jor, A. S. 101  
 St. Lewis, Missouri 33  
 Salt Lake City, Utah 3, 8, 9, 10, 16, 23, 27, 31  
 Salt Lake Valley 3, 123  
 Sam Jackson and Co. 1, 23  
 Sanpete county 25, 28, 133  
 Searle, Lester 85  
 Seely, William 133  
 Seligman, Elsie Precinda Kimball 44, 81, 91, 186  
 Seligman, Herman 186  
 Sevey, Mary H. Heywood 139, 140  
 Sevier county 25, 28  
 Seymour, Caroline B. 163ff.  
 Sharples, Joseph 23  
 Sheets, Marvin 146  
 Shelby, Hannah 30  
 Shelby, Oliver 30  
 Shipp, Lillie E. 171  
 Silk industry 154ff.  
 Silkworm industry 117  
 Smart, Edward H. 101  
 Smart, Edwin H. 57, 77, 81, 100  
 Smart, H. B. 81  
 Smith, Florence Grant 174  
 Smith, George A. 56  
 Smith, Hyrum 29, 132, 133  
 Smith, Joseph the Prophet 28, 29, 56, 117, 130ff.  
 Smoot, A. O. 56, 154  
 Smoot, Dianah Eldridge 81  
 Smoot, Margaret 154  
 Smoot, Reed 45, 53, 54, 55, 57, 71, 83, 103  
 Snow, Lorenzo 71, 123  
 Spence, W. C. 171  
 Sperry, W. O. 29, 57

Sprague, Grace Helen Booth 44, 195  
 Sprague, Samuel Frederick 195  
 Sprague, Samuel Fuller 195  
 Sprague, Sandra Jackie 195  
 Sprague, Sharon Booth 195  
 Sprague, Steven Edwin 195  
 State of Deseret 30  
 Stearns, Nathan 122  
 Stewart, Isaac M. 26  
 Stewart, J. G. 50  
 Stewart, Rose Young 144  
 Storrs, George A. 57  
 String Town, Utah 139  
 Sumner, Indiana 31  
 Sunshine Club 39, 59, 63ff.  
 Symons, Emma 65

—T—

Talmadge, James E. 68, 100, 101, 103, 150  
 Talmadge, Merry May Booth 4, 9, 11, 22, 31, 32, 34, 37, 51, 82, 93, 117  
 Tanner, Orea Bean 177ff.  
 Taylor, Abraham 23  
 Taylor, T. N. 100, 101, 103  
 Taylor, Tennie Smoot 68  
 Talmage, Sterling 35  
 Temple Hymn 7  
 Tennyson, Alfred Lord, 116  
 Thueson, Daniel P. 81, 82  
 Thueson, Hemena P. 81  
 Third Hymn—Sung at dedication of Salt Lake Temple 8  
 Timpanogos Branch of Deseret University 27, 50  
 Tucker, Connie Marilyn Adams 44, 190  
 Tucker, Ernest Lee 190  
 Tucker, George Stephen 191  
 Tucker, James Lee 190  
 Tucker, John Terry 191  
 Tucker, Mary Ann 190  
 Tucker, Richard Barton 190  
 Tucker, Thomas Conrad 190  
 Turner, John W. 29  
 Turton, Lancashire, England 1

—U—

Ullery, Robert Lee 186  
 University of Deseret 26, 27, 50, 66, 90  
 University of Utah 16, 139, 140  
 Utah County 29  
 Utah Stake Relief Society 154  
 Utah State constitution 30, 34, 83  
 Utah (Territory) 29



—V—

Vance, John W. 24, 50  
Vance, William 24  
Vanzile, P. T. 29, 30  
Vernal, Utah 69

—W—

Waldram, Lorenzo 139, 140  
Walker, Henson 86  
Walters, Mrs. B. H. 85  
Warner, H. M. 59  
Washington, D. C. 45  
Watkins, Arthur V. 68, 69  
Watson, Andrew 29, 53, 57, 74, 79, 81  
Watson, Belle see Anderson, Belle Watson  
Watson, Joseph B. 65  
Watson, Margaret 81, 113, 161, 162  
Webber, Barbara Kay Brockbank 44, 195  
Webber, David Brockbank 195  
Webber, Robert Isaac 195  
Webber, Robert Reed 195  
Weech, Helen Brockbank 44, 192  
Weech, Merrill Jensen 192  
Weech, Merrill Richard 192  
Weech, Robert Isaac 192  
Weech, Shirley Ann 192  
Wells, Daniel H. 51, 112, 117  
Wells, Heber M. 89  
Westfield, New York 120  
West Jordan, Utah 26, 50  
West Virginia 20  
Westwood, J. M. 103  
Whipple, Edson 28  
White, Samuel S. 86  
Widtsoe, Leah Dunford 153  
Wilson, E. A. 63  
Wilson, Mrs. Irvin 65  
Winter Quarters 9

Winters, Andrew 120  
Winters, Arthur Ray 57, 113  
Winters, Hannah Wood 120  
Winters, Hyrum 120ff.  
Winters, Mary Ann Stearns 54, 56, 57, 122, 123, 124, 128ff., 169, 188  
Winters, Nathan 133  
Winters, Oscar 54, 56, 57, 121ff., 150, 188  
Winters, Oscar Lycortas 133  
Winters, Rebecca Burdick 120 ff., 172  
Woodruff, Abraham O. 52, 56, 57  
Winters, Helen May Winters 133  
Woodruff, Jackson Booth 44, 183  
Woodruff, Jackson Booth (Jr.) 183  
Woodruff, James Booth 183  
Woodruff, James Lloyd 42, 44, 92, 182  
Woodruff, Josephine Diantha Booth 11, 12, 28, 38, 42, 44, 49, 50, 51, 59, 92, 94, 105, 111, 112, 149, 182  
Woodruff, Lloyd Booth 44, 183  
Woodruff, Owen 150  
Woodruff, Owen (younger) 179  
Wooley, Ed. 146  
Worlsey, John 113

—Y—

Young, Annie M. 65  
Young, Brigham 3, 56, 64, 122, 154, 177  
Young, Le Grande 86  
Young, Nora 54, 57  
Young, Oscar B. 63  
Young, Zina Huntington 154, 156



















